This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

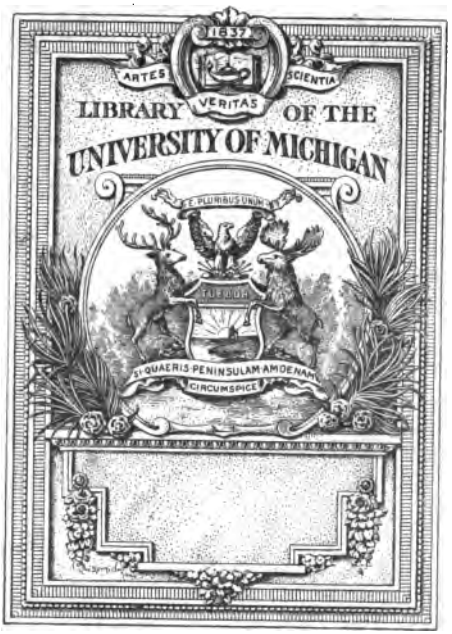
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

828
S661
1848
Copy 2

THE

WORKS

OF

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Fourth Edition.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1848.

THE

WORKS

OF

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Fourth Edition.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1848.

THE

WORKS

OF

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Fourth Edition.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1848.

London:
Spottiswoode and Shaw,
New-street-Square.

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

ARTICLES ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."

	Page
Counsel for Prisoners - - - - -	1
Catholics - - - - - -	28
PETER PLYMLEY'S LETTERS - - -	59
THE JUDGE THAT SMITES CONTRARY TO THE LAW: A SERMON - - - - -	155
THE LAWYER THAT TEMPTED CHRIST: A SERMON	167
SPEECHES.	
Speech at a Meeting of the Clergy of Cleveland -	183
Speech on the Catholic Claims - - -	192
Speech at the Taunton Reform Meeting - -	204
Speech at Taunton at a Meeting to celebrate the Accession of King William IV. - - -	213
Speech at Taunton in 1831 on the Reform Bill not being passed - - - - -	218
Speech respecting the Reform Bill - - -	221
A LETTER TO THE ELECTORS UPON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION - - - - - -	235
A SERMON ON THE RULES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY	275

157304

	Page
Sermon on the Duties of the Queen - -	293
A Prayer - - - - - -	305
First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton -	307
Second ditto - - - - -	347
Third ditto - - - - -	373
Letter to Lord John Russell - - -	395
Letter on the Character of Sir James Mackintosh - - - - - -	407
The Ballot - - - - -	415
Letter to Mr. Horner - - - -	443
Letters on Railways—	
"Locking in" on Railways - - -	453
"Locking in" on Railways - - -	457
Burning alive on Railroads - - -	461
Letters on American Debts —	
The Humble Petition of the Rev. Sydney Smith to the House of Congress at Washington -	465
Letter I. - - - - -	468
Letter II. - - - - -	474
Modern Changes - - - - -	479
A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church - - - - -	481

ARTICLES

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

COUNSEL FOR PRISONERS. (E. REVIEW, 1826.)

Stockton on the Practice of not allowing Counsel for Prisoners accused of Felony. 8vo. London, 1826.

ON the sixth of April, 1824, Mr. George Lamb (a gentleman who is always the advocate of whatever is honest and liberal) presented the following petition from several jurymen in the habit of serving on juries at the Old Bailey:—

'That your petitioners, fully sensible of the invaluable privilege of Jury trials, and desirous of seeing them as complete as human institutions will admit, feel it their duty to draw the attention of the House to the restrictions imposed on the prisoner's consel, which, they humbly conceive, have strong claims to a legislative remedy. With every disposition to decide justly, the petitioners have found, by experience, in the course of their attendances as jurymen in the Old Bailey, that the opening statements for the prosecution too frequently leave an impression more unfavourable to the prisoner at the bar, than the evidence of itself could have produced; and it has always sounded harsh to the petitioners to hear it announced from the bench, that the counsel, to whom the prisoner has committed his defence, cannot be permitted to address the jury in his behalf, nor reply to the charges which have, or have not, been substantiated by the witnesses. The petitioners have felt their situation peculiarly painful and embarrassing when the prisoner's faculties, perhaps surprised by such an intimation, are too much absorbed in the difficulties of his unhappy circumstances to admit of an effort towards his own justification, against the statements of the prosecutor's counsel, often unin-

tentionally aggravated through zeal or misconception; and it is purely with a view to the attainment of impartial justice, that the petitioners humbly submit to the serious consideration of the House the expediency of allowing every accused person the full benefit of counsel, as in cases of misdemeanour, and according to the practice of the civil courts.'

With the opinions so sensibly and properly expressed by these jurymen, we most cordially agree. We have before touched incidentally on this subject; but shall now give to it a more direct and fuller examination. We look upon it as a very great blot in our over-praised criminal code; and no effort of ours shall be wanting, from time to time, for its removal.

We have now the benefit of discussing these subjects under the government of a Home Secretary of State, whom we may (we believe) fairly call a wise, honest, and high-principled man—as he appears to us, without wishing for innovation, or having any itch for it, not to be afraid of innovation*, when it is gradual and well considered. He is, indeed, almost the only person we remember in his station, who has not considered sound sense to consist in the rejection of every improvement, and loyalty to be proved by the defence of every accidental, imperfect, or superannuated institution.

If this petition of jurymen be a real *bonâ fide* petition, not the result of solicitation—and we have no reason to doubt it—it is a warning which the Legislature cannot neglect, if it mean to avoid the disgrace of seeing the lower and middle orders of mankind making laws for themselves, which the Government is at length compelled to adopt as measures of their own. The Judges and the Parliament would have gone on to this day, hanging, by wholesale, for the forgeries of bank notes, if juries had not become weary of the continual butchery, and resolved to acquit. The proper execution of laws

* We must always except the Catholic question. Mr. Peel's opinions on this subject (giving him credit for sincerity) have always been a subject of real surprise to us. It must surely be some mistake between the Right Honourable Gentleman and his chaplain! They have been travelling together, and some of the parson's notions have been put up in Mr. Peel's head by yet hope he will return them to their rightful owner.

altered) would
ow — with this
l cannot be an-
er in all cases,
l be opposed to
he system must
there can be no
hat between any
mself. 'It has
'to try two pri-
ho could only be
by the signs of
l simple; but if
what a situation
hen the prisoner
— *Debates of the*

is so notorious
proverb. But
criminal cases,
ly, and to trust
mmon sense of
e to defend the

easonably con-
the purpose in
med to under-
a fair allow-
rs to the im-
ake no such
ke flashy ad-
be so much
acquit or to
s are always
g themselves
the prisoner.
n to infamy,
s and Juries
es of felony;
free permis-

tentionally aggravated through zeal or misconception; and it is purely with a view to the attainment of impartial justice, that the petitioners humbly submit to the serious consideration of the House the expediency of allowing every accused person the full benefit of counsel, as in cases of misdemeanour, and according to the practice of the civil courts.'

With the opinions so sensibly and properly expressed by these jurymen, we most cordially agree. We have before touched incidentally on this subject; but shall now give to it a more direct and fuller examination. We look upon it as a very great blot in our over-praised criminal code; and no effort of ours shall be wanting, from time to time, for its removal.

We have now the benefit of discussing these subjects under the government of a Home Secretary of State, whom we may (we believe) fairly call a wise, honest, and high-principled man—as he appears to us, without wishing for innovation, or having any itch for it, not to be afraid of innovation*, when it is gradual and well considered. He is, indeed, almost the only person we remember in his station, who has not considered sound sense to consist in the rejection of every improvement, and loyalty to be proved by the defence of every accidental, imperfect, or superannuated institution.

If this petition of jurymen be a real *bonâ fide* petition, not the result of solicitation—and we have no reason to doubt it—it is a warning which the Legislature cannot neglect, if it mean to avoid the disgrace of seeing the lower and middle orders of mankind making laws for themselves, which the Government is at length compelled to adopt as measures of their own. The Judges and the Parliament would have gone on to this day, hanging, by wholesale, for the forgeries of bank notes, if juries had not become weary of the continual butchery, and resolved to acquit. The proper execution of laws

* We must always except the Catholic question. Mr. Peel's opinions on this subject (giving him credit for sincerity) have always been a subject of real surprise to us. It must surely be some mistake between the Right Honourable Gentleman and his chaplain! They have been travelling together, and some of the parson's notions have been put up in Mr. Peel's head by mistake. We yet hope he will return them to their rightful owner.

must always depend, in great measure, upon public opinion; and it is undoubtedly most discreditable to any men intrusted with power, when the governed turn round upon their governors, and say, 'Your laws are so cruel, or so foolish, we can not, and *will not*, act upon them.'

The particular improvement, of allowing counsel to those who are accused of felony, is so far from being unnecessary, from any extraordinary indulgence shown to English prisoners, that we really cannot help suspecting, that not a year elapses in which many innocent persons are not found guilty. How is it possible, indeed, that it can be otherwise? There are seventy or eighty persons to be tried for various offences at the Assizes, who have lain in prison for some months; and fifty of whom, perhaps, are of the lowest order of the people, without friends in any better condition than themselves, and without one single penny to employ in their defence. How are they to obtain witnesses? No attorney can be employed — no subpœna can be taken out; the witnesses are fifty miles off, perhaps — totally uninstructed — living from hand to mouth — utterly unable to give up their daily occupation to pay for their journey, or for their support when arrived at the town of trial — and, if they could get there, not knowing where to go, or what to do. It is impossible but that a human being, in such a helpless situation, must be found guilty; for as he cannot give evidence for himself, and has not a penny to fetch those who can give it for him, any story told against him must be taken for true (however false); since it is impossible for the poor wretch to contradict it. A brother or a sister may come — and support every suffering and privation themselves in coming; but the prisoner cannot often have such claims upon the persons who have witnessed the transaction, nor any other claims but those which an unjustly accused person has upon those whose testimony can exculpate him — and who probably must starve themselves and their families to do it. It is true, a case of life and death will rouse the poorest persons, every now

and then, to extraordinary exertions, and they may tramp through mud and dirt to the Assize town to save a life — though even this effort is precarious enough: but imprisonment, hard labour, or transportation, appeal less forcibly than death — and would often appeal for evidence in vain, to the feeble and limited resources of extreme poverty. It is not that a great proportion of those accused are not guilty — but that some are not — and are utterly without means of establishing their innocence. We do not believe they are often accused from wilful and corrupt perjury; but the prosecutor is himself mistaken. The crime has been committed; and in his thirst for vengeance, he has got hold of the wrong man. The wheat was stolen out of the barn; and, amidst many other collateral circumstances, the witnesses (paid and brought up by a wealthy prosecutor, who is repaid by the county) swear that they saw a man, very like the prisoner, with a sack of corn upon his shoulder, at an early hour of the morning, going from the barn in the direction of the prisoner's cottage! Here is one link, and a very material link, of a long chain of circumstantial evidence. Judge and jury must give it weight, till it is contradicted. In fact, the prisoner did not steal the corn; he was, to be sure, out of his cottage at the same hour — and that also is proved — but travelling in a totally different direction — and was seen to be so travelling by a stage coachman passing by, and by a market gardener. An attorney with money in his pocket, whom every moment of such employ made richer by six-and-eight-pence, would have had the two witnesses ready, and at rack and manger, from the first day of the assize; and the innocence of the prisoner would have been established: but by what possible means is the destitute ignorant wretch himself to find or to produce such witnesses? or how can the most humane jury, and the most acute judge, refuse to consider him as guilty, till his witnesses *are* produced? We have not the slightest disposition to exaggerate, and, on the contrary, should be extremely pleased to be convinced that our apprehensions were unfounded: but we have often felt extreme pain at the hopeless and

unprotected state of prisoners; and we cannot find any answer to our suspicions, or discover any means by which this perversion of justice, under the present state of the law, can be prevented from taking place. Against the prisoner are arrayed all the resources of an angry prosecutor, who has certainly (let who will be the culprit) suffered a serious injury. He has his hand, too, in the public purse; for he prosecutes at the expense of the county. He cannot even relent; for the magistrate has bound him over to indict. His witnesses cannot fail him; for they are all bound over by the same magistrate to give evidence. He is out of prison, too, and can exert himself.

The prisoner, on the other hand, comes into Court, squalid and depressed from long confinement — utterly unable to tell his own story from want of words and want of confidence, and as unable to produce evidence for want of money. His fate accordingly is obvious; — and that there are many innocent men punished every year, for crimes they have not committed, appears to us to be extremely probable. It is, indeed, scarcely possible it should be otherwise; and, as if to prove the fact, every now and then, a case of this kind *is* detected. Some circumstances come to light between sentence and execution; immense exertions are made by humane men; time is gained, and the innocence of the condemned person completely established. In Elizabeth Caning's case, two women were capitally convicted, ordered for execution — and at last found innocent, and respited. Such, too, was the case of the men who were sentenced ten years ago, for the robbery of Lord Cowper's steward. 'I have myself (says Mr. Scarlett) *often* seen persons I thought innocent convicted, and the guilty escape, for want of some acute and intelligent counsel to show the bearings of the different circumstances on the conduct and situation of the prisoner.' — (*House of Commons Debates*, *April* 25*th*, 1826.) We are delighted to see, in this last debate, both Mr. Brougham and Mr. Scarlett profess themselves friendly to Mr. Lamb's motion.

But in how many cases has the injustice proceeded

without any suspicion being excited? and even if we could reckon upon men being watchful in capital cases, where life is concerned, we are afraid it is in such cases alone that they ever besiege the Secretary of State, and compel his attention. We never remember any such interference to save a man unjustly condemned to the hulks or the tread-mill; and yet there are certainly more condemnations of these minor punishments than to the gallows: but then it is all one — who knows or cares about it? If Harrison or Johnson has been condemned, after regular trial by jury, to six months' tread-mill, because Harrison and Johnson were without a penny to procure evidence — who knows or cares about Harrison or Johnson? how can they make themselves heard? or in what way can they obtain redress? It worries rich and comfortable people to hear the humanity of our penal laws called in question. There is a talk of a society for employing discharged prisoners: might not something be effected by a society instituted for the purpose of providing to poor prisoners a proper defence, and a due attendance of witnesses? But we must hasten on from this disgraceful neglect of poor prisoners, to the particular subject of complaint we have proposed to ourselves.

The proposition is, *That the prisoner accused of felony ought to have the same power of selecting counsel to speak for him as he has in cases of treason and misdemeanour, and as defendants have in all civil actions.*

Nothing can be done in any discussion upon any point of law in England, without quoting Mr. Justice Blackstone. Mr. Justice Blackstone, we believe, generally wrote his Commentaries late in the evening, with a bottle of wine before him; and little did he think, as each sentence fell from the glass and pen, of the immense influence it might hereafter exercise upon the laws and usages of his country. 'It is' (says this favourite writer) 'not at all of a piece with the rest of the humane treatment of prisoners by the English law; for upon what face of reason can that assistance be denied to save the life of a man, which yet is allowed him in prosecu-

tions for every petty trespass?' Nor, indeed, strictly speaking, is it a part of our ancient law; for the Mirror, having observed the necessity of counsel in civil suits, who know how to forward and defend the cause by the rules of law and customs of the realm, immediately subjoins, 'and more necessary are they for defence upon indictment and appeals of felony, than upon any other venial crimes.' To the authority of Blackstone may be added that of Sir John Hall, in Hollis's case; of Sir Robert Atkyns, in Lord Russell's case; and of Sir Bartholomew Shower, in the arguments for a New Bill of Rights, in 1682. 'In the name of God,' says this judge, 'what harm can accrue to the public in general, or to any man in particular, that, in cases of State-treason, counsel should not be allowed to the accused? What rule of justice is there to warrant its denial, when, in a civil case of a halfpenny cake, he may plead either by himself or by his advocate? That the Court is counsel for the prisoner can be no effectual reason; for so they are for each party, that right may be done.'—(*Somers' Tracts*, vol. ii. p. 568.) In the trial of Thomas Rosewell, a dissenting clergyman, for high treason, in 1684, *Judge Jeffries*, in summing up, confessed to the jury, 'that he thought it a hard case, that a man should have counsel to defend himself for a twopenny trespass, and his witnesses be examined upon oath; but if he stole, committed murder or felony, nay, high treason, where life, estate, honour, and all were concerned, that he should neither have counsel, nor have his witnesses examined upon oath.'—*Howell's State Trials*, vol. x. p. 207.

There have been two capital errors in the criminal codes of feudal Europe, from which a great variety of mistake and injustice have proceeded: the one, a disposition to confound accusation with guilt; the other, to mistake a defence of prisoners accused by the Crown, for disloyalty and disaffection to the Crown; and from these errors our own code has been slowly and gradually recovering, by all those struggles and exertions which it always costs to remove *folly sanctioned by antiquity*. In the early periods of our history, the accused person

could call no evidence: — then, for a long time, his evidence against the King could not be examined upon oath; consequently, he might as well have produced none, as all the evidence against him was upon oath. Till the reign of Anne, no one accused of felony could produce witnesses upon oath; and the old practice was vindicated, in opposition to the new one, introduced under the statute of that day, on the grounds of humanity and tenderness to the prisoner! because, as his witnesses were not restricted by an oath, they were at liberty to indulge in simple falsehood as much as they pleased; — so argued the blessed defenders of nonsense in those days. Then it was ruled to be indecent and improper that counsel should be employed against the Crown; and, therefore, the prisoner accused of treason could have no counsel. In like manner, a party accused of felony could have no counsel to assist him in the trial. Counsel might indeed stay in the court, but apart from the prisoner, with whom they could have no communication. They were not allowed to put any question, or to suggest any doubtful point of law; but if the prisoner (likely to be a weak unlettered man) could himself suggest any doubt in matter of law, the Court determined first if the question of law should be entertained, and then assigned counsel to argue it. In those times, too, the jury were punishable if they gave a false verdict against the King, but were *not* punishable if they gave a false verdict against the prisoner. The preamble of the Act of 1696 runs thus: — 'Whereas it is expedient that persons charged with high treason should make a full and sufficient defence.' Might it not be altered to *persons charged with any species or degree of crime?* All these errors have given way to the force of truth, and to the power of common sense and common humanity — the Attorney and Solicitor General, for the time being, always protesting against each alteration, and regularly and officially prophesying the utter destruction of the whole jurisprudence of Great Britain. There is no man now alive perhaps, so utterly foolish, as to propose that prisoners should be prevented from producing evidence

upon oath, and being heard by their counsel in cases of high treason; and yet it cost a struggle for *seven* sessions to get this measure through the two houses of Parliament. But mankind are much like the children they beget — they always make wry faces at what is to do them good; and it is necessary sometimes to hold the nose, and force the medicine down the throat. They enjoy the health and vigour consequent upon the medicine; but cuff the doctor, and sputter at his stuff!

A most absurd argument was advanced in the honourable House, that the practice of employing counsel would be such an expense to the prisoner! — just as if any thing was so expensive as being hanged! What a fine topic for the ordinary! 'You are going' (says that exquisite divine) 'to be hanged to-morrow, it is true, but consider what a sum you have saved! Mr. Scarlett or Mr. Brougham might certainly have presented arguments to the jury, which would have insured your acquittal; but do you forget that gentlemen of their eminence must be recompensed by large fees, and that, if your life had been saved, you would actually have been out of pocket above 20*l.*? You will now die with the consciousness of having obeyed the dictates of a wise economy; and with a grateful reverence for the laws of your country, which prevents you from running into such unbounded expense — so let us now go to prayers.'

It is ludicrous enough to recollect, when the employment of counsel is objected to on account of the expense to the prisoner, that the same merciful law, which, to save the prisoner's money, has *denied* him counsel, and produced his conviction, seizes upon all his savings the moment he is convicted.

Of all false and foolish *dicta*, the most trite and the most absurd is that which asserts that the Judge is counsel for the prisoner. We do not hesitate to say that this is merely an unmeaning phrase, invented to defend a pernicious abuse. The Judge *cannot* be counsel for the prisoner, *ought not* to be counsel for the prisoner, never *is* counsel for the prisoner. To force an ignorant man into a court of justice, and to tell him

that the Judge is his counsel, appears to us quite as foolish as to set a hungry man down to his meals, and to tell him that the table was his dinner. In the first place, a counsel should always have private and previous communication with the prisoner, which the Judge, of course, cannot have. The prisoner reveals to his counsel how far he is guilty, or he is not; states to him all the circumstances of his case—and might often enable his advocate, if his advocate were allowed to speak, to explain a long string of circumstantial evidence, in a manner favourable to the innocence of his client. Of all these advantages, the Judge, if he had every disposition to befriend the prisoner, is of course deprived. Something occurs to a prisoner in the course of the cause; he suggests it in a whisper to his counsel, doubtful if it is a wise point to urge or not. His counsel thinks it of importance, and would urge it, if his mouth were not shut. Can a prisoner have this secret communication with a judge, and take his advice, whether or not he, the Judge, shall mention it to the jury? The counsel has (after all the evidence has been given) a bad opinion of his client's case; but he suppresses that opinion; and it is his duty to do so. He is not to decide; that is the province of the jury; and, in spite of his own opinion, his client may be innocent. He is brought there (or would be brought there if the privilege of speech were allowed) for the express purpose of saying all that could be said on one side of the question. He is a weight in *one* scale, and some one else holds the balance. This is the way in which truth is elicited in civil, and would be in criminal cases. But does *the Judge* ever assume the appearance of believing a prisoner to be innocent whom he thinks to be guilty? If the prisoner advances inconclusive or weak arguments, does not the Judge say they are weak and inconclusive, and does he not often sum up against his own client? How then is he counsel for the prisoner? If the counsel for the prisoner were to see a strong point, which the counsel for the prosecution had missed, would he supply the deficiency of his antagonist, and urge what had been

neglected to be urged? But is it not the imperious duty of the Judge to do so? How then can these two functionaries stand in the same relation to the prisoner? In fact, the only meaning of the phrase is this, that the Judge will not suffer any undue advantage to be taken of the ignorance and helplessness of the prisoner — that he will point out any evidence or circumstance in his favour — and see that equal justice is done to both parties. But in this sense he is as much the counsel of the prosecutor as of the prisoner. This is all the Judge can do, or even pretends to do; but he can have no previous communication with the prisoner — he can have no confidential communication in court with the prisoner before he sums up; he cannot fling the whole weight of his understanding into the opposite scale against the counsel for the prosecution, and produce that collision of faculties, which, in all other cases but those of felony, is supposed to be the happiest method of arriving at truth. Baron Garrow, in his charge to the grand jury at Exeter, on the 16th of August, 1824, thus expressed his opinion of a Judge being counsel for the prisoner: — 'It has been said, and truly said, that in criminal courts, Judges were counsel for the prisoners. So undoubtedly they were, as far as they could to prevent undue prejudice, to guard against improper influence being excited against prisoners; but it was impossible for them to go further than this; for they could not suggest the course of defence prisoners ought to pursue; for Judges only saw the depositions so short a time before the accused appeared at the bar of their country, that it was quite impossible for them to act fully in that capacity.' The learned Baron might have added, that it would be more correct to call the Judge counsel for the prosecution; for his only previous instructions were the depositions for the prosecution, from which, in the absence of counsel, he examined the evidence against the prisoner. On the prisoner's behalf he had no instructions at all.

Can any thing, then, be more flagrantly and scandalously unjust, than, in a long case of circumstantial

evidence, to refuse to a prisoner the benefit of counsel? A foot-mark, a word, a sound, a tool dropped, all gave birth to the most ingenious inferences; and the counsel for the prosecution is so far from being blamable for entering into all these things, that they are all essential to the detection of guilt, and they are all links of a long and intricate chain: but if a close examination into, and a logical statement of, all these circumstances be necessary for the establishment of guilt, is not the same closeness of reasoning and the same logical statement necessary for the establishment of innocence? If justice cannot be done to society without the intervention of a practised and ingenious mind, who may connect all these links together, and make them clear to the apprehension of a jury, *can* justice be done to the prisoner, unless similar practice and similar ingenuity are employed to detect the flaws of the chain, and to point out the disconnection of the circumstances?

Is there any one gentleman in the House of Commons, who, in yielding his vote to this paltry and perilous fallacy of the Judge being counsel for the prisoner, does not feel, that, were he himself a criminal, he would prefer almost any counsel at the bar, to the tender mercies of the Judge? How strange that any man who could make his election would eagerly and diligently surrender this exquisite privilege, and addict himself to the perilous practice of giving fees to counsel! Nor let us forget, in considering Judges as counsel for the prisoner, that there have been such men as Chief Justice Jeffries, Mr. Justice Page, and Mr. Justice Alybone, and that, in bad times, such men may reappear. 'If you do not allow me counsel, my Lords (says Lord Lovat), it is impossible for me to make any defence, by reason of my infirmity. I do not see, I do not hear. I come up to the bar at the hazard of my life. I have fainted several times; I have been up so early, ever since four o'clock this morning. I therefore ask for assistance; and if you do not allow me counsel, or such aid as is necessary, it will be impossible for me to make any defence at all.' Though Lord Lovat's guilt was evident, yet the mana-

gers of the impeachment felt so strongly the injustice which was done, that, by the hands of Sir W. Young, the chief manager, a bill was brought into Parliament, to allow counsel to persons impeached by that House, which was not previously the case; so that the evil is already done away with, in a great measure, to persons of rank: it so happens in legislation, when a gentleman suffers, public attention is awakened to the evil of laws. Every man who makes laws says, 'This may be my case:' but it requires the repeated efforts of humane men, or, as Mr. North calls them, dilettanti philosophers, to awaken the attention of law-makers to evils from which they are themselves exempt. We do not say this to make the leaders of mankind unpopular, but to rouse their earnest attention in cases where the poor only are concerned, and where neither good nor evil can happen to themselves.

A great stress is laid upon the moderation of the opening counsel; that is, he does not conjure the farmers in the jury-box, by the love which they bear to their children — he does not declaim upon blood-guiltiness — he does not describe the death of Abel by Cain, the first murderer — he does not describe scattered brains, ghastly wounds, pale features, and hair clotted with gore — he does not do a thousand things, which are not in English taste, and which it would be very foolish and very vulgar to do. We readily allow all this. But yet, if it be a cause of importance, it is essentially necessary to our counsellor's reputation that this man should be hung! And accordingly, with a very calm voice, and composed manner, and with many expressions of candour, he sets himself to comment astutely upon the circumstances. Distant events are immediately connected; meaning is given to insignificant facts; new motives are ascribed to innocent actions; farmer gives way after farmer in the jury-box; and a rope of eloquence is woven round the prisoner's neck! Every one is delighted with the talents of the advocate; and because there has been no noise, no violent action, and no consequent perspiration, he is praised for his candour and forbearance, and the lenity

of our laws is the theme of universal approbation. In the mean time, the speech-maker and the prisoner know better.

We should be glad to know of any one nation in the world, taxed by kings, or even imagined by poets (except the English), who have refused to prisoners the benefit of counsel. Why is the voice of humanity heard every where else, and disregarded here? In Scotland, the accused have not only counsel to speak for them, but a copy of the indictment, and a list of the witnesses. In France, in the Netherlands, in the whole of Europe, counsel are allotted as a matter of course. Every where else but here, accusation is considered as unfavourable to the exercise of human faculties. It is admitted to be that crisis in which, above all others, an unhappy man wants the aid of eloquence, wisdom, and coolness. In France, the Napoleon Code has provided not only that counsel should be allowed to the prisoner, but that, as with us in Scotland, his counsel should have the last word.

It is a most affecting moment in a court of justice, when the evidence has all been heard, and the Judge asks the prisoner what he has to say in his defence. The prisoner, who has (by great exertions, perhaps of his friends) saved up money enough to procure counsel, says to the Judge, 'that he leaves his defence to his counsel.' We have often blushed for English humanity to hear the reply. 'Your counsel cannot speak for you, you must speak for yourself;' and this is the reply given to a poor girl of eighteen — to a foreigner — to a deaf man — to a stammerer — to the sick — to the feeble — to the old — to the most abject and ignorant of human beings! It is a reply, we must say, at which common sense and common feeling revolt: — for it is full of brutal cruelty, and of base inattention of those who make laws, to the happiness of those for whom laws were made. We wonder that any juryman can convict under such a shocking violation of all natural justice. The iron age of Clovis and Clottaire can produce no more atrocious violation of every good feeling, and every good principle.

Can a sick man find strength and nerves to speak before a large assembly? — can an ignorant man find words? — can a low man find confidence? Is not he afraid of becoming an object of ridicule? — can he believe that his expressions will be understood? How often have we seen a poor wretch, struggling against the agonies of his spirit, and the rudeness of his conceptions, and his awe of better-dressed men and better-taught men, and the shame which the accusation has brought upon his head, and the sight of his parents and children gazing at him in the Court, for the last time, perhaps, and after a long absence! The mariner sinking in the wave does not want a helping hand more than does this poor wretch. But help is denied to all! Age cannot have it, nor ignorance, nor the modesty of women! One hard uncharitable rule silences the defenders of the wretched, in the worst of human evils; and at the bitterest of human moments, mercy is blotted out from the ways of men!

Suppose a crime to have been committed under the influence of insanity; is the insane man, now convalescent, to plead his own insanity? — to offer arguments to show that he must have been mad? — and, by the glimmerings of his returning reason, to prove that at a former period that same reason was utterly extinct? These are the cruel situations into which Judges and Courts of Justice are thrown by the present state of the law.

There is a Judge now upon the bench, who never took away the life of a fellow-creature without shutting himself up alone, and giving the most profound attention to every circumstance of the case! and this solemn act he always premises with his own beautiful prayer to God, that he will enlighten him with his Divine Spirit in the exercise of this terrible privilege! Now, would it not be an immense satisfaction to this feeling and honourable magistrate, to be sure that every witness on the side of the prisoner had been heard, and that every argument which could be urged in his favour had been brought forward, by a man whose duty it was to see only on one side of the question, and whose interest and reputation

were thoroughly embarked in this partial exertion? If a Judge fail to get at the truth, after these instruments of investigation are used, his failure must be attributed to the limited powers of man—not to the want of good inclination, or wise institutions. We are surprised that such a measure does not come into Parliament, with the strong recommendation of the Judges. It is surely better to be a day longer on the circuit, than to murder rapidly in ermine.

It is argued, that, among the various pleas for mercy that are offered, no prisoner has ever urged to the Secretary of State the disadvantage of having no counsel to plead for him; but a prisoner who dislikes to undergo his sentence naturally addresses to those who can reverse it such arguments only as will produce, in the opinion of the referee, a pleasing effect. He does not therefore find fault with the established system of jurisprudence, but brings forward facts and arguments to prove his own innocence. Besides, how few people there are who can elevate themselves from the acquiescence in what *is*, to the consideration of what *ought to be;* and if they could do so, the way to get rid of a punishment is not (as we have just observed) to say, 'You have no right to punish me in this manner,' but to say, 'I am innocent of the offence.' The fraudulent baker at Constantinople, who is about to be baked to death in his own oven, does not complain of the severity of baking bakers, but promises to use more flour and less fraud.

Whence comes it (we should like to ask Sir John Singleton Copley, who seems to dread so much the conflicts of talent in criminal cases) that a method of getting at truth which is found so serviceable in civil cases should be so much objected to in criminal cases? Would you have all this wrangling and bickering, it is asked, and contentious eloquence, when the life of a man is concerned? Why not, as well as when his property is concerned? It is either a good means of doing justice, or it is not, that two understandings should be put in opposition to each other, and that a third should

decide between them. Does this open every view which can bear upon the question? Does it in the most effectual manner watch the Judge, detect perjury, and sift evidence? If not, why is it suffered to disgrace our civil institutions? If it effect all these objects, why is it not incorporated into our criminal law? Of what importance is a little disgust at professional tricks, if the solid advantage gained be a nearer approximation to truth? Can any thing be more preposterous than this preference of taste to justice, and of solemnity to truth? What an eulogium of a trial to say, 'I am by no means satisfied that the Jury were right in finding the prisoner guilty; but every thing was carried on with the utmost decorum! The verdict was wrong; but there was the most perfect propriety and order in the proceedings. The man will be unfairly hanged; but all was genteel!' If solemnity is what is principally wanted in a court of justice, we had better study the manners of the old Spanish Inquisition; but if battles with the Judge, and battles among the counsel, are the best method, as they certainly are, of getting at the truth, better tolerate this philosophical Billingsgate, than persevere, *because* the life of a man is at stake, in solemn and polished injustice.

Why should it not be just as wise and equitable to leave the defendant without counsel in civil cases—and to tell him that the Judge was his counsel? And if the reply is to produce such injurious effects as are anticipated upon the minds of the Jury in criminal cases, why not in civil cases also? In twenty-eight cases out of thirty, the verdict in civil cases is correct; in the two remaining cases, the error may proceed from other causes than the right of reply; and yet the right of reply has existed in all. In a vast majority of cases, the verdict is for the plaintiff, not because there is a right of reply, but because he who has it in his power to decide whether he will go to law or not, and resolves to expose himself to the expense and trouble of a lawsuit, has probably a good foundation for his claim. Nobody, of course, can intend to say that the majority

of verdicts in favour of plaintiffs are against justice, and merely attributable to the advantage of a last speech. If this were the case, the sooner advocates are turned out of court the better—and then the improvement of both civil and criminal law would be an abolition of all speeches; for those who dread the effect of the last word upon the fate of the prisoner must remember that there is at present always a last speech against the prisoner; for, as the counsel for the prosecution cannot be replied to, *his* is the last speech.

There is certainly this difference between a civil and a criminal case—that in one a new trial can be granted, in the other not. But you must first make up your mind whether this system of contentious investigation by opposite advocates is or is not the best method of getting at truth: if it be, the more irremediable the decision, the more powerful and perfect should be the means of deciding; and then it would be a less opression if the civil defendant were deprived of counsel than the criminal prisoner. When an error has been committed, the advantage is greater to the latter of these persons than to the former;—the criminal is not tried again, but pardoned; while the civil defendant must run the chance of another Jury.

If the effect of reply, and the contention of counsel, have all these baneful consequences in felony, why not also in misdemeanour and high treason? Half the cases at Sessions are cases of misdemeanour, where counsel are employed and half-informed Justices preside instead of learned Judges. There are no complaints of the unfairness of verdicts, though there are every now and then of the severity of punishments. Now, if the reasoning of Mr. Lamb's opponents were true, the disturbing force of the prisoner's counsel must fling every thing into confusion. The Court for misdemeanours must be a scene of riot and perplexity; and the detection and punishment of crime must be utterly impossible: and yet in the very teeth of these objections, such courts of justice are just as orderly in one set of offences as the other; and the conviction of a guilty person just as certain and as easy.

The prosecutor (if this system were altered) would have the choice of counsel; so he has now — with this difference, that, at present, his counsel cannot be answered nor opposed. It would be better in all cases, if two men of exactly equal talent could be opposed to each other; but as this is impossible, the system must be taken with this inconvenience; but there can be no inequality between counsel so great as that between any counsel and the prisoner pleading for himself. 'It has been lately my lot,' says Mr. Denman, 'to try two prisoners who were deaf and dumb, and who could only be made to understand what was passing by the signs of their friends. The cases were clear and simple; but if they had been circumstantial cases, in what a situation would the Judge and Jury be placed, when the prisoner could have no counsel to plead for him!'—*Debates of the House of Commons, April* 25. 1826.

The folly of being counsel for yourself is so notorious in civil cases, that it has grown into a proverb. But the cruelty of the law compels a man, in criminal cases, to be guilty of a much greater act of folly, and to trust his life to an advocate, who, by the common sense of mankind, is pronounced to be inadequate to defend the possession of an acre of land.

In all cases it must be supposed, that reasonably convenient instruments are selected to effect the purpose in view. A Judge may be commonly presumed to understand his profession, and a Jury to have a fair allowance of common sense; but the objectors to the improvement we recommend appear to make no such suppositions. Counsel are always to make flashy addresses to the passions. Juries are to be so much struck with them, that they are always to acquit or to condemn, contrary to justice; and Judges are always to be so biassed, that they are to fling themselves rashly into the opposite scale against the prisoner. Many cases of misdemeanour consign a man to infamy, and cast a blot upon his posterity. Judges and Juries must feel these cases as strongly as any cases of felony; and yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the free permis-

sion of counsel to speak, they preserve their judgment, and command their feelings surprisingly. Generally speaking, we believe none of these evils would take place. Trumpery declamation would be considered as discreditable to the counsel, and would be disregarded by the Jury. The Judge and Jury (as in civil cases) would gain the habit of looking to the facts, selecting the arguments, and coming to reasonable conclusions. It is so in all other countries — and it would be so in this. But the vigilance of the Judge is to relax, if there is counsel for the prisoner. Is, then, the relaxed vigilance of the Judges complained of, in high treason, in misdemeanour, or in civil cases? This appears to us really to shut up the debate, and to preclude reply. *Why* is the practice so good in all other cases, and so pernicious in felony alone? This question has never received even the shadow of an answer. There is no one objection against the allowance of counsel to prisoners in felony, which does not apply to them in all cases. If the vigilance of Judges depend upon this injustice to the prisoner, then, the greater injustice to the prisoner, the more vigilance; and so the true method of perfecting the Bench would be, to deny the prisoner the power of calling witnesses, and to increase as much as possible the disparity between the accuser and the accused. We hope men are selected for *the Judges of Israel* whose vigilance depends upon better and higher principles.

There are three methods of arranging a trial, as to the mode of employing counsel — that both parties should have counsel, or neither — or only one. The first method is the best; the second is preferable to the last; and the last, which is our present system, is the worst possible. If counsel were denied to either of the parties, if it be necessary that any system of jurisprudence should be disgraced by such an act of injustice, they should rather be denied to the prosecutor than to the prisoner.

But the most singular caprice of the law is, that counsel are permitted in very high crimes, and in very

small crimes, and denied in crimes of a sort of medium description. In high treason, where you mean to murder Lord Liverpool, and to levy war against the people, and to blow up the two Houses of Parliament, all the lawyers of Westminster Hall may talk themselves dry, and the Jury deaf. Lord Eldon, when at the bar, has been heard for nine hours on such subjects. If, instead of producing the destruction of five thousand people, you are indicted for the murder of one person, here human faculties, from the diminution of guilt are supposed to be so clear and so unclouded, that the prisoner is quite adequate to make his own defence, and no counsel are allowed. Take it then upon that principle, and let the rule, and the reason of it, pass as sufficient. But if, instead of murdering the man, you have only libelled him, then for some reason or another, though utterly unknown to us, the original imbecility of faculties in accused persons is respected, and counsel *are* allowed. Was ever such nonsense defended by public men in grave assemblies? The prosecutor, too, (as Mr. Horace Twiss justly observes,) can either allow or disallow counsel, by selecting his form of prosecution;—as where a mob had assembled to repeal, by riot and force, some unpopular statute, and certain persons had continued in that assembly for more than an hour after proclamation to disperse. That might be treated as levying war against the King, and then the prisoner would be entitled to receive (as Lord George Gordon did receive) the benefit of counsel. It might also be treated as a seditious riot; then it would be a misdemeanour, and counsel would still be allowed. But if government had a mind to destroy the prisoner effectually, they have only to abstain from the charge of treason, and to introduce into the indictment the aggravation, that the prisoner had continued with the mob for an hour after proclamation to disperse; this is a felony, the prisoner's life is in jeopardy, and counsel are effectually excluded. It produces, in many other cases disconnected with treason, the most scandalous injustice. A receiver of stolen goods, who employs a young girl to rob her

master, may be tried for the misdemeanour; the young girl taken afterwards would be tried for the felony. The receiver would be punishable only with fine, imprisonment, or whipping, and he could have counsel to defend him. The girl indicted for felony, and liable to death, would enjoy no such advantage.

In the comparison between felony and treason there are certainly some arguments why counsel should be allowed in felony rather than in treason. Persons accused of treason are generally persons of education and rank, accustomed to assemblies, and to public speaking, while men accused of felony are commonly of the lowest of the people. If it be true, that Judges in cases of high treason are more liable to be influenced by the Crown, and to lean against the prisoner, this cannot apply to cases of misdemeanour, or to the defendants in civil cases; but if it be necessary, that Judges should be watched in political cases, how often are cases of felony connected with political disaffection! Every Judge, too, has his idiosyncrasies, which require to be watched. Some hate Dissenters—some mobs; some have one weakness, some another; and the ultimate truth is, that no court of justice is safe, unless there is some one present whose occupation and interest it is to watch the safety of the prisoner. Till then, no man of right feeling can be easy at the administration of justice, and the punishment of death.

Two men are accused of one offence; the one dexterous, bold, subtle, gifted with speech, and remarkable for presence of mind; the other timid, hesitating, and confused—is there any reason why the chances of these two men for acquittal should be, as they are, so very different? Inequalities there will be in the means of defence under the best system, but there is no occasion the law should make these greater than they are left by chance or nature.

But (it is asked) what practical injustice is done—what practical evil is there in the present system? The great object of all law is, that the guilty should be punished, and that the innocent should be acquitted.

A very great majority of prisoners, we admit, are guilty — and so clearly guilty, that we believe they would be found guilty under any system; but among the number of those who are tried, *some* are innocent, and the chance of establishing their innocence is very much diminished by the privation of counsel. In the course of twenty or thirty years, among the whole mass of English prisoners, we believe *many* are found guilty who are innocent, and who would not have been found guilty, if an able and intelligent man had watched over their interest, and represented their case. If this happen only to two or three every year, it is quite a sufficient reason why the law should be altered. That such cases exist we firmly believe; and this is the practical evil — perceptible to men of sense and reflection; but not likely to become the subject of general petition. To ask why there are not petitions — why the evil is not more noticed, is mere parliamentary froth and ministerial juggling. Gentlemen are rarely hung. If they were so, there would be petitions without end for counsel. The creatures exposed to the cruelties and injustice of the law are dumb creatures, who feel the evil without being able to express their feeling. Besides, the question is not, whether the evil is found out, but whether the evil exist. Whoever thinks it is an evil, should vote against it, whether the sufferer from the injustice discover it to be an injustice, or whether he suffer in ignorant silence. When the bill was enacted, which allowed counsel for treason, there was not a petition from one end of England to the other. Can there be a more shocking answer from the Ministerial Bench, than to say, For real evil we care nothing—only for detected evil? We will set about curing any wrong which affects our popularity and power: but as to any other evil, we wait till the people find it out; and, in the mean time, commit such evils to the care of Mr. George Lamb, and of Sir James Mackintosh. We are sure so good a man as Mr. Peel can never feel in this manner.

Howard devoted himself to his country. It was a noble example. Let two gentlemen on the Ministerial

side of the House (we only ask for two) commit some crimes, which will render their execution a matter of painful necessity. Let them feel, and report to the House, all the injustice and inconvenience of having neither a copy of the indictment, nor a list of witnesses, nor counsel to defend them. We will venture to say, that the evidence of two such persons would do more for the improvement of the criminal law, than all the orations of Mr. Lamb, or the lucubrations of Beccaria. Such evidence would save time, and bring the question to an issue. It is a great duty, and ought to be fulfilled — and in ancient Rome, would have been fulfilled.

The opponents always forget that Mr. Lamb's plan is not to *compel* prisoners to have counsel, but to *allow* them to have counsel, if they choose to do so. Depend upon it, as Dr. Johnson says, when a man is going to be hanged, his faculties are wonderfully concentrated. If it be really true, as the defenders of *Mumpsimus* observe, that the Judge is the best counsel for the prisoner, the prisoner will soon learn to employ him, especially as his Lordship works without fees. All that we want is an option given to the prisoner — that a man, left to adopt his own means of defence in every trifling civil right, may have the same power of selecting his own auxiliaries for higher interests.

But nothing can be more unjust than to speak of Judges, as if they were of one standard, and one heart and head pattern. The great majority of Judges, we have no doubt, are upright and pure; but some have been selected for flexible politics — some are passionate — some are in a hurry — some are violent churchmen — some resemble ancient females — some have the gout — some are eighty years old — some are blind, deaf, and have lost the power of smelling. All one to the unhappy prisoner — he has no choice.

It is impossible to put so gross an insult upon Judges, Jurymen, Grand Jurymen, or any person connected with the administration of justice, as to suppose that the longer time to be taken up by the speeches of counsel

constitutes the grand bar to the proposed alteration. If three hours would acquit a man, and he is hanged because he is only allowed two hours for his defence, the poor man is as much murdered as if his throat had been cut before he came into Court. If twelve Judges cannot do the most perfect justice, other twelve must be appointed. Strange administration of criminal law, to adhere obstinately to an inadequate number of Judges, and to refuse any improvement which is incompatible with this arbitrary and capricious enactment. Neither is it quite certain that the proposed alteration would create a greater demand upon the time of the Court. At present the counsel makes a defence by long cross-examinations, and examinations in chief of the witnesses, and the Judge allows a greater latitude than he would do, if the counsel of the prisoner were permitted to speak. The counsel by these oblique methods, and by stating false points of law for the express purpose of introducing facts, endeavours to obviate the injustice of the law, and takes up more time by this oblique, than he would do by a direct defence. But the best answer to this objection of time (which, if true, is no objection at all) is, that as many misdemeanours as felonies are tried in a given time, though counsel are allowed in the former, and not in the latter case.

One excuse for the absence of counsel is, that the evidence upon which the prisoner is convicted is always so clear, that the counsel cannot gainsay it. This is mere absurdity. There is not, and cannot be, any such rule. Many a man has been hung upon a string of circumstantial evidence, which not only very ingenious men, but very candid and judicious men, might criticise and call in question. If no one were found guilty but upon such evidence as would not admit of a doubt, half the crimes in the world would be unpunished. This dictum, by which the present practice has often been defended, was adopted by Lord Chancellor Nottingham. To the lot of this Chancellor, however, it fell to pass sentence of death upon Lord Stafford, whom (as Mr. Denman justly observes) no court of justice, not even

the House of Lords (constituted as it was in those days), could have put to death, if he had had counsel to defend him.

To improve the criminal law of England, and to make it really deserving of the incessant eulogium which is lavished upon it, we would assimilate trials for felony to trials for high treason. The prisoner should not only have counsel, but a copy of the indictment and a list of the witnesses, many days antecedent to the trial. It is in the highest degree unjust that I should not see and study the description of the crime with which I am charged, if the most scrupulous exactness be required in that instrument which charges me with crime. If the place *where*, the time *when*, and the manner *how*, and the persons by whom, must all be specified with the most perfect accuracy, if any deviation from this accuracy is fatal, the prisoner, or his legal advisers, should have a full opportunity of judging whether the scruples of the law have been attended to in the formation of the indictment; and they ought not to be confined to the hasty and imperfect consideration which can be given to an indictment exhibited for the first time in Court. Neither is it possible for the prisoner to repel accusation till he knows who is to be brought against him. He may see suddenly, stuck up in the witness's box, a man who has been writing him letters, to extort money from the threat of evidence he could produce. The character of such a witness would be destroyed in a moment, if the letters were produced; and the letters would have been produced, of course, if the prisoner had imagined such a person would have been brought forward by the prosecutor. It is utterly impossible for a prisoner to know in what way he may be assailed, and against what species of attacks he is to guard. Conversations may be brought against him which he has forgotten, and to which he could (upon notice) have given another colour and complexion. Actions are made to bear upon his case, which (if he had known they would have been referred to) might have been explained in the most satisfactory manner. All these modes of attack are pointed

out by the list of witnesses transmitted to the prisoner, and he has time to prepare his answer, as it is perfectly just he should have. This is justice, when a prisoner has ample means of compelling the attendance of his witnesses; when his written accusation is put into his hand, and he has time to study it—when he knows in what manner his guilt is to be proved, and when he has a man of practised understanding to state his facts, and prefer his arguments. Then criminal justice may march on boldly. The Judge has no stain of blood on his ermine; and the phrases which English people are so fond of lavishing upon the humanity of their laws will have a real foundation. At present this part of the law is a mere relic of the barbarous injustice by which accusation in the early part of our jurisprudence was always confounded with guilt. The greater part of these abuses have been brushed away, as this cannot fail soon to be. In the mean time it is defended (as every other abuse has been defended) by men who think it their duty to defend every thing which *is*, and to dread every thing which *is not*. We are told that the Judge does what he does not do, and ought not to do. The most pernicious effects are anticipated in trials of felony, from that which is found to produce the most perfect justice in civil causes, and in cases of treason and misdemeanour: we are called upon to continue a practice without example in any other country, and are required by lawyers to consider that custom as humane, which every one who is not a lawyer pronounces to be most cruel and unjust—and which has not been brought forward to general notice, only because its bad effects are confined to the last and lowest of mankind.*

* All this nonsense is now put an end to. Counsel is allowed to the prisoner, and they are permitted to speak in his defence.

CATHOLICS. (E. REVIEW, 1827.)

1. *A Plain Statement in support of the Political Claims of the Roman Catholics; in a Letter to the Rev. Sir George Lee, Bart.* By Lord Nugent, Member of Parliament for Aylesbury. London, Hookham. 1826.
2. *A Letter to Viscount Milton, M. P.* By One of his Constituents. London, Ridgway. 1827.
3. *Charge by the Archbishop of Cashel.* Dublin, Milliken.

IF a poor man were to accept a guinea upon the condition that he spoke all the evil he could of another whom he believed to be innocent, and whose imprisonment he knew he should prolong, and whose privations he knew he should increase by his false testimony, would not the person so hired be one of the worst and basest of human beings? And would not his guilt be aggravated, if, up to the moment of receiving his *aceldama*, he had spoken in terms of high praise of the person whom he subsequently accused? Would not the latter feature of the case prove him to be as much without shame as the former evinced him to be without principle? Would the guilt be less, if the person so hired were a man of education? Would it be less, if he were above want? Would it be less, if the profession and occupation of his life were to decide men's rights, or to teach them morals and religion? Would it be less by the splendour of the bribe? Does a bribe of 3000*l.* leave a man innocent, whom a bribe of 30*l.* would cover with infamy? You are of a mature period of life, when the opinions of an honest man ought to be, and are fixed. On Monday you were a barrister or a country clergyman, a serious and temperate friend to religious liberty and Catholic emancipation. In a few weeks from this time you are a bishop, or a dean, or a judge—publishing and speaking charges and sermons against the poor Catholics, and ex-

plaining away this sale of your soul by every species of falsehood, shabbiness, and equivocation. You may carry a bit of ermine on your shoulder, or hide the lower moiety of the body in a silken petticoat—and men may call you Mr. Dean, or My Lord; but you have sold your honour and your conscience for money; and, though better paid, you are as base as the witness who stands at the door of the judgment-hall, to swear whatever the suborner will put into his mouth, and to receive whatever he will put in his pocket.*

When soldiers exercise, there stands a goodly portly person out of the ranks, upon whom all eyes are directed, and whose signs and motions, in the performance of the manual exercise, all the soldiers follow. The Germans, we believe, call him a *Flugelman.* We propose Lord Nugent as a political flugelman;—he is always consistent, plain, and honest, steadily and straightly pursuing his object without hope or fear, under the influence of good feelings and high principle. The House of Commons does not contain within its walls a more honest, upright man.

We seize upon the opportunity which this able pamphlet of his Lordship's affords us, to renew our attention to the Catholic question. There is little new to be said; but we must not be silent, or, in these days of baseness and tergiversation, we shall be supposed to have deserted our friend the Pope; and they will say of us, *Prostant venales apud Lambeth et Whitehall.* God forbid it should ever be said of us with justice—it is pleasant to loll and roll, and to accumulate—to be a purple and fine linen man, and to be called by some of those nicknames which frail and ephemeral beings are so fond of accumulating upon each other;—but the best thing of all is to live like honest men, and to add something to the cause of liberality, justice, and truth.

---

* It is very far from our intention to say that all who were for the Catholics, and are now against them, have made this change from base motives; it is equally far from our intention not to say that many men of both professions have subjected themselves to this shocking imputation.

The Letter to Lord Milton is very well and very pleasantly written. We are delighted with the liberality and candour of the Archbishop of Cashel. The charge is in the highest degree creditable to him. He must lay his account for the furious hatred of bigots, and the incessant gnawing of rats.

There are many men who (thoroughly aware that the Catholic question must be ultimately carried) delay their acquiescence till the last moment, and wait till the moment of peril and civil war before they yield. That this moment is not quite so remote as was supposed a twelvemonth since, the events now passing in the world seem to afford the strongest proof. The truth is, that the disaffected state of Ireland is a standing premium for war with every cabinet in Europe which has the most distant intention of quarrelling with this country for any other cause. '*If we are to go to war, let us do so when the discontents of Ireland are at their greatest height, before any spirit of concession has been shown by the British Cabinet.*' Does any man imagine that so plain and obvious a principle has not been repeatedly urged on the French Cabinet?—that the eyes of the Americans are shut upon the state of Ireland—and that that great and ambitious Republic will not, in case of war, aim a deadly blow at this most sensitive part of the British empire? We should really say, that England has fully as much to fear from Irish fraternisation with America as with France. The language is the same; the Americans have preceded them in the struggle; the number of emigrant and rebel Irish is very great in America; and all parties are sure of perfect toleration under the protection of America. We are astonished at the madness and folly of Englishmen, who do not perceive that both France and America are only waiting for a convenient opportunity to go to war with this country; and that one of the first blows aimed at our independence would be the invasion of Ireland.

We should like to argue this matter with a regular Tory Lord, whose members vote steadily against the Catholic question. 'I wonder that mere fear does not

make you give up the Catholic question! Do you mean to put this fine place in danger—the venison—the pictures—the pheasants—the cellars—the hot-house and the grapery? Should you like to see six or seven thousand French or Americans landed in Ireland, and aided by a universal insurrection of the Catholics? Is it worth your while to run the risk of their success? What evil from the possible encroachment of Catholics, by civil exertions, can equal the danger of such a position as this? How can a man of your carriages, and horses, and hounds, think of putting your high fortune in such a predicament, and crying out, like a schoolboy or a chaplain, "Oh, we shall beat them! we shall put the rascals down!" No Popery, I admit to your Lordship, is a very convenient cry at an election, and has answered your end; but do not push the matter too far: to bring on a civil war, for No Popery, is a very foolish proceeding in a man who has two courses and a remove! As you value your side-board of plate, your broad riband, your pier glasses—if obsequious domestics and large rooms are dear to you—if you love ease and flattery, titles and coats of arms—if the labour of the French cook, the dedication of the expecting poet, can move you—if you hope for a long life of side-dishes—if you are not insensible to the periodical arrival of the turtle fleets—emancipate the Catholics! Do it for your ease, do it for your indolence, do it for your safety—emancipate and eat, emancipate and drink—emancipate, and preserve the rent-roll and the family estate!'

The most common excuse of the *Great Shabby* is, that the Catholics are their own enemies—that the violence of Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel have ruined their cause—that, but for these boisterous courses, the question would have been carried before this time. The answer to this nonsense and baseness is, that the very reverse is the fact. The mild and the long-suffering may suffer for ever in this world. If the Catholics had stood with their hands before them simpering at the Earls of Liverpool and the Lords Bathurst of the moment, they would not have been emancipated till the year of our Lord four

thousand. As long as the patient will suffer, the cruel will kick. No treason—no rebellion—but as much stubbornness and stoutness as the law permits—a thorough intimation that you know what is your due, and that you are determined to have it if you can *lawfully* get it. This is the conduct we recommend to the Irish. If they go on withholding, and forbearing, and hesitating whether this is the time for the discussion or that is the time, they will be laughed at for another century as fools—and kicked for another century as slaves. 'I must have my bill paid (says the sturdy and irritated tradesman); your master has put me off twenty times under different pretences. I know he is at home, and I will not quit the premises till I get the money.' Many a tradesman gets paid in this manner, who would soon smirk and smile himself into the Gazette, if he trusted to the promises of the great.

Can any thing be so utterly childish and foolish as to talk of the bad taste of the Catholic leaders?—as if, in a question of conferring on, or withholding important civil rights from seven millions of human beings, any thing could arrest the attention of a wise man but the good or evil consequences of so great a measure. Suppose Mr. S. does smell slightly of tobacco—admit Mr. L. to be occasionally stimulated by rum and water—allow that Mr. F. was unfeeling in speaking of the Duke of York—what has all this nonsense to do with the extinction of religious hatred and the pacification of Ireland? Give it if it is right, refuse it if it is wrong. How it is asked, or how it is given or refused, are less than the dust of the balance.

What is the real reason why a good honest Tory, living at ease on his possessions, is an enemy to Catholic Emancipation? He admits the Catholic of his own rank to be a gentleman, and not a bad subject—and about theological disputes an excellent Tory never troubles his head. Of what importance is it to him whether an Irish Catholic or an Irish Protestant is a Judge in the King's Bench at Dublin? None; but *I am afraid for the Church of Ireland*, says our alarmist. Why do you

care so much for the Church of Ireland, a country you never live in? — *Answer — I do not care so much for the Church of Ireland, if I was sure the Church of England would not be destroyed.* — And is it for the Church of England alone that you fear? — *Answer — Not quite to that, but I am afraid we should all be lost, that every thing would be overturned, and that I should lose my rank and my estate.* Here then, we say, is a long series of dangers, which (if there were any chance of their ever taking place) would require half a century for their development; and the danger of losing Ireland by insurrection and invasion, which may happen in six months, is utterly overlooked, and forgotten. And if a foreign influence should ever be fairly established in Ireland, how many hours would the Irish Church, how many months would the English Church, live after such an event! How much is any English title worth after such an event — any English family — any English estate? We are astonished that the brains of rich Englishmen do not fall down into their bellies in talking of the Catholic question — that they do not reason through the cardia and the pylorus — that all the organs of digestion do not become intellectual. The descendants of the proudest noblemen in England may become beggars in a foreign land from this disgraceful nonsense of the Catholic question — fit only for the ancient females of a market town.

What alarms us in the state of England is the uncertain basis on which its prosperity is placed — and the prodigious mass of hatred which the English government continues, by its obstinate bigotry, to accumulate — eight hundred and forty millions sterling of debt. The revenue depending upon the demand for the shoes, stockings, and breeches of Europe — and seven millions of Catholics in a state of the greatest fury and exasperation. We persecute as if we did not *owe* a shilling — we spend as if we had no disaffection. This, by possibility, may go on; but it is dangerous walking — the chance is, there will be a fall. No wise man should take such a course. All probabilities are against it. We are

astonished that Lord Hertford and Lord Lowther, shrewd and calculating Tories, do not see that it is nine to one against such a game.

It is not only the event of war we fear in the military struggle with Ireland; but the expense of war, and the expenses of the English government, are paving the way for future revolutions. The world never yet saw so extravagant a government as the Government of England. Not only is economy not practised—but it is despised; and the idea of it connected with disaffection, Jacobinism, and Joseph Hume. Every rock in the ocean where a cormorant can perch is occupied by our troops — has a governor, deputy-governor, storekeeper, and deputy-storekeeper — and will soon have an archdeacon and a bishop. Military colleges, with thirty-four professors, educating seventeen ensigns per annum, being half an ensign for each professor, with every species of nonsense, athletic, sartorial, and plumigerous. A just and necessary war costs this country about one hundred pounds a minute; whipcord fifteen thousand pounds; red tape seven thousand pounds; lace for drummers and fifers, nineteen thousand pounds; a pension to one man who has broken his head at the Pole; to another who has shattered his leg at the Equator; subsidies to Persia; secret service-money to Thibet; an annuity to Lady Henry Somebody and her seven daughters — the husband being shot at some place where we never ought to have had any soldiers at all; and the elder brother returning four members to Parliament. Such a scene of extravagance, corruption, and expense as must paralyse the industry, and mar the fortunes, of the most industrious, spirited people that ever existed.

Few men consider the historical view which will be taken of present events. The bubbles of last year; the fishing for half-crowns in Vigo Bay; the Milk Muffin and Crumpet Companies; the Apple, Pear, and Plum Associations; the National Gooseberry and Currant Company; will all be remembered as instances of that partial madness to which society is occasionally exposed. What will be said of all the intolerable trash which is

issued forth at public meetings of No Popery? The follies of one century are scarcely credible in that which succeeds it. A grandmamma of 1827 is as wise as a very wise man of 1727. If the world lasts till 1927, the grandmammas of that period will be far wiser than the tip-top No Popery men of this day. That this childish nonsense will have got out of the drawing-room, there can be no doubt. It will most probably have passed through the steward's room, and butler's pantry, into the kitchen. This is the case with ghosts. They no longer loll on couches and sip tea; but are down on their knees scrubbing with the scullion — or stand sweating, and basting with the cook. Mrs. Abigail turns up her nose at them, and the housekeeper declares for flesh and blood, and will have none of their company.

It is delicious to the persecution-fanciers to reflect that no general bill has passed in favour of the Protestant Dissenters. They are still disqualified from holding any office —and are only protected from prosecution by an annual indemnity act. So that the sword of Damocles still hangs over them — not suspended indeed by a thread, but by a cart-rope — still it hangs there an insult, if not an injury, and prevents the painful idea from presenting itself to the mind of perfect toleration, and pure justice. There is the larva of tyranny, and the skeleton of malice. Now this is all we presume to ask for the Catholics — admission to Parliament, exclusion from every possible office by law, and annual indemnity for the breach of law. This is surely much more agreeable to feebleness, to littleness, and to narrowness, than to say, the Catholics are as free, and as eligible, as ourselves.

The most intolerable circumstance of the Catholic dispute is, the conduct of the Dissenters. Any man may dissent from the Church of England, and preach against it, by paying sixpence. Almost every tradesman in a market town is a preacher. It must absolutely be ride-and-tie with them; the butcher must hear the baker in the morning, and the baker listen to the butcher

in the afternoon, or there would be no congregation. We have often speculated upon the peculiar trade of the preacher from his style of action. Some have a tying-up or parcel-packing action; some strike strongly against the anvil of the pulpit; some screw, some bore, some act as if they were managing a needle. The occupation of the preceding week can seldom be mistaken. In the country, three or four thousand Ranters are sometimes encamped, supplicating in religious platoons, or roaring psalms out of waggons. Now, all this freedom is very proper; because, though it is abused, yet in truth there is no other principle in religious matters, than to let men alone as long as they keep the peace. Yet we should imagine this unbounded licence of Dissenters should teach them a little charity towards the Catholics, and a little respect for their religious freedom. But the picture of sects is this — there are twenty fettered men in a gaol, and every one is employed in loosening his own fetters with one hand, and riveting those of his neighbour with the other.

'"If, then," says a minister of our own Church, the Reverend John Fisher, rector of Wavenden, in this county, in a sermon published some years ago, and entitled "The Utility of the Church Establishment, and its Safety consistent with Religious Freedom"—"If, then, the Protestant religion could have originally worked its way in this country against numbers, prejudices, bigotry, and interest; if, in times of its infancy, the power of the prince could not prevail against it; surely, when confirmed by age, and rooted in the affections of the people — when invested with authority, and in full enjoyment of wealth and power—when cherished by a Sovereign who holds his very throne by this sacred tenure, and whose conscientious attachment to it well warrants the title of Defender of the Faith — surely any attack upon it must be contemptible, any alarm of danger must be imaginary."'—*Lord Nugent's Letter*, p. 18.

To go into a committee upon the state of the Catholic Laws is to reconsider, as Lord Nugent justly observes, passages in our domestic history, which bear date about 270 years ago. Now, what human plan, device, or invention, 270 years old, does not require reconsideration? If a man dressed as he dressed 270 years ago, the pug-

dogs in the streets would tear him to pieces. If he lived in the houses of 270 years ago, unrevised and uncorrected, he would die of rheumatism in a week. If he listened to the sermons of 270 years ago, he would perish with sadness and fatigue; and when a man cannot make a coat or a cheese, for 50 years together, without making them better, can it be said that laws made in those days of ignorance, and framed in the fury of religious hatred, need no revision, and are capable of no amendment?

We have not the smallest partiality for the Catholic religion; quite the contrary. That it should exist at all — that all Catholics are not converted to the Protestant religion — we consider to be a serious evil; but there they are, with their spirit as strong, and their opinions as decided, as your own; the Protestant part of the Cabinet have quite given up all idea of putting them to death; what remains to be done? We all admit the evil; the object is to make it as little as possible. One method commonly resorted to, we are sure, does not lessen, but increase the evil; and that is, to falsify history, and deny plain and obvious facts, to the injury of the Catholics. No true friend to the Protestant religion, and to the Church of England, will ever have recourse to such disingenuous arts as these.

'Our histories have not, I believe, stated what is untrue of Queen Mary, nor, perhaps, have they very much exaggerated what is true of her; but our arguers, whose only talk is of Smithfield, are generally very uncandid in what they conceal. It would appear to be little known, that the statutes which enabled Mary to burn those who had conformed to the Church of her father and brother, were Protestant statutes, declaring the common law against heresy, and framed by her father Henry the Eighth, and confirmed and acted upon by Order of Council of her brother Edward the Sixth, enabling that mild and temperate young sovereign to burn divers misbelievers, by sentence of commissioners (little better, says Neale, than a Protestant Inquisition) appointed to "examine and search after all Anabaptists, Heretics, or contemners of the Book of Common Prayer." It would appear to be seldom considered, that her zeal might very possibly have been warmed by the circumstance

of both her chaplains having been imprisoned for their religion, and herself arbitrarily detained, and her safety threatened, during the short but persecuting reign of her brother. The sad evidences of the violence of those days are by no means confined to her acts. The fagots of persecution were not kindled by Papists only, nor did they cease to blaze when the power of using them as instruments of conversion ceased to be in Popish hands. Cranmer himself, in his dreadful death, met with but equal measure for the flames to which he had doomed several who denied the *spiritual* supremacy of Henry the Eighth: to which he had doomed also a Dutch Arian, in Edward the Sixth's reign; and to which, with great pains and difficulty, he had persuaded that prince to doom another miserable enthusiast, Joan Bocher, for some metaphysical notions of her own on the divine incarnation. "So that on both sides" (says Lord Herbert of Cherbury) "it grew a bloody time." Calvin burned Servetus at Geneva, for "discoursing concerning the Trinity, contrary to the sense of the whole church; and thereupon set forth a book wherein he giveth an account of his doctrine, and of whatever else had passed in this affair, and teacheth that the sword may be lawfully employed against heretics." Yet Calvin was no Papist. John Knox extolled in his writings, as "the godly fact of James Melvil," the savage murder by which Cardinal Beaton was made to expiate his many and cruel persecutions; a murder to which, by the great popular eloquence of Knox, his fellow-labourers in the vineyard of reformation, Lesly, and Melvil, had been excited; and yet John Knox, and Lesly, and Melvil, were no Papists. Henry the Eighth, whose one virtue was impartiality in these matters (if an impartial and evenly-balanced persecution of all sects be a virtue), beheaded a chancellor and a bishop, because, having admitted his civil supremacy, they doubted his spiritual. Of the latter of them Lord Herbert says, "The pope, who suspected not, perchance, that the bishop's end was so near, had, for more testimony of his favour to him as disaffection to our king, sent him a cardinal's hat; but unseasonably, his head being off." He beheaded the Countess of Salisbury, because at upwards of eighty years old she wrote a letter to Cardinal Pole, her own son; and he burned Barton, the "Holy Maid of Kent," for a prophecy of his death. He burned four Anabaptists in one day for opposing the doctrine of infant baptism; and he burned Lambert, and Anne Ascue, and Belerican, and Lassells, and Adams, on another day, for opposing that of transubstantiation; with many others of lesser note, who refused to subscribe to his Six Bloody Articles, as they were called, or

whose opinions fell short of his, or exceeded them, or who abided by opinions after he had abandoned them; and all this after the Reformation. And yet Henry the Eighth was the sovereign who first delivered us from the yoke of Rome.

'In later times, thousands of Protestant Dissenters of the four great sects were made to languish in loathsome prisons, and hundreds to perish miserably, during the reign of Charles the Second, under a Protestant High Church Government, who then first applied, in the prayer for the Parliament, the epithets of "most religious and gracious" to a sovereign whom they knew to be profligate and unprincipled beyond example, and had reason to suspect to be a concealed Papist.

'Later still Archbishop Sharp was sacrificed by the murderous enthusiasm of certain Scotch Covenanters, who yet appear to have sincerely believed themselves inspired by Heaven to this act of cold-blooded barbarous assassination.

'On subjects like these, silence on all sides, and a mutual interchange of repentance, forgiveness, and oblivion, is wisdom. But to quote grievances on one side only, is not honesty.'— *Lord Nugent's Letter*, pp. 24—27.

Sir Richard Birnie can only attend to the complaints of individuals; but no cases of swindling are brought before him so atrocious as the violation of the Treaty of Limerick, and the disappointment of those hopes, and the frustration of that arrangement; which hopes and which arrangements were held out as one of the great arguments for the Union. The chapter of English Fraud comes next to the chapter of English Cruelty, in the history of Ireland — and both are equally disgraceful.

Nothing can be more striking than the conduct of the parent Legislature to the Legislature of the West Indian Islands. 'We cannot leave you to yourselves upon these points' (says the English Government); 'the wealth of the planter, and the commercial prosperity of the islands, are not the only points to be looked to. We must look to the general rights of humanity, and see that they are not outraged in the case of the poor slave. It is impossible we can be satisfied, till we know that he is placed in a state of progress and amelioration.' How beautiful is all this! and how wise, and how hu-

mane and affecting are our efforts throughout Europe to put an end to the Slave Trade! Wherever three or four negotiators are gathered together, a British diplomate appears among them, with some article of kindness and pity for the poor negro. All is mercy and compassion, except when wretched Ireland is concerned. The saint who swoons at the lashes of the Indian slave is the encourager of No Popery Meetings, and the hard, bigotted, domineering tyrant of Ireland.

See the folly of delaying to settle a question, which, in the end, must be settled, and, ere long, to the advantage of the Catholics. How the price rises by delay! This argument is extremely well put by Lord Nugent.

'I should observe that two occasions have already been lost of granting these claims, coupled with what were called securities, such as never can return. In 1808, the late Duke of Norfolk and Lord Grenville, in the one House, and Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Grattan in the other, were authorized by the Irish Catholic body to propose a negative to be vested in the Crown upon the appointment of their bishops. Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor, and the Spiritual Bench, did not see the importance of this opportunity. It was rejected; the Irish were driven to despair; and in the same tomb with the question of 1808 lies for ever buried the Veto. The same was the fate with what were called the "wings" attached to Sir Francis Burdett's bill of last year. I voted for them, not for the sake certainly of extending the patronage of the Crown over a new body of clergy, nor yet for the sake of diminishing the popular character of elections in Ireland, but because Mr. O'Connell, and because some of the Protestant friends of the measure who knew Ireland the best, recommended them; and because I believed, from the language of some who supported it only on these conditions, that they offered the fairest chance for the measure being carried. I voted for them as the price of Catholic emancipation, for which I can scarcely contemplate any Irish price that I would not pay. With the same object, I would vote for them again; but I shall never again have the opportunity. For these also, if they were thought of any value as securities, the events of this year in Ireland have shown you that you have lost for ever. And the necessity of the great measure becomes every day more urgent and unavoidable.'—*Lord Nugent's Letter*, pp. 71, 72.

Can any man living say that Ireland is not in a much more dangerous state than it was before the Catholic Convention began to exist? — that the inflammatory state of that country is not becoming worse and worse? — that those men whom we call demagogues and incendiaries have not produced a very considerable, and alarming effect upon the Irish population? Where is this to end? But the fool lifteth up his voice in the coffee-house, and sayeth, 'We shall give them a hearty thrashing: let them rise — the sooner the better — we will soon put them down again.' The fool sayeth this in the coffee-house, and the greater fool praiseth him. But does Lord Stowel say this? does Mr. Peel say this? does the Marquis of Hertford say this? do sensible, calm, and reflecting men like these, not admit the extreme danger of combatting against invasion and disaffection, and this with our forces spread in active hostility over the whole face of the globe? Can they feel this vulgar, hectoring certainty of success, and stupidly imagine that a thing cannot be, because it has never yet been? — because we have hitherto maintained our tyranny in Ireland against all Europe, that we are always to maintain it? And then, what if the struggle does at last end in our favour? Is the loss of English lives and of English money not to be taken into account? Is this the way in which a nation overwhelmed with debt, and trembling whether its looms and ploughs will not be over-matched by the looms and ploughs of the rest of Europe — is this the way in which such a country is to husband its resources? Is the best blood of the land to be flung away in a war of hassocks and surplices? Are cities to be summoned for the Thirty-nine Articles, and men to be led on to the charge by professors of divinity? The expense of *keeping* such a country must be added to all other enormous expenses. What is really possessed of a country so subdued? four or five yards round a sentry-box, and no more. And in twenty years' time it is all to do over again — another war — another rebellion, and another enormous and ruinously expensive contest, with the same dreadful uncertainty

of the issue! It is forgotten, too, that a new feature has arisen in the history of this country. In all former insurrections in Ireland no democratic party existed in England. The efforts of Government were left free and unimpeded. But suppose a stoppage in your manufactures coincident with a rising of the Irish Catholics, when every soldier is employed in the sacred duty of Papist-hunting. Can any man contemplate such a state of things without horror? Can any man say that he is taken by surprise for such a combination? Can any man say that any danger to Church or State is comparable to this? But for the prompt interference of the military in the early part of 1826, three or four hundred thousand starving manufacturers would have carried ruin and destruction over the north of England, and over Scotland. These dangers are inseparable from an advanced state of manufactures — but they need not the addition of other and greater perils, which need not exist in any country, too wise and too enlightened for persecution.

Where is the weak point in these plain arguments? Is it the remoteness of the chance of foreign war? Alas! we have been at war 35 minutes out of every hour since the peace of Utrecht. The state of war seems more natural to man than the state of peace; and if we turn from general probabilities to the state of Europe — Greece to be liberated — Turkey to be destroyed — Portugal and Spain to be made free — the wounded vanity of the French, the increasing arrogance of the Americans, and our own philopolemical folly, are endless scenes of war. We believe it is at all times a better speculation to make ploughshares into swords than swords into ploughshares. If war is certain, we believe insurrection to be quite as certain. We cannot believe but that the French or the Americans would, in case of war, make a serious attempt upon Ireland, and that all Ireland would rush, tail foremost, into insurrection.

A new source of disquietude and war has lately risen in Ireland. Our saints or evangelical people, or serious people, or by whatever other name they are to be desig-

nated, have taken the field in Ireland against the Pope, and are converting in the large way. Three or four Irish Catholic prelates take a post-chaise, and curse the converters and the converted. A battle royal ensues with shillelas: the policeman comes in, and, reckless of Lambeth or the Vatican, makes no distinction between what is perpendicular, and what is hostile, but knocks down every body, and every thing which is upright; and so the feud ends for the day. We have no doubt but that these efforts will tend to bring things to a crisis much sooner between the parties, than the disgraceful conduct of the Cabinet alone would do.

'It is a charge not imputed by the laws of England nor by the oaths which exclude the Catholics: for those oaths impute only spiritual errors. But it is imputed, which is more to the purpose, by those persons who approve of the excluding oaths, and wish them retained. But, to the whole of this imputation, even if no other instance could be adduced, as far as a strong and remarkable example can prove the negative of an assumption which there is not a single example to support — the full, and sufficient, and incontestable answer is Canada. Canada, which, until you can destroy the memory of all that now remains to you of your sovereignty on the North American Continent, is an answer practical, memorable, difficult to be accounted for, but blazing as the sun itself in sight of the whole world, to the whole charge of divided allegiance. ' At your conquest of Canada, you found it Roman Catholic; you had to choose for her a constitution in Church and State. You were wise enough not to thwart public opinion. Your own conduct towards Presbyterianism in Scotland was an example for imitation; your own conduct towards Catholicism in Ireland was a beacon for avoidance; and in Canada you established and endowed the religion of the people. Canada was your only Roman Catholic colony. Your other colonies revolted; they called on a Catholic power to support them, and they achieved their independence. Catholic Canada, with what Lord Liverpool would call her half-allegiance, *alone* stood by you. She fought by your side against the interference of Catholic France. To reward and encourage her loyalty, you endowed in Canada bishops to say mass, and to ordain others to say mass, whom, at that very time, your laws would have hanged for saying mass in England; and Canada is still yours, in spite of Catholic France, in spite of her spiritual obedience to the Pope, in spite of Lord Liverpool's argument,

and in spite of the independence of all the states that surround her. This is the only trial you have made. Where you allow to the Roman Catholics their religion undisturbed, it has proved itself to be compatible with the most faithful allegiance. It is only where you have placed allegiance and religion before them as a dilemma, that they have preferred (as who will say they ought not?) their religion to their allegiance. How then stands the imputation? Disproved by history, disproved in all states where both religions co-exist, and in both hemispheres, and asserted in an exposition by Lord Liverpool, solemnly and repeatedly abjured by all Catholics, of the discipline of *their* church.' —*Lord Nugent's Letter*, pp. 35, 36.

Can any man who has gained permission to take off his strait-waistcoat, and been out of Bedlam three weeks, believe that the Catholic question will be set to rest by the conversion of the Irish Catholics to the Protestant religion? The best chance of conversion will be gained by taking care that the point of honour is not against conversion.

'We may, I think, collect from what we know of the ordinary feelings of men, that by admitting all to a community of political benefits, we should remove a material impediment that now presents itself to the advances of proselytism to our established mode of worship; particularly assuming, as we do, that it is the purest, and that the disfranchised mode is supported only by superstition and priestcraft. By external pressure and restraint, things are compacted as well in the moral as in the physical world. Where a sect is at spiritual variance with the Established Church, it only requires an abridgement of civil privileges to render it at once a political faction. Its members become instantly pledged, some from enthusiasm, some from resentment, and many from honourable shame, to cleave with desperate fondness to the suffering fortunes of an hereditary religion. Is this human nature, or is it not? Is it a natural or an unnatural feeling for the representative of an ancient Roman Catholic family, even if in his heart he rejected the controverted tenets of his early faith, to scorn an open conformity to ours, so long as such conformity brings with it the irremovable suspicion that faith and conscience may have bowed to the base hope of temporal advantage? Every man must feel and act for himself: but, in my opinion, a good man might be put to difficulty to determine whether more harm is not done by the example of one changing his religion to his worldly advantage,

than good, by his openly professing conformity from what we think error to what we think truth.'—*Lord Nugent's Letter*, pp. 54, 55.

'We will not be bullied out of the Catholic question.' This is a very common text, and requires some comment. If you mean that the sense of personal danger shall never prevent you from doing what you think right—this is a worthy and proper feeling, but no such motive is suspected, and no such question is at issue. Nobody doubts but that any English gentleman would be ready to join his No Popery corps, and to do his duty to the community, if the Government required it; but the question is, Is it worth while in the Government to require it? Is it for the general advantage that such a war should be carried on for such an object? It is a question not of personal valour, but of political expediency. Decide seriously if it be worth the price of civil war to exclude the Catholics, and act accordingly; taking it for granted that you possess, and that every body supposes you to possess, the vulgar attribute of personal courage; but do not draw your sword like a fool, from the unfounded apprehension of being called a coward.

We have great hopes of the Duke of Clarence. Whatever else he may be, he is not a bigot—not a person who thinks it necessary to show respect to his royal father, by prolonging the miseries and incapacities of six millions of people. If he ascend the throne of these realms, he must stand the fire of a few weeks' clamour and unpopularity. If the measure be passed by the end of May, we can promise his Royal Highness it will utterly be forgotten before the end of June. Of all human nonsense, it is surely the greatest to talk of respect to the late king—respect to the memory of the Duke of York—by not voting for the Catholic question. Bad enough to burn widows when the husband dies—bad enough to burn horses, dogs, butlers, footmen, and coachmen, on the funeral pile of a Scythian warrior—but to offer up the happiness of seven millions of people to the memory of the dead, is certainly the most

insane sepulchral oblation of which history makes mention. The best compliment to these deceased princes, is to remember their real good qualities, and to forget (as soon as we can forget it) that these good qualities were tarnished by limited and mistaken views of religious liberty.

Persecuting gentlemen forget the expense of persecution; whereas, of all luxuries, it is the most expensive. The Ranters do not cost us a farthing, because they are not disqualified by ranting. The Methodists and Unitarians are gratis. The Irish Catholics, supposing every alternate year to be war, as it has been for the last century, will cost us, within these next twenty years, forty millions of money. There are 20,000 soldiers there in time of peace; in war, including the militia, their numbers will be doubled — and there must be a very formidable fleet in addition. Now, when the tax paper comes round, and we are to make a return of the greatest number of horses, buggies, ponies, dogs, cats, bullfinches, and canary birds, &c., and to be taxed accordingly, let us remember how well and wisely our money has been spent, and not repine that we have purchased, by severe taxation, the high and exalted pleasures of intolerance and persecution.

It is mere unsupported, and unsupportable nonsense, to talk of the exclusive disposition of the Catholics to persecute. The Protestants have murdered, and tortured, and laid waste as much as the Catholics. Each party, as it gained the upper hand, tried death as the remedy for heresy — both parties have tried it in vain.

A distinction is set up between civil rights and political power, and applied against the Catholics: the real difference between these two words is, that civil comes from a Latin word, and political from a Greek one; but if there be any difference in their meaning, the Catholics do not ask for political power, but for *eligibility* to political power. The Catholics have never prayed or dreamt of praying, that so many of the Judges and King's Counsel should necessarily be Catholics; but that no law should exist which prevented them from becoming

so, if a Protestant King chose to make them so. Eligibility to political power is a civil privilege, of which we have no more right to deprive any man than of any other civil privilege. The good of the State may require that all civil rights may be taken from Catholics; but to say that eligibility to political power is not a civil right, and that to take it away without grave cause, would not be a gross act of injustice, is mere declamation. Besides, what is called political power, and what are called civil rights, are given or withholden, without the least reference to any principle, but by mere caprice. A right of voting is given — this is political power; eligibility to the office of Alderman or Bank Director is refused — this is a civil right: the distinction is perpetually violated, just as it has suited the state of parties for the moment. And here a word or two on the manner of handling the question. Because some offices might be filled with Catholics, all would be: this is one topic. A second is, because there might be inconvenience from a Catholic King or Chancellor, that, therefore, there would be inconvenience from Catholic Judges or Sergeants. In talking of establishments, they always take care to blend the Irish and English establishments, and never to say which is meant, though the circumstances of both are as different as possible. It is always presumed, that sects holding opinions contrary to the Establishment, are *hostile* to the Establishment; meaning by the word hostile, that they are combined, or ready to combine, for its destruction. It is contended that the Catholics would not be satisfied by these concessions; meaning, thereby, that many would not be so — but forgetting to add, that many *would* be quite satisfied — all *more* satisfied, and less likely to run into rebellion. It is urged that the mass of Catholics are indifferent to the question; whereas (never mind the cause) there is not a Catholic plough-boy, at this moment, who is not ready to risk his life for it, nor a Protestant stable-boy, who does not give himself airs of superiority over any papistical cleaner of horses, who is scrubbing with him under the same roof.

The Irish were quiet under the severe code of Queen Anne — so the half-murdered man left on the ground bleeding by thieves is quiet; and he only moans, and cries for help as he recovers. There was a method which would have made the Irish still more quiet, and effectually have put an end to all further solicitation respecting the Catholic question. It was adopted in the case of the wolves.

They are forming societies in Ireland for the encouragement of emigration, and striving, and successfully striving, to push their redundant population into Great Britain. Our business is to pacify Ireland — to give confidence to capitalists — and to keep their people where they are. On the day the Catholic question was passed, all property in Ireland would rise 20 per cent.

Protestants admit that there are sectaries sitting in Parliament, who differ from the Church of England as much as the Catholics; but it is forgotten that, according to the doctrine of the Church of England, the Unitarians are considered as condemned to eternal punishment in another world — and that many such have seats in Parliament. And can any thing be more preposterous (as far as doctrine has any influence in these matters) than that men, whom we believe to be singled out as objects of God's eternal vengeance, should have a seat in our national councils; and that Catholics, whom we believe may be saved, should not?

The only argument which has any *appearance of weight*, is the question of divided allegiance; and, generally speaking, we should say it is the argument which produces the greatest effect in the country at large. England, in this respect, is in the same state, at least, as the whole of Catholic Europe. Is not the allegiance of every French, every Spanish, and every Italian Catholic (who is not a Roman), divided? His king is in Paris, or Madrid, or Naples, while his high-priest is at Rome. We speak of it as an anomaly in politics; whereas, it is the state, and condition of almost the whole of Europe. The danger of this divided allegiance, they admit, is nothing as long as it is confined to purely spiritual

concerns; but it may extend itself to temporal matters, and so endanger the safety of the State. This danger, however, is greater in a Catholic than in a Protestant country; not only on account of the greater majority upon whom it might act; but because there are objects in a Catholic country much more desirable, and attainable, than in a country like England, where Popery does not exist, or Ireland, where it is humbled, and impoverished. Take, for instance, the freedom of the Gallican Church. What eternal disputes did this object give birth to! What a temptation to the Pope to infringe in rich Catholic countries! How is it possible his Holiness can keep his hands from picking and stealing? It must not be imagined that Catholicism has been any defence against the hostility and aggression of the Pope: he has cursed and excommunicated every Catholic State in Europe, in their turns. Let that eminent Protestant, Lord Bathurst, state any one instance where, for the last century, the Pope has interfered with the temporal concerns of Great Britain. We can mention, and his Lordship will remember, innumerable instances where he might have done so, if such were the modern habit and policy of the Court of Rome. But the fact is, there is no Court of Rome, and no Pope. There is a wax-work Pope, and a wax-work Court of Rome. But Popes of flesh and blood have long since disappeared; and in the same way, those great giants of the city exist no more, but their truculent images are at Guildhall. We doubt if there is in the treasury of the Pope, change for a guinea—we are sure there is not in his armoury one gun which will go off. We believe, if he attempted to bless any body whom Dr. Doyle cursed, or to curse any body whom Dr. Doyle blessed, that his blessings and curses would be as powerless as his artillery. Dr. Doyle*

* 'Of this I can with great truth assure you; and my testimony, if not entitled to respect, should not be utterly disregarded, that Papal influence will never induce the Catholics of this country either to continue tranquil, or to be disturbed, either to aid or to oppose the Government; and that your Lordship can contribute much more than the Pope to secure their allegiance, or to render them disaffected.'—*Dr. Doyle's Letter to Lord Liverpool*, 115.

is the Pope of Ireland; and the ablest ecclesiastic of that country will always be its Pope—and that Lord Bathurst ought to know—most likely does know. But what a waste of life and time, to combat such arguments! Can my Lord Bathurst be ignorant?—can any man, who has the slightest knowledge of Ireland, be ignorant, that the portmanteau which sets out every quarter for Rome, and returns from it, is a heap of ecclesiastical matters, which have no more to do with the safety of the country, than they have to do with the safety of the moon—and which, but for the respect to individual feelings, might all be published at Charing Cross? Mrs. *Flanagan*, intimidated by stomach complaints, wants a dispensation for eating flesh. *Cornelius Oh Bowel* has intermarried by accident with his grandmother; and, finding that she is really his grandmother, his conscience is uneasy. *Mr. Mac Tooley*, the priest, is discovered to be married, and to have two sons, *Castor* and *Pollux Mac Tooley*. Three or four schools-full of little boys have been cursed for going to hear a methodist preacher. Bargains for shirts and toe-nails of deceased saints—surplices and trencher-caps blessed by the Pope. These are the fruits of double allegiance—the objects of our incredible fear, and the cause of our incredible folly. There is not a syllable which goes to or comes from the Court of Rome, which, by a judicious expenditure of sixpence by the year, would not be open to the examination of every Member of the Cabinet. Those who use such arguments know the answer to them as well as we do. The real evil they dread is the destruction of the Church of Ireland, and through that, of the Church of England. To which we reply, that such danger must proceed from the regular proceedings of Parliament, or be effected by insurrection and rebellion. The Catholics, restored to civil functions, would, we believe, be more likely to cling to the Church than to Dissenters. If not, both Catholics and Dissenters must be utterly powerless against the overwhelming English interest and feelings in the House. Men are less inclined to run into rebellion, in proportion as they have less to complain of; and.

of all other dangers, the greatest to the Irish and English Church establishments, and to the Protestant faith throughout Europe, is *to leave Ireland in its present state of discontent.*

If the intention is to wait to the last, before concession is made, till the French or Americans have landed, and the Holy standard has been unfurled, we ought to be sure of the terms which can be obtained at such a crisis. This game was played in America. Commissioners were sent in one year to offer and to press what would have been most thankfully received the year before; but they were always too late. The rapid concessions of England were outstripped by the more rapid exactions of the colonies; and the commissioners returned with the melancholy history, that they had humbled themselves before the rebels in vain. If you ever mean to concede at all, do it when every concession will be received as a favour. To wait till you are forced to treat, is as mean in principle as it is dangerous in effect.

Then, how many thousand Protestant Dissenters are there who pay a double allegiance to the King, and to the head of their Church, who is not the King? Is not Mr. William Smith, member for Norwich, the head of the Unitarian Church? Is not Mr. Wilberforce the head of the Clapham Church? Are there not twenty preachers at Leeds, who regulate all the proceedings of the Methodists? The gentlemen we have mentioned are eminent, and most excellent men; but if any thing at all is to be apprehended from this divided allegiance, we should be infinitely more afraid of some Jacobinical fanatic at the head of Protestant votaries—some man of such character as Lord George Gordon—than we should of all the efforts of the Pope.

As so much evil is supposed to proceed from not obeying the King as head of the Church, it might be supposed to be a very active office—that the King was perpetually interfering with the affairs of the Church—and that orders were in a course of emanation from the Throne which regulated the fervour, and arranged the devotion of all the members of the Church of England.

But we really do not know what orders are ever given by the King to the Church, except the appointment of a fast-day once in three or four years;—nor can we conceive (for appointment to Bishoprics is out of the question) what duties there would be to perform, if this allegiance were paid, instead of being withholden. Supremacy appears to us to be a mere name, without exercise of power—and allegiance to be a duty, without any performance annexed. If any one will say what ought to be done which is not done, on account of this divided allegiance, we shall better understand the magnitude of the evil. Till then, we shall consider it as a lucky Protestant phrase, good to look at, like the mottos and ornaments on cake, but not fit to be eaten.

Nothing can be more unfair than to expect, in an ancient church like that of the Catholics, the same uniformity as in churches which have not existed for more than two or three centuries. The coats and waistcoats of the reign of Henry VIII. bear some resemblance to the same garments of the present day; but, as you recede, you get to the skins of wild beasts, or the fleeces of sheep, for the garments of savages. In the same way it is extremely difficult for a church, which has to do with the counsels of barbarous ages, not to be detected in some discrepancy of opinion; while in younger churches, every thing is fair and fresh, and of modern date and figure; and it is not the custom among Theologians to own their church in the wrong. 'No religion can stand, if men, without regard to their God, and with regard only to controversy, shall rake out of the rubbish of antiquity the obsolete and quaint follies of the sectarians, and affront the majesty of the Almighty with the impudent catalogue of their devices; and it is a strong argument against the proscriptive system, that it helps to continue this shocking contest. Theologian against theologian, polemic against polemic, until the two madmen defame their common parent, and expose their common religion.' — *Grattan's Speech on the Catholic Question*, 1805.

A good-natured and well-conditioned person has plea-

sure in keeping and distributing any thing that is good. If he detects any thing with superior flavour, he presses and invites, and is not easy till others participate; — and so it is with political and religious freedom. It is a pleasure to possess it, and a pleasure to communicate it to others. There is something shocking in the greedy, growling, guzzling monoply of such a blessing.

France is no longer a nation of atheists; and therefore, a great cause of offence to the Irish Roman Catholic clergy is removed. Navigation by steam renders all shores more accessible. The union among Catholics is consolidated; all the dangers of Ireland are redoubled; every thing seems tending to an event fatal to England — fatal (whatever Catholics may foolishly imagine) to Ireland — and which will subject them both to the dominion of France.

Formerly a poor man might be removed from a parish if there was the slightest danger of his becoming chargeable; a hole in his coat or breeches excited suspicion. The churchwardens said, 'He *has* cost us nothing, but he *may* cost us something; and we must not live even in the apprehension of evil.' All this is changed; and the law now says, 'Wait till you are hurt; time enough to meet the evil when it comes; you have no right to do a certain evil to others, to prevent an uncertain evil to yourselves.' The Catholics, however, are told that what they *do* ask is objected to, from the fear of what they *may* ask; that they must do without that which is *reasonable*, for fear they should ask what is *unreasonable*. 'I would give you a penny (says the miser to the beggar), if I was quite sure you would not ask me for half a crown.'

'Nothing, I am told, is now so common on the Continent as to hear our Irish policy discussed. Till of late the extent of the disabilities was but little understood, and less regarded, partly because, having less liberty themselves, foreigners could not appreciate the deprivations, and partly because the pre-eminence of England was not so decided as to draw the eyes of the world on all parts of our system. It was scarcely credited that England, that knight-errant abroad, should play the exclusionist at home;

that every where else she should declaim against oppression, but contemplate it without emotion at her doors. That her armies should march, and her orators philippise, and her poets sing against continental tyranny, and yet that laws should remain extant, and principles be operative within our gates, which are a bitter satire on our philanthropy, and a melancholy negation of our professions. Our sentiments have been so lofty, our deportment to foreigners so haughty, we have set up such liberty and such morals, that no one could suppose that we were hypocrites. Still less could it be foreseen that a great moralist, called Joseph Surface, kept a "Little Milliner" behind the screen, we too should be found out at length in taking the diversion of private tyranny after the most approved models for that amusement.'—*Letter to Lord Milton*, pp. 50, 51.

We sincerely hope — we firmly believe—it never will happen; but if it were to happen, why cannot England be just as happy with Ireland being Catholic, as it is with Scotland being Presbyterian? Has not the Church of England lived side by side with the Kirk, without crossing or jostling, for these last hundred years? Have the Presbyterian members entered into any conspiracy for mincing Bishoprics and Deaneries into Synods and Presbyteries? And is not the Church of England tenfold more rich and more strong than when the separation took place? But however this may be, the real danger, even to the Church of Ireland, as we have before often remarked, is the refusal of Catholic Emancipation.

It would seem, from the frenzy of many worthy Protestants, whenever the name of Catholic is mentioned, that the greatest possible diversity of religious opinions existed between the Catholic and the Protestant — that they were as different as fish and flesh — as alkali and acid — as cow and cart-horse; whereas it is quite clear, that there are many Protestant sects whose difference from each other is much more marked, both in church discipline and in tenets of faith, than that of Protestants and Catholics. We maintain that Lambeth, in these two points, is quite as near to the Vatican as it is to the Kirk — if not much nearer.

Instead of lamenting the power of the priests over

the lower orders of the Irish, we ought to congratulate ourselves that any influence can effect or control them. Is the tiger less formidable in the forest than when he has been caught and taught to obey a voice, and tremble at a hand? But we over-rate the power of the priest, if we suppose that the upper orders are to encounter all the dangers of treason and rebellion, to confer the revenues of the Protestant Church upon their Catholic clergy. If the influence of the Catholic clergy upon men of rank and education is so unbounded, why cannot the French and Italian clergy recover their possessions, or acquire an equivalent for them? They are starving in the full enjoyment of an influence which places (as we think) all the wealth and power of the country at their feet — an influence which, in our opinion, overpowers avarice, fear, ambition, and is the master of every passion which brings on change and movement in the Protestant world.

We conclude with a few words of advice to the different opponents of the Catholic question.

To the No-Popery Fool.

You are made use of by men who laugh at you, and despise you for your folly and ignorance; and who, the moment it suits their purpose, will consent to emancipation of the Catholics, and leave you to roar and bellow No Popery! to Vacancy and the Moon.

To the No-Popery Rogue.

A shameful and scandalous game, to sport with the serious interests of the country, in order to gain some increase of public power!

To the Honest No-Popery People.

We respect you very sincerely — but are astonished at your existence.

To the Base.

Sweet children of turpitude, beware! the old anti-popery people are fast perishing away. Take heed that you are not surprised by an emancipating king, or an emancipating administration. Leave a *locus pœnitentiæ!* — prepare a place for retreat — get ready your equivocations and denials. The dreadful day may yet come, when liberality may lead to place and power. We understand these matters here. It is safest to be moderately base — to be flexible in shame, and to be always ready for what is generous, good, and just, when any thing is to be gained by virtue.

To the Catholics.

Wait. Do not add to your miseries by a mad and desperate rebellion. Persevere in civil exertions, and concede all you can concede. All great alterations in human affairs are produced by compromise.

NOTE.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH selected from the Edinburgh Review those articles he had written, — with the exception of twelve.

These were *probably* omitted, because their subjects are already treated of in the extracted Articles, or, because they applied *only* to the period in which they were written.

As Mr. Sydney Smith *made* the selection, it is therefore respected and continued; but lest any intention of disowning these omissions should be inferred, their numbers are subjoined.*

After the year 1827, the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, disregarding political differences between himself and his friend, presented Mr. Sydney Smith to the Canonry of Bristol Cathedral. As a Dignitary of the Church he then ceased to write anonymously.

* Vol. i. No. 3.; Vol. ii. No. 4.; Vol. iii. Nos. 12 and 7.; Vol. xii. No. 5.; Vol. xvi. No. 7.; Vol. xvii. No. 4.; Vol. xxxii. No. 6.; Vol. xxxiv. Nos. 5. and 8.; Vol. xxxvii. No. 2.; and Vol. xl. No. 2.

LETTERS,

ON

THE SUBJECT

OF

THE CATHOLICS,

TO

MY BROTHER ABRAHAM,

WHO

LIVES IN THE COUNTRY.

BY PETER PLYMLEY.

LETTERS

ON THE SUBJECT OF

THE CATHOLICS.

LETTER I.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

A WORTHIER and better man than yourself does not exist; but I have always told you, from the time of our boyhood, that you were a bit of a goose. Your parochial affairs are governed with exemplary order and regularity; you are as powerful in the vestry as Mr. Perceval is in the House of Commons, — and, I must say, with much more reason; nor do I know any church where the faces and smock-frocks of the congregation are so clean, or their eyes so uniformly directed to the preacher. There is another point, upon which I will do you ample justice; and that is, that the eyes so directed towards you are wide open; for the rustic has, in general, good principles, though he cannot control his animal habits; and, however loud he may snore, his face is perpetually turned toward the fountain of orthodoxy.

Having done you this act of justice, I shall proceed, according to our ancient intimacy and familiarity, to explain to you my opinions about the Catholics, and to reply to yours.

In the first place, my sweet Abraham, the Pope is not landed — nor are there any curates sent out after him — nor has he been hid at St. Alban's by the Dowager Lady Spencer — nor dined privately at Holland House — nor

been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and, though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation: and, though the Pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of our cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil.

Exactly in the same manner, the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels, mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave, going down to Chatham, as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his Lordship in his military uniform; and *therefore* as little like a god as can well be imagined.

Having set your fears at rest, as to the extent of the conspiracy formed against the Protestant religion, I will now come to the argument itself.

You say these men interpret the Scriptures in an unorthodox manner, and that they eat their god. — Very likely. All this may seem very important to you, who live fourteen miles from a market-town, and, from long residence upon your living, are become a kind of holy vegetable; and, in a theological sense, it is highly important. But I want soldiers and sailors for the state; I want to make a greater use than I now can do of a poor country full of men; I want to render the military service popular among the Irish; to check the power of France; to make every possible exertion for the safety of Europe, which in twenty years time will be nothing but a mass of French slaves: and then you,

and ten other such boobies as you, call out — "For God's sake, do not think of raising cavalry and infantry in Ireland! . . . They interpret the Epistle to Timothy in a different manner from what we do! . . . . They eat a bit of wafer every Sunday, which they call their God!" . . . . I wish to my soul they would eat you, and such reasoners as you are. What! when Turk, Jew, Heretic, Infidel, Catholic, Protestant, are all combined against this country; when men of every religious persuasion, and no religious persuasion; when the population of half the globe is up in arms against us; are we to stand examining our generals and armies as a bishop examines a candidate for holy orders? and to suffer no one to bleed for England who does not agree with you about the 2d of Timothy? You talk about Catholics! If you and your brotherhood have been able to persuade the country into a continuation of this grossest of all absurdities, you have ten times the power which the Catholic clergy ever had in their best days. Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, never thought of preventing the Protestants from fighting his battles; and gained accordingly some of his most splendid victories by the talents of his Protestant generals. No power in Europe, but yourselves, has ever thought for these hundred years past, of asking whether a bayonet is Catholic, or Presbyterian, or Lutheran; but whether it is sharp and well-tempered. A bigot delights in public ridicule; for he begins to think he is a martyr. I can promise you the full enjoyment of this pleasure, from one extremity of Europe to the other.

I am as disgusted with the nonsense of the Roman Catholic religion as you can be: and no man who talks such nonsense shall ever tithe the product of the earth, nor meddle with the ecclesiastical establishment in any shape; — but what have I to do with the speculative nonsense of his theology, when the object is to elect the mayor of a county town, or to appoint a colonel of a marching regiment? Will a man discharge the solemn impertinences of the one office with less zeal, or shrink from the bloody boldness of the other with greater timi-

dity, because the blockhead believes in all the Catholic nonsense of the real presence? I am sorry there should be such impious folly in the world, but I should be ten times a greater fool than he is, if I refused, in consequence of his folly, to lead him out against the enemies of the state. Your whole argument is wrong: the state has nothing whatever to do with theological errors which do not violate the common rules of morality, and militate against the fair power of the ruler: it leaves all these errors to you, and to such as you. You have every tenth porker in your parish for refuting them; and take care that you are vigilant, and logical in the task.

I love the Church as well as you do; but you totally mistake the nature of an establishment, when you contend that it ought to be connected with the military and civil career of every individual in the state. It is quite right that there should be one clergyman to every parish interpreting the Scriptures after a particular manner, ruled by a regular hierarchy, and paid with a rich proportion of haycocks and wheatsheafs. When I have laid this foundation for a rational religion in the state — when I have placed ten thousand well educated men in different parts of the kingdom to preach it up, and compelled every body to pay them, whether they hear them or not — I have taken such measures as I know must always procure an immense majority in favour of the Established Church; but I can go no further. I cannot set up a civil inquisition, and say to one, you shall not be a butcher, because you are not orthodox; and prohibit another from brewing, and a third from administering the law, and a fourth from defending the country. If common justice did not prohibit me from such a conduct, common sense would. The advantage to be gained by quitting the heresy would make it shameful to abandon it; and men who had once left the Church would continue in such a state of alienation from a point of honour, and transmit that spirit to the latest posterity. This is just the effect your disqualifying laws have produced. They have fed Dr. Rees, and Dr.

Kippis; crowded the congregation of the Old Jewry to suffocation; and enabled every sublapsarian, and superlapsarian, and semi-pelagian clergyman, to build himself a neat brick chapel, and live with some distant resemblance to the state of a gentleman.

You say the King's coronation oath will not allow him to consent to any relaxation of the Catholic laws.—Why not relax the Catholic laws as well as the laws against Protestant dissenters? If one is contrary to his oath, the other must be so too; for the spirit of the oath is, to defend the Church establishment, which the Quaker and the Presbyterian differ from as much or more than the Catholic; and yet his Majesty has repealed the Corporation and Test Act in Ireland, and done more for the Catholics of both kingdoms than had been done for them since the Reformation. In 1778, the ministers said nothing about the royal conscience; in 1793 * no conscience; in 1804 no conscience; the common feeling of humanity and justice then seem to have had their fullest influence upon the advisers of the Crown: but in 1807—a year, I suppose, eminently fruitful in moral and religious scruples, (as some years are fruitful in apples, some in hops,)—it is contended by the well-paid John Bowles, and by Mr. Perceval (who tried to be well paid), that that is now perjury which we had hitherto called policy and benevolence! Religious liberty has never made such a stride as under the reign of his present Majesty; nor is there any instance in the annals of our history, where so many infamous and damnable laws have been repealed as those against the Catholics which have been put an end to by him: and then, at the close of this useful policy, his advisers discover that the very measures of concession and indulgence, or (to use my own language) the measures of justice, which he has been pursuing through the whole of his reign, are contrary to the oath he takes at its commencement! That oath binds his Majesty not to consent to any measure

* These feelings of humanity and justice were at some periods a little quickened by the representations of 40,000 armed volunteers.

contrary to the interest of the Established Church: but who is to judge of the tendency of each particular measure? Not the King alone: it can never be the intention of this law that the King, who listens to the advice of his Parliament upon a road bill, should reject it upon the most important of all measures. Whatever be his own private judgment of the tendency of any ecclesiastical bill, he complies most strictly with his oath, if he is guided in that particular point by the advice of his Parliament, who may be presumed to understand its tendency better than the King, or any other individual. You say, if Parliament had been unanimous in their opinion of the absolute necessity for Lord Howick's bill, and the King had thought it pernicious, he would have been perjured if he had not rejected it. I say, on the contrary, his Majesty would have acted in the most conscientious manner, and have complied most scrupulously with his oath, if he had sacrificed his own opinion to the opinion of the great council of the nation; because the probability was that such opinion was better than his own; and upon the same principle, in common life, you give up your opinion to your physician, your lawyer, and your builder.

You admit this bill did not compel the King to elect Catholic officers, but only gave him the option of doing so if he pleased; but you add, that the King was right in not trusting such dangerous power to himself or his successors. Now you are either to suppose that the King for the time being has a zeal for the Catholic establishment, or that he has not. If he has not, where is the danger of giving such an option? If you suppose that he may be influenced by such an admiration of the Catholic religion, why did his present Majesty, in the year 1804, consent to that bill which empowered the Crown to station ten thousand Catholic soldiers in any part of the kingdom, and placed them absolutely at the disposal of the Crown? If the King of England for the time being is a good Protestant, there can be no danger in making the Catholic *eligible* to any thing: if he is not, no power can possibly be so dangerous as that conveyed

by the bill last quoted; to which, in point of peril, Lord Howick's bill is a mere joke. But the real fact is, one bill opened a door to his Majesty's advisers for trick, jobbing, and intrigue; the other did not.

Besides, what folly to talk to me of an oath, which, under all possible circumstances, is to prevent the relaxation of the Catholic laws! for such a solemn appeal to God sets all conditions and contingencies at defiance. Suppose Bonaparte was to retrieve the only very great blunder he has made, and were to succeed, after repeated trials, in making an impression upon Ireland, do you think we should hear any thing of the impediment of a coronation oath? or would the spirit of this country tolerate for an hour such ministers, and such unheard-of nonsense, if the most distant prospect existed of conciliating the Catholics by every species even of the most abject concession? And yet, if your argument is good for any thing, the coronation oath ought to reject, at such a moment, every tendency to conciliation, and to bind Ireland for ever to the crown of France.

I found in your letter the usual remarks about fire, fagot, and bloody Mary. Are you aware, my dear Priest, that there were as many persons put to death for religious opinions under the mild Elizabeth as under the bloody Mary? The reign of the former was, to be sure, ten times as long; but I only mention the fact, merely to show you that something depends upon the age in which men live, as well as on their religious opinions. Three hundred years ago, men burnt and hanged each other for these opinions. Time has softened Catholic as well as Protestant: they both required it; though each perceives only his own improvement, and is blind to that of the other. We are all the creatures of circumstances. I know not a kinder and better man than yourself; but you (if you had lived in those times) would certainly have roasted your Catholic: and I promise you, if the first exciter of this religious mob had been as powerful then as he is now, you would soon have been elevated to the mitre. I do

not go the length of saying that the world has suffered as much from Protestant as from Catholic persecution; far from it: but you should remember the Catholics had all the power, when the idea first started up in the world that there could be two modes of faith; and that it was much more natural they should attempt to crush this diversity of opinion by great and cruel efforts, than that the Protestants should rage against those who differed from them, when the very basis of their system was complete freedom in all spiritual matters.

I cannot extend my letter any further at present, but you shall soon hear from me again. You tell me I am a party man. I hope I shall always be so, when I see my country in the hands of a pert London joker and a second-rate lawyer. Of the first, no other good is known than that he makes pretty Latin verses; the second seems to me to have the head of a country parson, and the tongue of an Old Bailey lawyer.

If I could see good measures pursued, I care not a farthing who is in power; but I have a passionate love for common justice, and for common sense, and I abhor and despise every man who builds up his political fortune upon their ruin.

God bless you, reverend Abraham, and defend you from the Pope, and all of us from that administration who seek power by opposing a measure which Burke, Pitt, and Fox all considered as absolutely necessary to the existence of the country.

LETTER II.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

THE Catholic not respect an oath! why not? What upon earth has kept him out of Parliament, or excluded him from all the offices whence he is excluded, but his respect for oaths? There is no law which prohibits a Catholic to sit in Parliament. There could be no such law; because it is impossible to find out what passes in the interior of any man's mind. Suppose it were in contemplation to exclude all men from certain offices who contended for the legality of taking tithes: the only mode of discovering that fervid love of decimation which I know you to possess would be to tender you an oath against that damnable doctrine, that it is lawful for a spiritual man to take, abstract, appropriate, subduct, or lead away the tenth calf, sheep, lamb, ox, pigeon, duck, &c. &c. &c., and every other animal that ever existed, which of course the lawyers would take care to enumerate. Now this oath I am sure you would rather die than take; and so the Catholic is excluded from Parliament because he will not swear that he disbelieves the leading doctrines of his religion! The Catholic asks you to abolish some oaths which oppress him; your answer is, that he does not respect oaths. Then why subject him to the test of oaths? The oaths keep him out of Parliament; why, then, he respects them. Turn which way you will, either your laws are nugatory, or the Catholic is bound by religious obligations as you are: but no eel in the well-sanded fist of a cook-maid, upon the eve of being skinned, ever twisted and writhed as an orthodox parson does when he is compelled by the gripe of reason to admit any thing in favour of a Dissenter.

I will not dispute with you whether the Pope be or be not the Scarlet Lady of Babylon. I hope it is not so; because I am afraid it will induce his Majesty's

Chancellor of the Exchequer to introduce several severe bills against popery, if that is the case; and though he will have the decency to appoint a previous committee of inquiry as to the fact, the committee will be garbled, and the report inflammatory. Leaving this to be settled as he pleases to settle it, I wish to inform you, that, previously to the bill last passed in favour of the Catholics, at the suggestion of Mr. Pitt, and for his satisfaction, the opinions of six of the most celebrated of the foreign Catholic universities were taken as to the right of the Pope to interfere in the temporal concerns of any country. The answer cannot possibly leave the shadow of a doubt, even in the mind of Baron Maseres; and Dr. Rennel would be compelled to admit it, if three Bishops lay dead at the very moment the question were put to him. To this answer might be added also the solemn declaration and signature of all the Catholics in Great Britain.

I should perfectly agree with you, if the Catholics admitted such a dangerous dispensing power in the hands of the Pope; but they all deny it, and laugh at it, and are ready to abjure it in the most decided manner you can devise. They obey the Pope as the spiritual head of their church; but are you really so foolish as to be imposed upon by mere names? — What matters it the seven thousandth part of a farthing who is the spiritual head of any church? Is not Mr. Wilberforce at the head of the church of Clapham? Is not Dr. Letsom at the head of the Quaker church? Is not the General Assembly at the head of the church of Scotland? How is the government disturbed by these many-headed churches? or in what way is the power of the Crown augmented by this almost nominal dignity?

The King appoints a fast-day once a year, and he makes the Bishops: and if the government would take half the pains to keep the Catholics out of the arms of France that it does to widen Temple Bar, or improve Snow Hill, the King would get into his hands the appointments of the titular Bishops of Ireland. — Both

Mr. C——'s sisters enjoy pensions more than sufficient to place the two greatest dignitaries of the Irish Catholic Church entirely at the disposal of the Crown. —Every body who knows Ireland knows perfectly well, that nothing would be easier, with the expenditure of a little money, than to preserve enough of the ostensible appointment in the hands of the Pope to satisfy the scruples of the Catholics, while the real nomination remained with the Crown. But, as I have before said, the moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants, and the fatuity of idiots.

Whatever your opinion may be of the follies of the Roman Catholic religion, remember they are the follies of four millions of human beings, increasing rapidly in numbers, wealth, and intelligence, who, if firmly united with this country, would set at defiance the power of France, and if once wrested from their alliance with England, would in three years render its existence as an independent nation absolutely impossible. You speak of danger to the Establishment: I request to know when the Establishment was ever so much in danger as when Hoche was in Bantry Bay, and whether all the books of Bossuet, or the arts of the Jesuits, were half so terrible? Mr. Perceval and his parsons forgot all this, in their horror lest twelve or fourteen old women may be converted to holy water, and Catholic nonsense. They never see that, while they are saving these venerable ladies from perdition, Ireland may be lost, England broken down, and the Protestant Church, with all its deans, prebendaries, Percevals and Rennels, be swept into the vortex of oblivion.

Do not, I beseech you, ever mention to me again the name of Dr. Duigenan. I have been in every corner of Ireland, and have studied its present strength and condition with no common labour. Be assured Ireland does not contain at this moment less than five millions of people. There were returned in the year 1791 to the hearth tax 701,000 houses, and there is no kind of ques-

tion that there were about 50,000 houses omitted in that return. Taking, however, only the number returned for the tax, and allowing the average of six to a house (a very small average for a potato-fed people), this brings the population to 4,200,000 people in the year 1791: and it can be shown from the clearest evidence (and Mr. Newenham in his book shows it), that Ireland for the last fifty years has increased in its population at the rate of 50 or 60,000 per annum; which leaves the present population of Ireland at about five millions, after every possible deduction for *existing circumstances*, *just and necessary wars*, *monstrous and unnatural rebellions*, and all other sources of human destruction. Of this population, two out of ten are Protestants; and the half of the Protestant population are Dissenters, and as inimical to the Church as the Catholics themselves. In this state of things, thumbscrews and whipping—admirable engines of policy, as they must be considered to be—will not ultimately avail. The Catholics will hang over you; they will watch for the moment, and compel you hereafter to give them ten times as much, against your will, as they would now be contented with, if it were voluntarily surrendered. Remember what happened in the American war; when Ireland compelled you to give her every thing she asked, and to renounce, in the most explicit manner, your claim of sovereignty over her. God Almighty grant the folly of these present men may not bring on such another crisis of public affairs!

What are your dangers which threaten the Establishment?—Reduce this declamation to a point, and let us understand what you mean. The most ample allowance does not calculate that there would be more than twenty members who were Roman Catholics in one house, and ten in the other, if the Catholic emancipation were carried into effect. Do you mean that these thirty members would bring in a bill to take away the tithes from the Protestant, and to pay them to the Catholic clergy? Do you mean that a Catholic general would march his army into the House of Commons and purge it of Mr. Perceval and Dr. Duigenan? or, that the theological writers

would become all of a sudden more acute and more learned, if the present civil incapacities were removed? Do you fear for your tithes, or your doctrines, or your person, or the English Constitution? Every fear, taken separately, is so glaringly absurd, that no man has the folly or the boldness to state it. Every one conceals his ignorance, or his baseness, in a stupid general panic, which, when called on, he is utterly incapable of explaining. Whatever you think of the Catholics, there they are — you cannot get rid of them; your alternative is, to give them a lawful place for stating their grievances, or an unlawful one: if you do not admit them to the House of Commons, they will hold their parliament in Potato-place, Dublin, and be ten times as violent and inflammatory as they would be in Westminster. Nothing would give me such an idea of security, as to see twenty or thirty Catholic gentlemen in Parliament, looked upon by all the Catholics as the fair and proper organ of their party. I should have thought it the height of good fortune that such a wish existed on their part, and the very essence of madness and ignorance to reject it. Can you murder the Catholics? — Can you neglect them? They are too numerous for both these expedients. What remains to be done is obvious to every human being — but to that man who, instead of being a Methodist preacher, is, for the curse of us and our children, and for the ruin of Troy, and the misery of good old Priam and his sons, become a legislator and a politician.

A distinction, I perceive, is taken, by one of the most feeble noblemen in Great Britain, between persecution and the deprivation of political power; whereas there is no more distinction between these two things than there is between him who makes the distinction and a booby. If I strip off the relic-covered jacket of a Catholic, and give him twenty stripes . . . . I persecute: if I say, Every body in the town where you live shall be a candidate for lucrative and honourable offices, but you, who are a Catholic . . . . I do not persecute! — What barbarous nonsense is this! as if degradation was not as great an evil as bodily pain, or as severe poverty: as if

I could not be as great a tyrant by saying, You shall not enjoy — as by saying, You shall suffer. The English, I believe, are as truly religious as any nation in Europe; I know no greater blessing: but it carries with it this evil in its train, that any villain who will bawl out "*The Church is in danger!*" may get a place, and a good pension; and that any administration who will do the same thing may bring a set of men into power who, at a moment of stationary and passive piety, would be hooted by the very boys in the streets. But it is not all religion; it is, in great part, the narrow and exclusive spirit which delights to keep the common blessings of sun, and air, and freedom from other human beings. "Your religion has always been degraded; you are in the dust, and I will take care you never rise again. I should enjoy less the possession of an earthly good, by every additional person to whom it was extended." You may not be aware of it yourself, most reverend Abraham, but you deny their freedom to the Catholics upon the same principle that Sarah your wife refuses to give the receipt for a ham or a gooseberry dumpling: she values her receipts, not because they secure to her a certain flavour, but because they remind her that her neighbours want it:—a feeling laughable in a priestess, shameful in a priest; venial when it withholds the blessings of a ham, tyrannical and execrable when it narrows the boon of religious freedom.

You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present prime minister. Grant you all that you write—I say, I fear he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interest of his country: and then you tell me, he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the Master Percevals! These are, undoubtedly, the first qualifications to be looked to in a time of the most serious public danger; but somehow or another (if public and private virtues must always be incompatible), I should prefer that he destroyed the domestic happiness of Wood or Cockell, owed for the veal of the preceding year, whipped his boys, and saved his country.

The late administration did not do right; they did not build their measures upon the solid basis of facts. They should have caused several Catholics to have been dissected after death by surgeons of either religion; and the report to have been published with accompanying plates. If the viscera, and other organs of life, had been found to be the same as in Protestant bodies; if the provisions of nerves, arteries, cerebrum, and cerebellum, had been the same as we are provided with, or as the Dissenters are now known to possess; then, indeed, they might have met Mr. Perceval upon a proud eminence, and convinced the country at large of the strong probability that the Catholics are really human creatures, endowed with the feelings of men, and entitled to all their rights. But instead of this wise and prudent measure, Lord Howick, with his usual precipitation, brings forward a bill in their favour, without offering the slightest proof to the country that they were any thing more than horses and oxen. The person who shows the lama at the corner of Piccadilly has the precaution to write up—*Allowed by Sir Joseph Banks to be a real quadruped:* so his Lordship might have said —*Allowed by the Bench of Bishops to be real human creatures.* . . . I could write you twenty letters upon this subject; but I am tired, and so I suppose are you. Our friendship is now of forty years' standing; you know me to be a truly religious man; but I shudder to see religion treated like a cockade, or a pint of beer, and made the instrument of a party. I love the King, but I love the people as well as the King; and if I am sorry to see his old age molested, I am much more sorry to see four millions of Catholics baffled in their just expectations. If I love Lord Grenville, and Lord Howick, it is because they love their country: if I abhor * * * * * *, it is because I know there is but one man among them who is not laughing at the enormous folly and credulity of the country, and that he is an ignorant and mischievous bigot. As for the light and frivolous jester, of whom it is your misfortune to think so highly, learn, my dear Abraham, that this political Killigrew,

just before the breaking-up of the last administration, was in actual treaty with them for a place; and if they had survived twenty-four hours longer, he would have been now declaiming against the cry of No Popery! instead of inflaming it. — With this practical comment on the baseness of human nature, I bid you adieu!

LETTER III.

ALL that I have so often told you, Mr. Abraham Plymley, is now come to pass. The Scythians, in whom you and the neighbouring country gentlemen placed such confidence, are smitten hip and thigh; their Benningsen put to open shame; their magazines of train oil intercepted, and we are waking from our disgraceful drunkenness to all the horrors of Mr. Perceval and Mr. Canning. . . . We shall now see if a nation is to be saved by school-boy jokes and doggerel rhymes, by affronting petulance, and by the tones and gesticulations of Mr. Pitt. But these are not all the auxiliaries on which we have to depend; to these his colleague will add the strictest attention to the smaller parts of ecclesiastical government, to hassocks, to psalters, and to surplices; in the last agonies of England, he will bring in a bill to regulate Easter-offerings; and he will adjust the stipends of curates*, when the flag of France is unfurled on the hills of Kent. Whatever can be done by very mistaken notions of the piety of a Christian, and by very wretched imitation of the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, will be done by these two gentlemen. After all, if they both really were what they both either wish to be or

---

* The Reverend the Chancellor of the Exchequer has, since this was written, found time in the heat of the session to write a book on the Stipends of Curates

wish to be thought; if the one were an enlightened Christian, who drew from the Gospel the toleration, the charity, and the sweetness which it contains; and if the other really possessed any portion of the great understanding of his Nisus who guarded him from the weapons of the Whigs, I should still doubt if they could save us. But I am sure we are not to be saved by religious hatred, and by religious trifling; by any psalmody, however sweet; or by any persecution, however sharp: I am certain the sounds of Mr. Pitt's voice, and the measure of his tones, and the movement of his arms, will do nothing for us; when these tones, and movements, and voice bring us always declamation without sense or knowledge, and ridicule without good humour or conciliation. Oh, Mr. Plymley, Mr. Plymley, this never will do. Mrs. Abraham Plymley, my sister, will be led away captive by an amorous Gaul; and Joel Plymley, your first born, will be a French drummer.

Out of sight, out of mind, seems to be a proverb which applies to enemies as well as friends. Because the French army was no longer seen from the cliffs of Dover; because the sound of cannon was no longer heard by the debauched London bathers on the Sussex coast; because the *Morning Post* no longer fixed the invasion sometimes for Monday, sometimes for Tuesday, sometimes (positively for the last time of invading) on Saturday; because all these causes of terror were suspended, you conceived the power of Bonaparte to be at an end, and were setting off for Paris, with Lord Hawkesbury the conqueror. — This is precisely the method in which the English have acted during the whole of the revolutionary war. If Austria or Prussia armed, doctors of divinity immediately printed those passages out of Habakkuk, in which the destruction of the Usurper by General Mack, and the Duke of Brunswick, are so clearly predicted. If Bonaparte halted, there was a mutiny, or a dysentery. If any one of his generals were eaten up by the light troops of Russia, and picked (as their manner is) to the bone, the sanguine spirit of this country displayed itself in all its

glory. What scenes of infamy did the Society for the Suppression of Vice lay open to our astonished eyes! tradesmen's daughters dancing, pots of beer carried out between the first and second lesson, and dark and distant rumours of indecent prints. Clouds of Mr. Canning's cousins arrived by the waggon; all the contractors left their cards with Mr. Rose; and every plunderer of the public crawled out of his hole, like slugs and grubs, and worms, after a shower of rain.

If my voice could have been heard at the late changes, I should have said, "Gently; patience; stop a little; the time is not yet come; the mud of Poland will harden, and the bowels of the French grenadiers will recover their tone. When honesty, good sense, and liberality have extricated you out of your present embarrassment, then dismiss them as a matter of course; but you cannot spare them just now; don't be in too great a hurry, or there will be no monarch to flatter, and no country to pillage; only submit for a little time to be respected abroad; overlook the painful absence of the tax-gatherer for a few years; bear up nobly under the increase of freedom and of liberal policy for a little time, and I promise you, at the expiration of that period, you shall be plundered, insulted, disgraced, and restrained to your heart's content. Do not imagine I have any intention of putting servility and canting hypocrisy permanently out of place, or of filling up with courage and sense those offices which naturally devolve upon decorous imbecility and flexible cunning: give us only a little time to keep off the hussars of France, and then the jobbers and jesters shall return to their birth-right, and public virtue be called by its own name of fanaticism."*

* This is Mr. Canning's term for the detection of public abuses; a term invented by him, and adopted by that simious parasite who is always grinning at his heels. Nature descends down to infinite smallness. Mr. Canning has his parasites; and if you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see 20 or 30 little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.

Such is the advice I would have offered to my infatuated countrymen; but it rained very hard in November, Brother Abraham, and the bowels of our enemies were loosened, and we put our trust in white fluxes, and wet mud; and there is nothing now to oppose to the conqueror of the world but a small table wit, and the sallow Surveyor of the Meltings.

You ask me, if I think it possible for this country to survive the recent misfortunes of Europe? — I answer you, without the slightest degree of hesitation: that if Bonaparte lives, and a great deal is not immediately done for the conciliation of the Catholics, it does seem to me absolutely impossible but that we must perish; and take this with you, that we shall perish without exciting the slightest feeling of present or future compassion, but fall amidst the hootings and revilings of Europe, as a nation of blockheads, Methodists, and old women. If there were any great scenery, any heroic feelings, any blaze of ancient virtue, any exalted death, any termination of England that would be ever remembered, ever honoured in that western world, where liberty is now retiring, conquest would be more tolerable, and ruin more sweet; but it is doubly miserable to become slaves abroad, because we would be tyrants at home; to persecute, when we are contending against persecution; and to perish, because we have raised up worse enemies within, from our own bigotry, than we are exposed to without, from the unprincipled ambition of France. It is, indeed, a most silly and affecting spectacle to rage at such a moment against our own kindred and our own blood; to tell them they cannot be honourable in war, because they are conscientious in religion; to stipulate (at the very moment when we should buy their hearts and swords at any price) that they must hold up the right hand in prayer, and not the left; and adore one common God, by turning to the east rather than to the west.

What is it the Catholics ask of you? Do not exclude us from the honours and emoluments of the state, because we worship God in one way, and you worship

him in another. In a period of the deepest peace, and the fattest prosperity, this would be a fair request: it should be granted, if Lord Hawkesbury had reached Paris, if Mr. Canning's interpreter had threatened the Senate in an opening Speech, or Mr. Perceval explained to them the improvements he meant to introduce into the Catholic religion; but to deny the Irish this justice now, in the present state of Europe, and in the summer months, just as the season for destroying kingdoms is coming on, is (beloved Abraham), whatever you may think of it, little short of positive insanity.

Here is a frigate attacked by a corsair of immense strength and size, rigging cut, masts in danger of coming by the board, four foot water in the hold, men dropping off very fast; in this dreadful situation how do you think the Captain acts (whose name shall be Perceval)? He calls all hands upon deck; talks to them of King, country, glory, sweethearts, gin, French prison, wooden shoes, Old England, and hearts of oak: they give three cheers, rush to their guns, and, after a tremendous conflict, succeed in beating off the enemy. Not a syllable of all this: this is not the manner in which the honourable Commander goes to work: the first thing he does is to secure 20 or 30 of his prime sailors who happen to be Catholics, to clap them in irons, and set over them a guard of as many Protestants; having taken this admirable method of defending himself against his infidel opponents, he goes upon deck, reminds the sailors, in a very bitter harangue, that they are of different religions; exhorts the Episcopal gunner not to trust to the Presbyterian quarter-master; issues positive orders that the Catholics should be fired at upon the first appearance of discontent; rushes through blood and brains, examining his men in the Catechism and 39 Articles, and positively forbids every one to sponge or ram who has not taken the Sacrament according to the Church of England. Was it right to take out a captain made of excellent British stuff, and to put in such a man as this? Is not he more like a parson, or a talking lawyer, than a thoroughbred seaman? And built as she is of heart of oak, and

admirably manned, is it possible with such a captain, to save this ship from going to the bottom?

You have an argument, I perceive, in common with many others, against the Catholics, that their demands complied with would only lead to further exactions, and that it is better to resist them now, before any thing is conceded, than hereafter, when it is found that all concessions are in vain. I wish the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who uses this reasoning to exclude others from their just rights, had tried its efficacy, not by his understanding, but by (what are full of much better things) his pockets. Suppose the person to whom he applied for the Meltings had withstood every plea of wife and fourteen children, no business, and good character, and refused him this paltry little office, because he might hereafter attempt to get hold of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster for life; would not Mr. Perceval have contended eagerly against the injustice of refusing moderate requests, because immoderate ones may hereafter be made? Would he not have said (and said truly), Leave such exorbitant attempts as these to the general indignation of the Commons, who will take care to defeat them when they do occur; but do not refuse me the Irons and the Meltings now, because I may totally lose sight of all moderation hereafter? Leave hereafter to the spirit and the wisdom of hereafter; and do not be niggardly now, from the apprehension that men as wise as you should be profuse in times to come.

You forget, Brother Abraham, that it is a vast art (where quarrels cannot be avoided) to turn the public opinion in your favour and to the prejudice of your enemy; a vast privilege to feel that you are in the right, and to make him feel that he is in the wrong: a privilege which makes you more than a man, and your antagonist less; and often secures victory, by convincing him who contends, that he must submit to injustice if he submits to defeat. Open every rank in the army and the navy to the Catholic; let him purchase at the same price as the Protestant (if either Catholic or Protestant can purchase such refined pleasures) the privilege

of hearing Lord Castlereagh speak for three hours; keep his clergy from starving, soften some of the most odious powers of the tything-man, and you will for ever lay this formidable question to rest. But if I am wrong, and you must quarrel at last, quarrel upon just rather than unjust grounds; divide the Catholic, and unite the Protestant; be just, and your own exertions will be more formidable and their exertions less formidable; be just, and you will take away from their party all the best and wisest understandings of both persuasions, and knit them firmly to your own cause. "Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just;" and ten times as much may he be taxed. In the beginning of any war, however destitute of common sense, every mob will roar, and every Lord of the Bed-chamber address; but if you are engaged in a war that is to last for years, and to require important sacrifices, take care to make the justice of your case so clear and so obvious, that it cannot be mistaken by the most illiterate country gentleman who rides the earth. Nothing, in fact, can be so grossly absurd as the argument which says, I will deny justice to you now, because I suspect future injustice from you. At this rate, you may lock a man up in your stable, and refuse to let him out, because you suspect that he has an intention, at some future period, of robbing your hen-roost. You may horsewhip him at Lady-day, because you believe he will affront you at Midsummer. You may commit a greater evil, to guard against a less which is merely contingent, and may never happen. You may do what you have done a century ago in Ireland, made the Catholics worse than Helots, because you suspected that they might hereafter aspire to be more than fellow citizens; rendering their sufferings certain from your jealousy, while yours were only doubtful from their ambition; an ambition sure to be excited by the very measures which were taken to prevent it.

The physical strength of the Catholics will not be greater because you give them a share of political power. You may by these means turn rebels into friends; but

I do not see how you make rebels more formidable. If they taste of the honey of lawful power, they will love the hive from whence they procure it; if they will struggle with us like men in the same state for civil influence, we are safe. All that I dread is, the physical strength of four millions of men combined with an invading French army. If you are to quarrel at last with this enormous population, still put it off as long as you can; you must gain, and cannot lose, by the delay. The state of Europe cannot be worse; the conviction which the Catholics entertain of your tyranny and injustice cannot be more alarming, nor the opinions of your own people more divided. Time, which produces such effect upon brass and marble, may inspire one Minister with modesty, and another with compassion; every circumstance may be better; some certainly will be so, none can be worse; and, after all, the evil may never happen.

You have got hold, I perceive, of all the vulgar English stories respecting the hereditary transmission of forfeited property, and seriously believe that every Catholic beggar wears the terriers of his father's land next his skin, and is only waiting for better times to cut the throat of the Protestant possessor, and get drunk in the hall of his ancestors. There is one irresistible answer to this mistake, and that is, that the forfeited lands are purchased indiscriminately by Catholic and Protestant, and that the Catholic purchaser never objects to such a title. Now the land (so purchased by a Catholic) is either his own family estate, or it is not. If it is, you suppose him so desirous of coming into possession, that he resorts to the double method of rebellion and purchase; if it is not his own family estate of which he becomes the purchaser, you suppose him first to purchase, then to rebel, in order to defeat the purchase. These things may happen in Ireland; but it is totally impossible they can happen any where else. In fact, what land can any man of any sect purchase in Ireland, but forfeited property? In all other oppressed countries which I have ever heard of, the rapacity of the

conqueror was bounded by the territorial limits in which the objects of his avarice were contained; but Ireland has been actually confiscated twice over, as a cat is twice killed by a wicked parish boy.

I admit there is a vast luxury in selecting a particular set of Christians, and in worrying them as a boy worries a puppy dog; it is an amusement in which all the young English are brought up from their earliest days. I like the idea of saying to men who use a different hassock from me, that till they change their hassock, they shall never be Colonels, Aldermen, or Parliament-men. While I am gratifying my personal insolence respecting religious forms, I fondle myself into an idea that I am religious, and that I am doing my duty in the most exemplary (as I certainly am in the most easy) way. But then, my good Abraham, this sport, admirable as it is, is become, with respect to the Catholics, a little dangerous; and if we are not extremely careful in taking the amusement, we shall tumble into the holy water, and be drowned. As it seems necessary to your idea of an established Church to have somebody to worry and torment, suppose we were to select for this purpose William Wilberfore, Esq., and the patent Christians of Clapham. We shall by this expedient enjoy the same opportunity for cruelty and injustice, without being exposed to the same risks: we will compel them to abjure vital clergymen by a public test, to deny that the said William Wilberforce has any power of working miracles, touching for barrenness or any other infirmity, or that he is endowed with any preternatural gift whatever. We will swear them to the doctrine of good works, compel them to preach common sense, and to hear it; to frequent Bishops, Deans, and other high Churchmen; and to appear (once in the quarter at the least) at some melodrame, opera, pantomime, or other light scenical representation; in short, we will gratify the love of insolence and power: we will enjoy the old orthodox sport of witnessing the impotent anger of men compelled to submit to civil degradation, or to sacrifice their notions of truth to ours. And all this we may do

without the slightest risk, because their numbers are (as yet) not very considerable. Cruelty and injustice must of course, exist: but why connect them with danger? Why torture a bull-dog, when you can get a frog or a rabbit? I am sure my proposal will meet with the most universal approbation. Do not be apprehensive of any opposition from ministers. If it is a case of hatred, we are sure that one man will defend it by the Gospel: if it abridges human freedom, we know that another will find precedents for it in the Revolution.

In the name of Heaven, what are we to gain by suffering Ireland to be rode by that faction which now predominates over it? Why are we to endanger our own Church and State, not for 500,000 Episcopalians, but for ten or twelve great Orange families, who have been sucking the blood of that country for these hundred years last past? and the folly of the Orangemen * in playing this game themselves, is almost as absurd as ours in playing it for them. They ought to have the sense to see that their business now is to keep quietly the lands and beeves of which the fathers of the Catholics were robbed in days of yore; they must give to their descendants the sop of political power: by contending with them for names, they will lose realities, and be compelled to beg their potatoes in a foreign land, abhorred equally by the English, who have witnessed their oppression, and by the Catholic Irish, who have smarted under them.

---

* This remark begins to be sensibly felt in Ireland. The Protestants in Ireland are fast coming over to the Catholic cause.

LETTER IV.

THEN comes Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown (the gentleman who danced * so badly at the Court of Naples), and asks if it is not an anomaly to educate men in another religion than your own? It certainly is our duty to get rid of error, and above all of religious error; but this is not to be done *per saltum*, or the measure will miscarry, like the Queen. It may be very easy to dance away the royal embryo of a great kingdom; but Mr. Hawkins Brown must look before he leaps, when his object is to crush an opposite sect in religion; false steps aid the one effect, as much as they are fatal to the other: it will require not only the lapse of Mr. Hawkins Brown, but the lapse of centuries, before the absurdities of the Catholic religion are laughed at as much as they deserve to be; but surely, in the mean time, the Catholic religion is better than none; four millions of Catholics are better than four millions of wild beasts; two hundred priests educated by our own government are better than the same number educated by the man who means to destroy us.

The whole sum now appropriated by Government to the religious education of four millions of Christians is 13,000*l.*; a sum about one hundred times as large being appropriated in the same country to about one eighth part of this number of Protestants. When it was proposed to raise this grant from 8,000*l.* to 13,000*l.*, its present amount, this sum was objected to by that most

* In the third year of his present Majesty, and in the 30th of his own age, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown, then upon his travels, danced one evening at the Court of Naples. His dress was a volcano silk with lava buttons. Whether (as the Neapolitan wits said) he had studied dancing under St. Vitus, or whether David, dancing in a linen vest, was his model, is not known; but Mr. Brown danced with such inconceivable alacrity and vigour, that he threw the Queen of Naples into convulsions of laughter, which terminated in a miscarriage, and changed the dynasty of the Neapolitan throne.

indulgent of Christians, Mr. Spencer Perceval, as enormous; he himself having secured for his own eating and drinking, and the eating and drinking of the Master and Miss Percevals, the reversionary sum of 21,000*l.* a year of the public money, and having just failed in a desperate and rapacious attempt to secure to himself for life the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster: and the best of it is, that this Minister, after abusing his predecessors for their impious bounty to the Catholics, has found himself compelled, from the apprehension of immediate danger, to grant the sum in question; thus dissolving his pearl* in vinegar, and destroying all the value of the gift by the virulence and reluctance with which it was granted.

I hear from some persons in Parliament, and from others in the sixpenny societies for debate, a great deal about unalterable laws passed at the Revolution. When I hear any man talk of an unalterable law, the only effect it produces upon me is to convince me that he is an unalterable fool. A law passed when there was Germany, Spain, Russia, Sweden, Holland, Portugal, and Turkey; when there was a disputed succession: when four or five hundred acres were won and lost after ten years' hard fighting; when armies were commanded by the sons of kings, and campaigns passed in an interchange of civil letters and ripe fruit; and for these laws, when the whole state of the world is completely changed, we are now, according to my Lord Hawkesbury, to hold ourselves ready to perish. It is no mean misfortune, in times like these, to be forced to say any thing about such men as Lord Hawkesbury, and to be reminded that we are governed by them; but as I am driven to it, I must take the liberty of observing, that the wisdom and liberality of my Lord Hawkesbury are of that complexion which always shrinks from the present exercise of these virtues, by praising the splendid examples of them in ages past. If he had lived at such periods, he would have opposed the Revolution by praising the Reform-

* Perfectly ready at the same time to follow the other half of Cleopatra's example, and to swallow the solution himself.

ation, and the Reformation by speaking handsomely of the Crusades. He gratifies his natural antipathy to great and courageous measures, by playing off the wisdom and courage which have ceased to influence human affairs against that wisdom and courage which living men would employ for present happiness. Besides, it happens unfortunately for the Warden of the Cinque Ports, that to the principal incapacities under which the Irish suffer, they were subjected after that great and glorious Revolution, to which we are indebted for so many blessings, and his Lordship for the termination of so many periods. The Catholics were not excluded from the Irish House of Commons, or military commands, before the 3d and 4th of William and Mary, and the 1st and 2d of Queen Anne.

If the great mass of the people, environed as they are on every side with Jenkinsons, Percevals, Melvilles, and other perils, were to pray for divine illumination and aid, what more could Providence in its mercy do than send them the example of Scotland? For what a length of years was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion: horse, foot, artillery, and armed Prebendaries, were sent out after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood: this call is never made in vain, and blood was shed; but to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in a cordial hatred of his oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of the weakness of England then, as Ireland is at this moment. The true and the only remedy was applied; the Scotch were suf-

fered to worship God after their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightning descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries, who foretold all these consequences, are utterly forgotten, and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain. In the six hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, we are making laws to transport a man, if he is found out of his house after eight o'clock at night. That this is necessary, I know too well; but tell me why it is necessary? It is not necessary in Greece, where the Turks are masters.

Are you aware that there is at this moment a universal clamour throughout the whole of Ireland against the Union? It is now one month since I returned from that country; I have never seen so extraordinary, so alarming, and so rapid a change in the sentiments of any people. Those who disliked the Union before are quite furious against it now; those who doubted doubt no more: those who were friendly to it have exchanged that friendship for the most rooted aversion: in the midst of all this (which is by far the most alarming symptom), there is the strongest disposition on the part of the Northern Dissenters to unite with the Catholics, irritated by the faithless injustice with which they have been treated. If this combination does take place (mark what I say to you), you will have meetings all over Ireland for the cry of *No Union;* that cry will spread like wild-fire, and blaze over every opposition; and if this be the case, there is no use in mincing the matter, Ireland is gone, and the death-blow of England is struck; and this event may happen *instantly* — before Mr. Canning and Mr. Hookham Frere have turned Lord Howick's last speech into doggerel rhyme; before "*the near and dear relations*" have received another quarter of their pension, or Mr. Perceval conducted the Curates' Salary Bill safely to a third reading. — If the mind of the English people, cursed as they now are with that madness of religious dissension which has been breathed into them for the purposes of private ambition, can be alarmed by any remembrances, and

warned by any events, they should never forget how nearly Ireland was lost to this country during the American war; that it was saved merely by the jealousy of the Protestant Irish towards the Catholics, then a much more insignificant and powerless body than they now are. The Catholic and the Dissenter have since combined together against you. Last war, the winds, those ancient and unsubsidised allies of England; the winds, upon which English ministers depend as much for saving kingdoms as washerwomen do for drying clothes; the winds stood your friends: the French could only get into Ireland in small numbers, and the rebels were defeated. Since then, all the remaining kingdoms of Europe have been destroyed; and the Irish see that their national independence is gone, without having received any single one of those advantages which they were taught to expect from the sacrifice. All good things were to flow from the Union; they have none of them gained any thing. Every man's pride is wounded by it; no man's interest is promoted. In the seventh year of that Union, four million Catholics, lured by all kinds of promises to yield up the separate dignity and sovereignty of their country, are forced to squabble with such a man as Mr. Spencer Perceval for five thousand pounds with which to educate their children in their own mode of worship; he, the same Mr. Spencer, having secured to his own Protestant self a reversionary portion of the public money amounting to four times that sum. A senior Proctor of the University of Oxford, the head of a house, or the examining Chaplain to a Bishop, may believe these things can last: but every man of the world, whose understanding has been exercised in the business of life, must see (and see with a breaking heart) that they will soon come to a fearful termination.

Our conduct to Ireland, during the whole of this war, has been that of a man who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children. We had compassion for the victims of

all other oppression and injustice, except our own. If Switzerland was threatened, away went a Treasury Clerk with a hundred thousand pounds for Switzerland; large bags of money were kept constantly under sailing orders; upon the slightest demonstration towards Naples, down went Sir William Hamilton upon his knees, and begged for the love of St. Januarius they would help us off with a little money; all the arts of Machiavel were resorted to, to persuade Europe to borrow; troops were sent off in all directions to save the Catholic and Protestant world; the Pope himself was guarded by a regiment of English dragoons; if the Grand Lama had been at hand, he would have had another; every Catholic Clergyman who had the good fortune to be neither English nor Irish, was immediately provided with lodging, soap, crucifix, missal, chapel-beads, relics, and holy water; if Turks had landed, Turks would have received an order from the Treasury for coffee, opium, korans, and seraglios. In the midst of all this fury of saving and defending, this crusade, for conscience and Christianity, there was a universal agreement among all descriptions of people to continue every species of internal persecution; to deny at home every just right that had been denied before; to pummel poor Dr. Abraham Rees and his Dissenters; and to treat the unhappy Catholics of Ireland as if their tongues were mute, their heels cloven, their nature brutal, and designedly subjected by Providence to their Orange masters.

How would my admirable brother, the Rev. Abraham Plymley, like to be marched to a Catholic chapel, to be sprinkled with the sanctified contents of a pump, to hear a number of false quantities in the Latin tongue, and to see a number of persons occupied in making right angles upon the breast and forehead? And if all this would give you so much pain, what right have you to march Catholic soldiers to a place of worship, where there is no aspersion, no rectangular gestures, and where they understand every word they hear, having first, in order to get him to enlist, made a solemn promise to the con-

trary? Can you wonder, after this, that the Catholic priest stops the recruiting in Ireland, as he is now doing to a most alarming degree?

The late question concerning military rank did not individually affect the lowest persons of the Catholic persuasion; but do you imagine they do not sympathise with the honour and disgrace of their superiors? Do you think that satisfaction and dissatisfaction do not travel down from Lord Fingal to the most potatoless Catholic in Ireland, and that the glory or shame of the sect is not felt by many more than these conditions personally and corporeally affect? Do you suppose that the detection of Sir H. M. and the disappointment of Mr. Perceval *in the matter* of the Duchy of Lancaster, did not affect every dabbler in public property? Depend upon it these things were felt through all the gradations of small plunderers, down to him who filches a pound of tobacco from the King's warehouses; while, on the contrary, the acquittal of any noble and official thief would not fail to diffuse the most heartfelt satisfaction over the larcenous and burglarious world. Observe, I do not say because the lower Catholics are affected by what concerns their superiors, that they are not affected by what concerns themselves. There is no disguising the horrid truth; *there must be some relaxation with respect to tithe:* this is the cruel and heart-rending price which must be paid for national preservation. I feel how little existence will be worth having, if any alteration, however slight, is made in the property of Irish rectors; I am conscious how much such changes must affect the daily and hourly comforts of every Englishman; I shall feel too happy if they leave Europe untouched, and are not ultimately fatal to the destinies of America; but I am madly bent upon keeping foreign enemies out of the British empire, and my limited understanding presents me with no other means of effecting my object.

You talk of waiting till another reign, before any alteration is made; a proposal full of good sense and good nature, if the measure in question were to pull down St. James's Palace, or to alter Kew Gardens. Will Bonaparte agree to put off his intrigues, and his

invasion of Ireland? If so, I will overlook the question of justice, and finding the danger suspended, agree to the delay. I sincerely hope this reign may last many years, yet the delay of a single session of Parliament may be fatal; but if another year elapse without some serious concession made to the Catholics, I believe, before God, that all future pledges and concessions will be made in vain. I do not think that peace will do you any good under such circumstances: if Bonaparte give you a respite, it will only be to get ready the gallows on which he means to hang you. The Catholic and the Dissenter can unite in peace as well as war. If they do, the gallows is ready; and your executioner, in spite of the most solemn promises, will turn you off the next hour.

With every disposition to please (where to please within fair and rational limits is a high duty), it is impossible for public men to be long silent about the Catholics; pressing evils are not got rid of, because they are not talked of. A man may command his family to say nothing more about the stone, and surgical operations; but the ponderous malice still lies upon the nerve, and gets so big, that the patient breaks his own law of silence, clamours for the knife, and expires under its late operation. Believe me, you talk folly, when you talk of suppressing the Catholic question. I wish to God the case admitted of such a remedy: bad as it is, it does not admit of it. If the wants of the Catholics are not heard in the manly tones of Lord Grenville, or the servile drawl of Lord Castlereagh, they will be heard ere long in the madness of mobs, and the conflicts of armed men.

I observe, it is now universally the fashion to speak of the first personage in the state as the great obstacle to the measure. In the first place, I am not bound to believe such rumours because I hear them; and in the next place, I object to such language, as unconstitutional. Whoever retains his situation in the ministry, while the incapacities of the Catholics remain, is the advocate for those incapacities; and to him, and to him

only, am I to look for responsibility. But waive this question of the Catholics, and put a general case: — How is a minister of this country to act when the conscientious scruples of his Sovereign prevent the execution of a measure deemed by him absolutely necessary to the safety of the country? His conduct is quite clear — he should resign. But what is his successor to do? — Resign. But is the King to be left without ministers, and is he in this manner to be compelled to act against his own conscience? Before I answer this, pray tell me in my turn, what better defence is there against the machinations of a wicked, or the errors of a weak, Monarch, than the impossibility of finding a minister who will lend himself to vice and folly? Every English Monarch, in such a predicament, would sacrifice his opinions and views to such a clear expression of the public will; and it is one method in which the Constitution aims at bringing about such a sacrifice. You may say, if you please, the ruler of a state is forced to give up his object, when the natural love of place and power will tempt no one to assist him in its attainment. This may be force; but it is force without injury, and therefore without blame. I am not to be beat out of these obvious reasonings, and ancient constitutional provisions, by the term conscience. There is no fantasy, however wild, that a man may not persuade himself that he cherishes from motives of conscience; eternal war against impious France, or rebellious America, or Catholic Spain, may in times to come be scruples of conscience. One English Monarch may, from scruples of conscience, wish to abolish every trait of religious persecution; another Monarch may deem it his absolute and indispensable duty to make a slight provision for Dissenters out of the revenues of the Church of England. So that you see, Brother Abraham, there are cases where it would be the duty of the best and most loyal subjects to oppose the conscientious scruples of their Sovereign, still taking care that their actions were constitutional, and their modes respectful. Then you come upon me with personal questions, and say that no such dangers

are to be apprehended now under our present gracious Sovereign, of whose good qualities we must be all so well convinced. All these sorts of discussions I beg leave to decline; what I have said upon constitutional topics, I mean of course for general, not for particular application. I agree with you in all the good you have said of the powers that be, and I avail myself of the opportunity of pointing out general dangers to the Constitution, at a moment when we are so completely exempted from their present influence. I cannot finish this letter without expressing my surprise and pleasure at your abuse of the servile addresses poured in upon the Throne; nor can I conceive a greater disgust to a Monarch, with a true English heart, than to see such a question as that of Catholic Emancipation argued, not with a reference to its justice or importance, but universally considered to be of no further consequence than as it affects his own private feelings. That these sentiments should be mine, is not wonderful; but how they came to be yours, does, I confess, fill me with surprise. Are you moved by the arrival of the Irish Brigade at Antwerp, and the amorous violence which awaits Mrs. Plymley?

LETTER V.

DEAR ABRAHAM.

I NEVER met a parson in my life, who did not consider the Corporation and Test Acts as the great bulwarks of the Church; and yet it is now just sixty-four years since bills of indemnity to destroy their penal effects, or, in other words, to repeal them, have been passed annually as a matter of course.

Heu vatum ignaræ mentes.

These bulwarks, without which no clergyman thinks he could sleep with his accustomed soundness, have actually not been in existence since any man now living has taken holy orders. Every year the Indemnity Act pardons

past breaches of these two laws, and prevents any fresh actions of informers from coming to a conclusion before the period for the next indemnity bill arrives; so that these penalties, by which alone the Church remains in existence, have not had one moment's operation for sixty-four years. You will say the legislature, during the whole of this period, has reserved to itself the discretion of suspending, or not suspending. But had not the legislature the right of re-enacting, if it was necessary? And now when you have kept the rod over these people (with the most scandalous abuse of all principle) for sixty-four years, and not found it necessary to strike once, is not that the best of all reasons why the rod should be laid aside? You talk to me of a very valuable hedge running across your fields which you would not part with on any account. I go down, expecting to find a limit impervious to cattle, and highly useful for the preservation of property; but, to my utter astonishment, I find that the hedge was cut down half a century ago, and that every year the shoots are clipped the moment they appear above ground: it appears, upon further inquiry, that the hedge never ought to have existed at all; that it originated in the malice of antiquated quarrels, and was cut down because it subjected you to vast inconvenience, and broke up your intercourse with a country absolutely necessary to your existence. If the remains of this hedge serve only to keep up an irritation in your neighbours, and to remind them of the feuds of former times, good nature and good sense teach you that you ought to grub it up, and cast it into the oven. This is the exact state of these two laws; and yet it is made a great argument against concession to the Catholics, that it involves their repeal; which is to say, Do not make me relinquish a folly that will lead to my ruin; because, if you do, I must give up other follies ten times greater than this.

I confess, with all our bulwarks and hedges, it mortifies me to the very quick, to contrast with our matchless stupidity, and inimitable folly, the conduct of Bonaparte upon the subject of religious persecution. At the mo-

ment when we are tearing the crucifixes from the necks of the Catholics, and washing pious mud from the foreheads of the Hindoos; at that moment this man is assembling the very Jews at Paris, and endeavouring to give them stability and importance. I shall never be reconciled to mending shoes in America; but I see it must be my lot, and I will then take a dreadful revenge upon Mr. Perceval, if I catch him preaching within ten miles of me. I cannot for the soul of me conceive whence this man has gained his notions of Christianity: he has the most evangelical charity for errors in arithmetic, and the most inveterate malice against errors in conscience. While he rages against those whom in the true spirit of the Gospel he ought to indulge, he forgets the only instance of severity which that Gospel contains, and leaves the jobbers, and contractors, and money-changers at their seats, without a single stripe.

You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason that I can find, but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned, in their time the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave: so were all these nations. You might get together a hundred thousand men individually brave; but without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man of war manned by Oxford clergymen, or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers: they have had no means of acquiring experience; but I do say it to create alarm; for we do not appear to me to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. As for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with the panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord

Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's Lives, which lies in the corner of your parlour window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr. Sturges Bourne* give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall, while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the mean time I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence. But whatever was our conduct, if every ploughman was as great a hero as he who was called from his oxen to save Rome from her enemies, I should still say, that at such a crisis you want the affections of all your subjects, in both islands: there is no spirit which you must alienate, no art you must avert, every man must feel he has a country, and that there is an urgent and pressing cause why he should expose himself to death.

The effects of penal laws, in matters of religion, are never confined to those limits in which the legislature intended they should be placed: it is not only that I am

* There is nothing more objectionable in Plymley's Letters than the abuse of Mr. Sturges Bourne, who is an honourable, able, and excellent person; but such are the malevolent effects of party spirit.

excluded from certain offices and dignities because I am a Catholic, but the exclusion carries with it a certain stigma, which degrades me in the eyes of the monopolising sect, and the very name of my religion becomes odious. These effects are so very striking in England, that I solemnly believe blue and red baboons to be more popular here than Catholics and Presbyterians; they are more understood, and there is a greater disposition to do something for them. When a country squire hears of an ape, his first feeling is to give it nuts and apples; when he hears of a Dissenter, his immediate impulse is to commit it to the county jail, to shave its head, to alter its customary food, and to have it privately whipped. This is no caricature, but an accurate picture of national feelings, as they degrade and endanger us at this very moment. The Irish Catholic gentleman would bear his legal disabilities with greater temper, if these were all he had to bear—if they did not enable every Protestant cheesemonger and tidewaiter to treat him with contempt. He is branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron, and treated like a spiritual felon, because, in the highest of all considerations he is led by the noblest of all guides, his own disinterested conscience.

Why are nonsense and cruelty a bit the better because they are enacted? If Providence, which gives wine and oil, had blessed us with that tolerant spirit which makes the countenance more pleasant and the heart more glad than these can do; if our Statute Book had never been defiled with such infamous laws, the sepulchral Spencer Perceval would have been hauled through the dirtiest horse-pond in Hampstead, had he ventured to propose them. But now persecution is good, because it exists; every law which originated in ignorance and malice, and gratifies the passions from whence it sprang, we call the wisdom of our ancestors: when such laws are repealed, they will be cruelty and madness; till they are repealed, they are policy and caution.

I was somewhat amused with the imputation brought against the Catholics by the University of Oxford, that

they are enemies to liberty. I immediately turned to my History of England, and marked as an historical error that passage in which it is recorded that, in the reign of Queen Anne, the famous decree of the University of Oxford, respecting passive obedience, was ordered, by the House of Lords, to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, as contrary to the liberty of the subject, and the law of the land. Nevertheless, I wish, whatever be the modesty of those who impute, that the imputation was a little more true, the Catholic cause would not be quite so desperate with the present Administration. I fear, however, that the hatred to liberty in these poor devoted wretches may ere long appear more doubtful than it is at present to the Vice-Chancellor and his Clergy, inflamed, as they doubtless are, with classical examples of republican virtue, and panting, as they always have been, to reduce the power of the Crown within narrower and safer limits. What mistaken zeal, to attempt to connect one religion with freedom and another with slavery! Who laid the foundations of English liberty? What was the mixed religion of Switzerland? What has the Protestant religion done for liberty in Denmark, in Sweden, throughout the North of Germany, and in Prussia? The purest religion in the world, in my humble opinion, is the religion of the Church of England: for its preservation (so far as it is exercised without intruding upon the liberties of others) I am ready at this moment to venture my present life, and but through that religion I have no hopes of any other; yet I am not forced to be silly because I am pious; nor will I ever join in eulogiums on my faith, which every man of common reading and common sense can so easily refute.

You have either done too much for the Catholics (worthy Abraham), or too little; if you had intended to refuse them political power, you should have refused them civil rights. After you had enabled them to acquire property, after you had conceded to them all that you did concede in '78 and '93, the rest is wholly out of your power: you may choose whether you will give the

rest in an honourable or a disgraceful mode, but it is utterly out of your power to withhold it.

In the last year, land to the amount of *eight hundred thousand pounds* was purchased by the Catholics in Ireland. Do you think it possible to be-Perceval, and be-Canning, and be-Castlereagh, such a body of men as this out of their common rights, and their common sense? Mr. George Canning may laugh and joke at the idea of Protestant bailiffs ravishing Catholic ladies, under the 9th clause of the Sunset Bill; but if some better remedy be not applied to the distractions of Ireland than the jocularity of Mr. Canning, they will soon put an end to his pension, and to the pension of those "near and dear relatives," for whose eating, drinking, washing, and clothing, every man in the United Kingdoms now pays his two-pence or three-pence a year. You may call these observations coarse, if you please; but I have no idea that the Sophias and Carolines of any man breathing are to eat national veal, to drink public tea, to wear Treasury ribands, and then that we are to be told that it is coarse to animadvert upon this pitiful and eleemosynary splendour. If this is right, why not mention it? If it is wrong, why should not he who enjoys the ease of supporting his sisters in this manner bear the shame of it? Every body seems hitherto to have spared a man who never spares any body.

As for the enormous wax candles, and superstitious mummeries, and painted jackets of the Catholic priests, I fear them not. Tell me that the world will return again under the influence of the smallpox; that Lord Castlereagh will hereafter oppose the power of the Court; that Lord Howick and Mr. Grattan will do each of them a mean and dishonourable action; that any body who has heard Lord Redesdale speak once will knowingly and willingly hear him again; that Lord Eldon has assented to the fact of two and two making four, without shedding tears, or expressing the smallest doubt or scruple; tell me any other thing absurd or incredible, but, for the love of common sense, let me hear no more of the danger to be apprehended from the general diffusion of Popery.

It is too absurd to be reasoned upon; every man feels it is nonsense when he hears it stated, and so does every man while he is stating it.

I cannot imagine why the friends to the Church Establishment should entertain such a horror of seeing the doors of Parliament flung open to the Catholics, and view so passively the enjoyment of that right by the Presbyterians and by every other species of Dissenter. In their tenets, in their Church government, in the nature of their endowments, the Dissenters are infinitely more distant from the Church of England than the Catholics are; yet the Dissenters have never been excluded from Parliament. There are 45 members in one House, and 16 in the other, who always are Dissenters. There is no law which would prevent every member of the Lords and Commons from being Dissenters. The Catholics could not bring into Parliament half the number of the Scotch members; and yet one exclusion is of such immense importance, because it has taken place; and the other no human being thinks of, because no one is accustomed to it. I have often thought, if the *wisdom of our ancestors* had excluded all persons with red hair from the House of Commons, of the throes and convulsions it would occasion to restore them to their natural rights. What mobs and riots would it produce! To what infinite abuse and obloquy would the capillary patriot be exposed; what wormwood would distil from Mr. Perceval, what froth would drop from Mr. Canning; how (I will not say *my*, but *our* Lord Hawkesbury, for he belongs to us all)—how our Lord Hawkesbury would work away about the hair of King William and Lord Somers, and the authors of the great and glorious Revolution; how Lord Eldon would appeal to the Deity and his own virtues, and to the hair of his children: some would say that red-haired men were superstitious; some would prove they were atheists; they would be petitioned against as the friends of slavery, and the advocates for revolt; in short, such a corruptor of the heart and the understanding is the spirit of persecution, that these unfortunate people (conspired against by

their fellow subjects of every complexion), if they did not emigrate to countries where hair of another colour was persecuted, would be driven to the falsehood of perukes, or the hypocrisy of the Tricosian fluid.

As for the dangers of the Church (in spite of the staggering events which have lately taken place), I have not yet entirely lost my confidence in the power of common sense, and I believe the Church to be in no danger at all; but if it is, that danger is not from the Catholics, but from the Methodists, and from that patent Christianity which has been for some time manufacturing at Clapham, to the prejudice of the old and admirable article prepared by the Church. I would counsel my lords the Bishops to keep their eyes upon that holy village, and its hallowed vicinity: they will find there a zeal in making converts far superior to any thing which exists among the Catholics; a contempt for the great mass of English clergy, much more rooted and profound; and a regular fund to purchase livings for those groaning and garrulous gentlemen, whom they denominate (by a standing sarcasm against the regular Church) Gospel preachers, and vital clergymen. I am too firm a believer in the general propriety and respectability of the English clergy, to believe they have much to fear either from old nonsense, or from new; but if the Church must be supposed to be in danger, I prefer that nonsense which is grown half venerable from time, the force of which I have already tried and baffled, which at least has some excuse in the dark and ignorant ages in which it originated. The religious enthusiasm manufactured by living men before my own eyes disgusts my understanding as much, influences my imagination not at all, and excites my apprehensions much more.

I may have seemed to you to treat the situation of public affairs with some degree of levity; but I feel it deeply, and with nightly and daily anguish; because I know Ireland; I have known it all my life; I love it, and I foresee the crisis to which it will soon be exposed. Who can doubt but that Ireland will experience ulti-

mately from France a treatment to which the conduct they have experienced from England is the love of a parent, or a brother? Who can doubt but that five years after he has got hold of the country, Ireland will be tossed away by Bonaparte as a present to some one of his ruffian generals, who will knock the head of Mr. Keogh against the head of Cardinal Troy, shoot twenty of the most noisy blockheads of the Roman persuasion, wash his pug-dogs in holy water, and confiscate the salt butter of the Milesian Republic to the last tub? But what matters this? or who is wise enough in Ireland to heed it? or when had common sense much influence with my poor dear Irish? Mr. Perceval does not know the Irish; but I know them, and I know that at every rash and mad hazard, they will break the Union, revenge their wounded pride and their insulted religion, and fling themselves into the open arms of France, sure of dying in the embrace. And now what means have you of guarding against this coming evil, upon which the future happiness or misery of every Englishman depends? Have you a single ally in the whole world? Is there a vulnerable point in the French empire where the astonishing resources of that people can be attracted and employed? Have you a ministry wise enough to comprehend the danger, manly enough to believe unpleasant intelligence, honest enough to state their apprehensions at the peril of their places? Is there any where the slightest disposition to join any measure of love, or conciliation, or hope, with that dreadful bill which the distractions of Ireland have rendered necessary? At the very moment that the last Monarchy in Europe has fallen, are we not governed by a man of pleasantry, and a man of theology? In the six hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, have we any memorial of ancient kindness to refer to? any people, any zeal, any country on which we can depend? Have we any hope, but in the winds of heaven, and the tides of the sea? any prayer to prefer to the Irish, but that they should forget and forgive their oppressors, who, in the very moment that they are calling upon them for

their exertions, solemnly assure them that the oppression shall still remain?

Abraham, farewell! If I have tired you, remember how often you have tired me and others. I do not think we really differ in politics so much as you suppose; or at least, if we do, that difference is in the means, and not in the end. We both love the Constitution, respect the King, and abhor the French. But though you love the Constitution, you would perpetuate the abuses which have been engrafted upon it; though you respect the King, you would confirm his scruples against the Catholics; though you abhor the French, you would open to them the conquest of Ireland. My method of respecting my Sovereign is by protecting his honour, his empire, and his lasting happiness; I evince my love of the Constitution, by making it the guardian of all men's rights and the source of their freedom; and I prove my abhorrence of the French, by uniting against them the disciples of every church in the only remaining nation in Europe. As for the men of whom I have been compelled in this age of mediocrity to say so much, they cannot of themselves be worth a moment's consideration, to you, to me, or to any body. In a year after their death, they will be forgotten as completely as if they had never been; and are now of no further importance, than as they are the mere vehicles of carrying into effect the commonplace and mischievous prejudices of the times in which they live.

LETTER VI.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

WHAT amuses me the most is to hear of the *indulgences* which the Catholics have received, and their exorbitance in not being satisfied with those indulgences: now if you complain to me that a man is obtrusive, and shameless in his requests, and that it is impossible to bring him to

reason, I must first of all hear the whole of your conduct towards him; for you may have taken from him so much in the first instance, that, in spite of a long series of restitution, a vast latitude for petition may still remain behind.

There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense: by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about a hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer: the next year the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom; and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner: the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce them to resign it; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water; till at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal: "Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to

get a piece of bread? How thankful you were for cheese-parings? Have you forgotten that memorable æra, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer: there are not more than half a dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves; the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion; you have potatoes, and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them."

Is not this, my dainty Abraham, the very nonsense and the very insult which is talked to and practised upon the Catholics? You are surprised that men who have tasted of partial justice should ask for perfect justice; that he who has been robbed of coat and cloak will not be contented with the restitution of one of his garments. He would be a very lazy blockhead if he were content, and I, (who, though an inhabitant of the village, have preserved, thank God, some sense of justice,) most earnestly counsel these half-fed claimants to persevere in their just demands, till they are admitted to a more complete share of a dinner for which they pay as much as the others; and if they see a little attenuated lawyer squabbling at the head of their opponents, let them desire him to empty his pockets, and to pull out all the pieces of duck, fowl, and pudding, which he has filched from the public feast, to carry home to his wife and children.

You parade a great deal upon the vast concessions made by this country to the Irish before the Union. I deny that any voluntary concession was ever made by England to Ireland. What did Ireland ever ask that was granted? What did she ever demand that was not

refused? How did she get her Mutiny Bill — a limited parliament — a repeal of Poyning's Law — a constitution? Not by the concessions of England, but by her fears. When Ireland asked for all these things upon her knees, her petitions were rejected with Percevalism and contempt; when she demanded them with the voice of 60,000 armed men, they were granted with every mark of consternation and dismay. Ask of Lord Auckland the fatal consequences of trifling with such a people as the Irish. He himself was the organ of these refusals. As secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, the insolence and the tyranny of this country passed through his hands. Ask him if he remembers the consequences. Ask him if he has forgotten that memorable evening, when he came down booted and mantled to the House of Commons, when he told the House he was about to set off for Ireland that night, and declared before God, if he did not carry with him a compliance with all their demands, Ireland was for ever lost to this country. The present generation have forgotten this; but I have not forgotten it; and I know, hasty and undignified as the submission of England then was, that Lord Auckland was right, that the delay of a single day might very probably have separated the two people for ever. The terms submission and fear are galling terms, when applied from the lesser nation to the greater; but it is the plain historical truth, it is the natural consequence of injustice, it is the predicament in which every country places itself which leaves such a mass of hatred and discontent by its side. No empire is powerful enough to endure it; it would exhaust the strength of China, and sink it with all its mandarins and tea-kettles to the bottom of the deep. By refusing them justice, now when you are strong enough to refuse them any thing more than justice, you will act over again, with the Catholics, the same scene of mean and precipitate submission which disgraced you before America, and before the volunteers of Ireland. We shall live to hear the Hampstead Protestant pronouncing such extravagant panegyrics upon holy water, and paying such fulsome

compliments to the thumbs and offals of departed saints, that parties will change sentiments, and Lord Henry Petty and Sam Whitbread take a spell at No Popery. The wisdom of Mr. Fox was alike employed in teaching his country justice when Ireland was weak, and dignity when Ireland was strong. We are fast pacing round the same miserable circle of ruin and imbecility. Alas! where is our guide?

You say that Ireland is a millstone about our necks; that it would be better for us if Ireland were sunk at the bottom of the sea; that the Irish are a nation of irreclaimable savages and barbarians. How often have I heard these sentiments fall from the plump and thoughtless squire, and from the thriving English shopkeeper, who has never felt the rod of an Orange master upon his back. Ireland a millstone about your neck! Why is it not a stone of Ajax in your hand? I agree with you most cordially, that, governed as Ireland now is, it would be a vast accession of strength if the waves of the sea were to rise and engulf her to-morrow. At this moment, opposed as we are to all the world, the annihilation of one of the most fertile islands on the face of the globe, containing five millions of human creatures, would be one of the most solid advantages which could happen to this country. I doubt very much, in spite of all the just abuse which has been lavished upon Bonaparte, whether there is any one of his conquered countries the blotting out of which would be as beneficial to him as the destruction of Ireland would be to us: of countries I speak differing in language from the French, little habituated to their intercourse, and inflamed with all the resentments of a recently conquered people. Why will you attribute the turbulence of our people to any cause but the right—to any cause but your own scandalous oppression? If you tie your horse up to a gae, and beat him cruelly, is he vicious because he kicks you? If you have plagued and worried a mastiff dog for years, is he mad because he flies at you whenever he sees you? Hatred is an active, troublesome passion. Depend upon it, whole nations have always some reason for their

hatred. Before you refer the turbulence of the Irish to incurable defects in their character, tell me if you have treated them as friends and equals? Have you protected their commerce? Have you respected their religion? Have you been as anxious for their freedom as your own? Nothing of all this. What then? Why you have confiscated the territorial surface of the country twice over: you have massacred and exported her inhabitants: you have deprived four fifths of them of every civil privilege: you have at every period made her commerce and manufactures slavishly subordinate to your own: and yet the hatred which the Irish bear to you is the result of an original turbulence of character, and of a primitive, obdurate wildness, utterly incapable of civilisation. The embroidered inanities and the sixth-form effusions of Mr. Canning are really not powerful enough to make me believe this; nor is there any authority on earth (always excepting the Dean of Christ Church) which could make it credible to me. I am sick of Mr. Canning. There is not a "ha'p'orth of bread to all this sugar and sack." I love not the cretaceous and incredible countenance of his colleague. The only opinion in which I agree with these two gentlemen is that which they entertain of each other; I am sure that the insolence of Mr. Pitt, and the unbalanced accounts of Melville, were far better than the perils of this new ignorance:—

> Nonne fuit satius tristes Amaryllidis iras
> Atque superba pati fastidia — nonne Menalcam,
> Quamvis ille *niger*?

In the midst of the most profound peace, the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, in which the destruction of Ireland is resolved upon, induce you to rob the Danes of their fleet. After the expedition sailed comes the Treaty of Tilsit, containing no article *, public or private, alluding to Ireland. The state of the world, you tell me, justified us in doing this. Just God! do we think

* This is now completely confessed to be the case by ministers.

only of the state of the world when there is an opportunity for robbery, for murder, and for plunder; and do we forget the state of the world when we are called upon to be wise, and good, and just? Does the state of the world never remind us, that we have four millions of subjects whose injuries we ought to atone for, and whose affections we ought to conciliate? Does the state of the world never warn us to lay aside our infernal bigotry, and to arm every man who acknowledges a God and can grasp a sword? Did it never occur to this administration that they might virtuously get hold of a force ten times greater than the force of the Danish fleet? Was there no other way of protecting Ireland, but by bringing eternal shame upon great Britain, and by making the earth a den of robbers? See what the men whom you have supplanted would have done. They would have rendered the invasion of Ireland impossible, by restoring to the Catholics their long-lost rights: they would have acted in such a manner that the French would neither have wished for invasion, nor dared to attempt it: they would have increased the permanent strength of the country while they preserved its reputation unsullied. Nothing of this kind your friends have done, because they are solemnly pledged to do nothing of this kind; because to tolerate all religions, and to equalise civil rights to all sects, is to oppose some of the worst passions of our nature — to plunder and to oppress is to gratify them all. They wanted the huzzas of mobs, and they have for ever blasted the fame of England to obtain them. Were the fleets of Holland, France, and Spain destroyed by larceny? You resisted the power of 150 sail of the line by sheer courage, and violated every principle of morals from the dread of 15 hulks, while the expedition itself cost you three times more than the value of the larcenous matter brought away. The French trample upon the laws of God and man, not for old cordage, but for kingdoms, and always take care to be well paid for their crimes. We contrive, under the present administration, to unite moral with intellectual deficiency, and to grow weaker and worse by the same

ation. If they had any evidence of the intended hostility of the Danes, why was it not produced? Why have the nations of Europe been allowed to feel an indignation against this country beyond the reach of all subsequent information? Are these times, do you imagine, when we can trifle with a year of universal hatred, dally with the curses of Europe, and then regain a lost character at pleasure, by the parliamentary perspirations of the Foreign Secretary, or the solemn asseverations of the pecuniary Rose? Believe me, Abraham, it is not under such ministers as these that the dexterity of honest Englishmen will ever equal the dexterity of French knaves; it is not in their presence that the serpent of Moses will ever swallow up the serpents of the magician.

Lord Hawkesbury says that nothing is to be granted to the Catholics from fear. What! not even justice? Why not? There are four millions of disaffected people within twenty miles of your own coast. I fairly confess, that the dread which I have of their physical power, is with me a very strong motive for listening to their claims. To talk of not acting from fear is mere parliamentary cant. From what motive but fear, I should be glad to know, have all the improvements in our constitution proceeded? I question if any justice has ever been done to large masses of mankind from any other motive. By what other motives can the plunderers of the Baltic suppose nations to be governed in their intercourse *with each other?* If I say, Give this people what they ask because it is just, do you think I should get ten people to listen to me? Would not the lesser of the two Jenkinsons be the first to treat me with contempt? the only true way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice, is by showing to them in pretty plain terms the consequences of injustice. If any body of French troops land in Ireland, the whole population of that country will rise against you to a man, and you could not possibly survive such an event three years. Such from the bottom of my soul, do I believe to be the present state of

that country; and so far does it appear to me to be impolitic and unstatesman-like to concede any thing to such a danger, that if the Catholics, in addition to their present just demands, were to petition for the perpetual removal of the said Lord Hawkesbury from his Majesty's councils, I think, whatever might be the effect upon the destinies of Europe, and however it might retard our own individual destruction, that the prayer of the petition should be instantly complied with. Canning's crocodile tears should not move me; the hoops of the maids of honour should not hide him. I would tear him from the banisters of the back stairs, and plunge him in the fishy fumes of the dirtiest of all his Cinque Ports.

LETTER VII.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

IN the correspondence which is passing between us you are perpetually alluding to the Foreign Secretary; and in answer to the dangers of Ireland, which I am pressing upon your notice, you have nothing to urge but the confidence which you repose in the discretion and sound sense of this gentleman.* I can only say, that I have listened to him long and often, with the greatest attention; I have used every exertion in my power to take a fair measure of him, and it appears to me impossible to hear him upon any arduous topic without perceiving that he is eminently deficient in those solid and serious qualities upon which, and upon which alone, the confidence of a great country can properly repose. He sweats, and labours, and works for sense, and Mr. Ellis seems always to think it is coming, but it does not come;

* The attack upon virtue and morals in the debate upon Copenhagen is brought forward with great ostentation by this gentleman's friends. But is Harlequin less Harlequin because he acts well? I was present: he leaped about, touched facts with his wand, turned yes into no, and no into yes: it was a pantomime well played, but a pantomime: Harlequin deserves higher wages than he did two years ago: is he therefore fit for serious parts?

the machine can't draw up what is not to be found in the spring; Providence has made him a light, jesting, paragraph-writing man, and that he will remain to his dying day. When he is jocular he is strong, when he is serious he is like Sampson in a wig: any ordinary person is a match for him: a song, an ironical letter, a burlesque ode, an attack in the Newspaper upon Nicoll's eye, a smart speech of twenty minutes, full of gross misrepresentations and clever turns, excellent language, a spirited manner, lucky quotation, success in provoking dull men, some half information picked up in Pall Mall in the morning: these are your friend's natural weapons; all these things he can do; here I allow him to be truly great: nay, I will be just, and go still further, if he would confine himself to these things, and consider the *facete* and the playful to be the basis of his character, he would for that species of man, be universally regarded as a person of a very good understanding; call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner out of the highest lustre, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for this half century. The Foreign Secretary is a gentleman, a respectable as well as a highly agreeable man in private life; but you may as well feed me with decayed potatoes as console me for the miseries of Ireland by the resources of his *sense* and his *discretion*. It is only the public situation which this gentleman holds which entitles me or induces me to say so much about him. He is a fly in amber, nobody cares about the fly: the only question is, How the Devil did it get there? Nor do I attack him for the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province.

The friends of the Catholic question are, I observe, extremely embarrassed in arguing when they come to the loyalty of the Irish Catholics. As for me, I shall go straight forward to my object, and state what I have no

manner of doubt, from an intimate knowledge of Ireland, to be the plain truth. Of the great Roman Catholic proprietors, and of the Catholic prelates, there may be a few, and but a few, who would follow the fortunes of England at all events: there is another set of men who, thoroughly detesting this country, have too much property and too much character to lose, not to wait for some very favourable event before they show themselves; but the great mass of Catholic population, upon the slightest appearance of a French force in that country, would rise upon you to a man. It is the most mistaken policy to conceal the plain truth. There is no loyalty among the Catholics: they detest you as their worst oppressors, and they will continue to detest you till you remove the cause of their hatred. It is in your power in six months' time to produce a total revolution of opinions among this people; and in some future letter I will show you that this is clearly the case. At present, see what a dreadful state Ireland is in. The common toast among the low Irish is, the feast of the *passover*. Some allusion to *Bonaparte*, in a play lately acted at Dublin, produced thunders of applause from the pit and the galleries; and a politician should not be inattentive to the public feelings expressed in theatres. Mr. Perceval thinks he has disarmed the Irish: he has no more disarmed the Irish than he has resigned a shilling of his own public emoluments. An Irish* peasant fills the barrel of his gun full of tow dipped in oil, butters up the lock, buries it in a bog, and allows the Orange bloodhound to ransack his cottage at pleasure. Be just and kind to the Irish, and you will indeed disarm them; rescue them from the degraded servitude in which they are held by a handful of their own countrymen, and you will add four millions of brave and affectionate men to your strength. Nightly visits, Protestant inspectors, licences to possess a pistol, or a knife and fork, the odious

* No man who is not intimately acquainted with the Irish, can tell to what a curious extent this concealment of arms is carried. I have stated the exact mode in which it is done.

vigour of the *evangelical* Perceval—acts of Parliament, drawn up by some English attorney, to save you from the hatred of four millions of people—the guarding yourselves from universal disaffection by a police; a confidence in the little cunning of Bow Street, when you might rest your security upon the eternal basis of the best feelings: this is the meanness and madness to which nations are reduced when they lose sight of the first elements of justice, without which a country can be no more secure than it can be healthy without air. I sicken at such policy and such men. The fact is, the Ministers know nothing about the present state of Ireland; Mr. Perceval sees a few clergymen, Lord Castlereagh a few general officers, who take care, of course, to report what is pleasant rather than what is true. As for the joyous and lepid consul, he jokes upon neutral flags and frauds, jokes upon Irish rebels, jokes upon northern, and western, and southern foes, and gives himself no trouble upon any subject: nor is the mediocrity of the idolatrous deputy of the slightest use. Dissolved in grins, he reads no memorials upon the state of Ireland, listens to no reports, asks no questions, and is the

"*Bourn* from whom no traveller returns."

The danger of an immediate insurrection is now, I *believe**, blown over. You have so strong an army in Ireland, and the Irish are become so much more cunning from the last insurrection, that you may perhaps be tolerably secure just at present from that evil: but are you secure from the efforts which the French may make to throw a body of troops into Ireland? and do you consider that event to be difficult and improbable? From Brest Harbour to Cape St. Vincent, you have above three thousand miles of hostile sea coast, and twelve or fourteen harbours quite capable of containing a sufficient force for the powerful invasion of Ireland. The nearest of these harbours is not two days' sail from

* I know too much, however, of the state of Ireland, not to speak tremblingly about this. I hope to God I am right.

the southern coast of Ireland, with a fair leading wind; and the furthest not ten. Five ships of the line, for so very short a passage, might carry five or six thousand troops with cannon and ammunition; and Ireland presents to their attack a southern coast of more than 500 miles, abounding in deep bays, admirable harbours, and disaffected inhabitants. Your blockading ships may be forced to come home for provisions and repairs, or they may be blown off in a gale of wind and compelled to bear away for their own coast; — and you will observe, that the very same wind which locks you up in the British Channel when you are got there, is evidently favourable for the invasion of Ireland. And yet this is called Government, and the people huzza Mr. Perceval for continuing to expose his country day after day to such tremendous perils as these; cursing the men who would have given up a question in theology to have saved us from such a risk. The British empire at this moment is in the state of a peach-blossom — if the wind blows gently from one quarter, it survives, if furiously from the other, it perishes. A stiff breeze may set in from the north, the Rochefort squadron will be taken, and the Minister will be the most holy of men: if it comes from some other point, Ireland is gone; we curse ourselves as a set of monastic madmen, and call out for the unavailing satisfaction of Mr. Perceval's head. Such a state of political existence is scarcely credible; it is the action of a mad young fool standing upon one foot, and peeping down the crater of Mount Ætna, not the conduct of a wise and sober people deciding upon their best and dearest interests: and in the name, the much-injured name, of Heaven, what is it all for that we expose ourselves to these dangers? Is it that we may sell more muslin? Is it that we may acquire more territory? Is it that we may strengthen what we have already acquired? No: nothing of all this; but that one set of Irishmen may torture another set of Irishmen — that Sir Phelim O'Callaghan may continue to whip Sir Toby M'Tackle, his next door neighbour, and continue to ravish his Catholic daughters; and these are the mea-

sures which the honest and consistent Secretary supports; and this is the Secretary, whose genius in the estimation of Brother Abraham is to extinguish the genius of Bonaparte. Pompey was killed by a slave, Goliath smitten by a stripling, Pyrrhus died by the hand of a woman; tremble, thou great Gaul, from whose head an armed Minerva leaps forth in the hour of danger; tremble, thou scourge of God, a pleasant man is come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk against thee, and thou shalt be no more!

You tell me, in spite of all this parade of sea coast, Bonaparte has neither ships nor sailors: but this is a mistake. He has not ships and sailors to contest the empire of the seas with Great Britain, but there remains quite sufficient of the navies of France, Spain, Holland, and Denmark, for these short excursions and invasions. Do you think, too, that Bonaparte does not add to his navy every year? Do you suppose, with all Europe at his feet, that he can find any difficulty in obtaining timber, and that money will not procure for him any quantity of naval stores he may want? The mere machine, the empty ship, he can build as well, and as quickly, as you can; and though he may not find enough of practised sailors to man large fighting fleets —it is not possible to conceive that he can want sailors for such sort of purposes as I have stated. He is at present the despotic monarch of above twenty thousand miles of sea coast, and yet you suppose he cannot procure sailors for the invasion of Ireland. Believe, if you please, that such a fleet met at sea by any number of our ships at all comparable to them in point of force, would be immediately taken, let it be so; I count nothing upon their power of resistance, only upon their power of escaping unobserved. If experience has taught us any thing, it is the impossibility of perpetual blockades. The instances are innumerable, during the course of this war, where whole fleets have sailed in and out of harbour in spite of every vigilance used to prevent it. I shall only mention those cases where Ireland is con-

cerned. In December, 1796, seven ships of the line, and ten transports, reached Bantry Bay from Brest, without having seen an English ship in their passage. It blew a storm when they were off shore, and therefore England still continues to be an independent kingdom. You will observe that at the very time the French fleet sailed out of Brest Harbour, Admiral Colpoys was cruising off there with a powerful squadron, and still, from the particular circumstances of the weather, found it impossible to prevent the French from coming out. During the time that Admiral Colpoys was cruising off Brest, Admiral Richery, with six ships of the line, passed him, and got safe into the harbour. At the very moment when the French squadron was lying in Bantry Bay, Lord Bridport with his fleet was locked up by a foul wind in the Channel, and for several days could not stir to the assistance of Ireland. Admiral Colpoys, totally unable to find the French fleet, came home. Lord Bridport, at the change of the wind, cruised for them in vain, and they got safe back to Brest, without having seen a single one of those floating bulwarks, the possession of which we believe will enable us with impunity to set justice and common sense at defiance. Such is the miserable and precarious state of an anemocracy, of a people who put their trust in hurricanes, and are governed by wind. In August, 1798, three forty-gun frigates landed 1100 men under Humbert, making the passage from Rochelle to Killala without seeing any English ship. In October of the same year, four French frigates anchored in Killala Bay with 2000 troops; and though they did not land their troops, they returned to France in safety. In the same month, a line-of-battle ship, eight stout frigates, and a brig, all full of troops and stores, reached the coast of Ireland, and were fortunately, in sight of land, destroyed, after an obstinate engagement, by Sir John Warren.

If you despise the little troop which, in these numerous experiments, did make good its landing, take with you, if you please, this *précis* of its exploits: eleven hundred men, commanded by a soldier raised from the ranks,

put to rout a select army of 6000 men, commanded by General Lake, seized their ordnance, ammunition, and stores, advanced 150 miles into a country containing an armed force of 150,000 men, and at last surrendered to the Viceroy, an experienced general, gravely and cautiously advancing at the head of all his chivalry and of an immense army to oppose him. You must excuse these details about Ireland, but it appears to me to be of all other subjects the most important. If we conciliate Ireland, we can do nothing amiss; if we do not, we can do nothing well. If Ireland was friendly, we might equally set at defiance the talents of Bonaparte and the blunders of his rival Mr. Canning; we could then support the ruinous and silly bustle of our useless expeditions, and the almost incredible ignorance of our commercial orders in council. Let the present administration give up but this one point, and there is nothing which I would not consent to grant them. Mr. Perceval shall have full liberty to insult the tomb of Mr. Fox, and to torment every eminent Dissenter in Great Britain; Lord Camden shall have large boxes of plums; Mr. Rose receive permission to prefix to his name the appellative of virtuous; and to the Viscount Castlereagh * a round sum of ready money shall be well and truly paid into his hand. Lastly, what remains to Mr. George Canning, but that he ride up and down Pall Mall glorious upon a white horse, and that they cry out before him, Thus shall it be done to the statesman who hath written "The Needy Knife-Grinder," and the German play? Adieu only for the present; you shall soon hear from me again; it is a subject upon which I cannot long be silent.

---

* This is a very unjust imputation on Lord Castlereagh.

LETTER VIII.

NOTHING can be more erroneous than to suppose that Ireland is not bigger than the Isle of Wight, or of more consequence than Guernsey or Jersey; and yet I am almost inclined to believe, from the general supineness which prevails here respecting the dangerous state of that country, that such is the rank which it holds in our statistical tables. I have been writing to you a great deal about Ireland, and perhaps it may be of some use to state to you concisely the nature and resources of the country which has been the subject of our long and strange correspondence. There were returned, as I have before observed, to the hearth tax, in 1791, 701,132* houses, which Mr. Newenham shows from unquestionable documents to be nearly 80,000 below the real number of houses in that country. There are 27,457 square English miles in Ireland†, and more than five millions of people.

By the last survey it appears that the inhabited houses in England and Wales amount to 1,574,902, and the population to 9,343,578, which gives an average of $5\frac{7}{8}$ to each house, in a country where the density of population is certainly less considerable than in Ireland. It is commonly supposed that two-fifths of the army and navy are Irishmen, at periods when political disaffection does not avert the Catholics from the service. The current value of Irish exports in 1807 was 9,314,854*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*; a state of commerce about equal to the commerce of England in the middle of the reign of George II. The tonnage of ships entered inward and cleared outward in the trade of Ireland, in 1807, amounted to 1,567,430 tons. The quantity of home spirits exported amounted

* The checks to population were very trifling from the rebellion. It lasted two months: of his Majesty's Irish forces there perished about 1600: of the rebels 11,000 were killed in the field, and 2000 hanged or exported: 400 loyal persons were assassinated.

† In England 49,450.

to 10,284 gallons in 1796, and to 930,800 gallons in 1804. Of the exports which I have stated, provisions amounted to four millions, and linen to about four millions and a half. There was exported from Ireland, upon an average of two years ending in January, 1804, 591,274 barrels of barley, oats, and wheat; and by weight 910,848 cwts. of flour, oatmeal, barley, oats, and wheat. The amount of butter exported in 1804, from Ireland, was worth, in money, 1,704,680*l.* sterling. The importation of ale and beer, from the immense manufactures now carrying on of these articles, was diminished to 3209 barrels, in the year 1804, from 111,920 barrels, which was the average importation per annum, taking from three years ending in 1792; and at present there is an export trade of porter. On an average of the three years, ending March, 1783, there were imported into Ireland, of cotton wool, 3326 cwts., of cotton yarn, 5405 lbs.; but on an average of three years, ending January, 1803, there were imported, of the first article, 13,159 cwts., and of the latter, 628,406 lbs. It is impossible to conceive any manufacture more flourishing. The export of linen has increased in Ireland from 17,776,862 yards, the average in 1770, to 43,534,971 yards, the amount in 1805. The tillage of Ireland has more than trebled within the last twenty-one years. The importation of coals has increased from 230,000 tons in 1783, to 417,030 in 1804; of tobacco, from 3,459,861 lbs. in 1783, to 6,611,543 in 1804; of tea, from 1,703,855 lbs. in 1783, to 3,358,256, in 1804; of sugar, from 143,117 cwts. in 1782, to 309,076, in 1804. Ireland now supports a funded debt of above 64 millions, and it is computed that more than three millions of money are annually remitted to Irish absentees resident in this country. In Mr. Foster's report, of 100 folio pages, presented to the House of Commons in the year 1806, the total expenditure of Ireland is stated at 9,760,013*l.* Ireland has increased about two thirds in its population within twenty-five years, and yet, and in about the same space of time, its exports of beef, bullocks, cows, pork, swine, butter, wheat, barley, and oats,

collectively taken, have doubled; and this, in spite of two years' famine, and the presence of an immense army, that is always at hand to guard the most valuable appanage of our empire from joining our most inveterate enemies. Ireland has the greatest possible facilities for carrying on commerce with the whole of Europe. It contains, within a circuit of 750 miles, 66 secure harbours, and presents a western frontier against Great Britain, reaching from the Firth of Clyde north to the Bristol Channel south, and varying in distance from 20 to 100 miles; so that the subjugation of Ireland would compel us to guard with ships and soldiers a new line of coast, certainly amounting, with all its sinuosities, to more than 700 miles — an addition of polemics, in our present state of hostility with all the world, which must highly gratify the vigorists, and give them an ample opportunity of displaying that foolish energy upon which their claims to distinction are founded. Such is the country which the Right Reverend the Chancellor of the Exchequer would drive into the arms of France, and for the conciliation of which we are requested to wait, as if it were one of those sinecure places which were given to Mr. Perceval snarling at the breast, and which cannot be abolished till his decease.

How sincerely and fervently have I often wished that the Emperor of the French had thought as Mr. Spencer Perceval does upon the subject of government; that he had entertained doubts and scruples upon the propriety of admitting the Protestants to an equality of rights with the Catholics, and that he had left in the middle of his empire these vigorous seeds of hatred and disaffection! But the world was never yet conquered by a blockhead. One of the very first measures we saw him recurring to was the complete establishment of religious liberty: if his subjects fought and paid as he pleased, he allowed them to believe as they pleased: the moment I saw this, my best hopes were lost. I perceived in a moment the kind of man we had to do with. I was well aware of the miserable ignorance and folly of this country upon the subject of toleration; and every year has been adding

to the success of that game which it was clear he had the will and the ability to play against us.

You say Bonaparte is not in earnest upon the subject of religion, and that this is the cause of his tolerant spirit; but is it possible you can intend to give us such dreadful and unamiable notions of religion? Are we to understand that the moment a man is sincere he is narrow-minded; that persecution is the child of belief; and that a desire to leave all men in the quiet and unpunished exercise of their own creed can only exist in the mind of an infidel? Thank God! I know many men whose principles are as firm as they are expanded, who cling tenaciously to their own modification of the Christian faith, without the slightest disposition to force that modification upon other people. If Bonaparte is liberal in subjects of religion because he has no religion, is this a reason why we should be illiberal because we are Christians? If he owes this excellent quality to a vice, is that any reason why we may not owe it to a virtue? Toleration is a great good, and a good to be imitated, let it come from whom it will. If a sceptic is tolerant, it only shows that he is not foolish in practice as well as erroneous in theory. If a religious man is tolerant, it evinces that he is religious from thought and inquiry, because he exhibits in his conduct one of the most beautiful and important consequences of a religious mind,—an inviolable charity to all the honest varieties of human opinion.

Lord Sidmouth, and all the anti-Catholic people, little foresee that they will hereafter be the sport of the antiquary; that their prophecies of ruin and destruction from Catholic emancipation will be clapped into the notes of some quaint history, and be matter of pleasantry even to the sedulous housewife and the rural dean. There is always a copious supply of Lord Sidmouths in the world; nor is there one single source of human happiness, against which they have not uttered the most lugubrious predictions. Turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, hops, tobacco, the Reformation, the Revolution—there are always a set of worthy and moderately-

gifted men, who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. I have often thought that it would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced, which are now admitted to be marked improvements in our condition. Such a history might make folly a little more modest, and suspicious of its own decisions.

Ireland, you say, since the Union is to be considered as a part of the whole kingdom; and therefore, however Catholics may predominate in that particular spot, yet, taking the whole empire together, they are to be considered as a much more insignificant quota of the population. Consider them in what light you please, as part of the whole, or by themselves, or in what manner may be most consentaneous to the devices of your holy mind —I say in a very few words, if you do not relieve these people from the civil incapacities to which they are exposed, you will lose them; or you must employ great strength and much treasure in watching over them. In the present state of the world, you can afford to do neither the one nor the other. Having stated this, I shall leave you to be ruined, Puffendorf in hand (as Mr. Secretary Canning says), and to lose Ireland, just as you have found out what proportion the aggrieved people should bear to the whole population, before their calamities meet with redress. As for your parallel cases, I am no more afraid of deciding upon them than I am upon their prototype. If ever any one heresy should so far spread itself over the principality of Wales that the Established Church were left in a minority of one to four; if you had subjected these heretics to very severe civil privations; if the consequence of such privations were a universal state of disaffection among that caseous and wrathful people; and if at the same time you were at war with all the world, how can you doubt for a moment that I would instantly restore them to a state of the most complete civil liberty? What matters it under what name you put the same case? Common

sense is not changed by appellations. I have said how I would act to Ireland, and I would act so to all the world.

I admit that, to a certain degree, the Government will lose the affections of the Orangemen by emancipating the Catholics; much less, however, at present, than three years past. The few men, who have ill-treated the whole crew, live in constant terror that the oppressed people will rise upon them and carry the ship into Brest: —they begin to find that it is a very tiresome thing to sleep every night with cocked pistols under their pillows, and to breakfast, dine, and sup with drawn hangers. They suspect that the privilege of beating and kicking the rest of the sailors is hardly worth all this anxiety, and that if the ship does ever fall into the hands of the disaffected, all the cruelties which they have experienced will be thoroughly remembered and amply repaid. To a short period of disaffection among the Orangemen, I confess I should not much object: my love of poetical justice does carry me as far as that; one summer's whipping, only one: the thumb-screw for a short season; a little light easy torturing between Lady-day and Michaelmas; a short specimen of Mr. Perceval's rigour. I have malice enough to ask this slight atonement for the groans and shrieks of the poor Catholics, unheard by any human tribunal, but registered by the Angel of God against their Protestant and enlightened oppressors.

Besides, if you who count ten so often can count five, you must perceive that it is better to have four friends and one enemy than four enemies and one friend; and the more violent the hatred of the Orangemen, the more certain the reconciliation of the Catholics. The disaffection of the Orangemen will be the Irish rainbow; when I see it, I shall be sure that the storm is over.

If those incapacities, from which the Catholics ask to be relieved, were to the mass of them only a mere feeling of pride, and if the question were respecting the attainment of privileges which could be of importance only to the highest of the sect, I should still say, that the pride of the mass was very naturally wounded by

the degradation of their superiors. Indignity to George Rose would be felt by the smallest nummary gentleman in the king's employ; and Mr. John Bannister could not be indifferent to any thing which happened to Mr. Canning. But the truth is, it is a most egregious mistake to suppose that the Catholics are contending merely for the fringes and feathers of their chiefs. I will give you a list, in my next Letter, of those privations which are represented to be of no consequence to any body but Lord Fingal, and some twenty or thirty of the principal persons of their sect. In the mean time, adieu, and be wise.

LETTER IX.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

No Catholic can be chief Governor or Governor of this Kingdom, Chancellor or Keeper of the Great Seal, Lord High Treasurer, Chief of any of the Courts of Justice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Puisne Judge, Judge in the Admiralty, Master of the Rolls, Secretary of State, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Vice-Treasurer or his Deputy, Teller or Cashier of Exchequer, Auditor or General, Governor or Custos Rotulorum of Counties, Chief Governor's Secretary, Privy Councillor, King's Counsel, Serjeant, Attorney, Solicitor-General, Master in Chancery, Provost or Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Postmaster-General, Master and Lieutenant-General of Ordnance, Commander-in-Chief, General on the Staff, Sheriff, Sub-Sheriff, Mayor, Bailiff, Recorder, Burgess, or any other officer in a City, or a Corporation. No Catholic can be guardian to a Protestant, and no priest guardian at all: no Catholic can be a gamekeeper, or have for sale, or otherwise, any arms or warlike stores: no Catholic can present to a living, unless he choose to turn Jew in order to obtain that privilege; the pecuniary qualification of Catholic jurors is made higher

than that of Protestants, and no relaxation of the ancient rigorous code is permitted, unless to those who shall take an oath prescribed by 13 & 14 Geo. III. Now if this is not picking the plums out of the pudding, and leaving the mere batter to the Catholics, I know not what is. If it were merely the Privy Council, it would be (I allow) nothing but a point of honour for which the mass of Catholics were contending, the honour of being chief-mourners or pall-bearers to the country; but surely no man will contend that every barrister may not speculate upon the possibility of being a puisne Judge; and that every shopkeeper must not feel himself injured by his exclusion from borough offices.

One of the greatest practical evils which the Catholics suffer in Ireland is their exclusion from the offices of Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff. Nobody who is unacquainted with Ireland can conceive the obstacles which this opposes to the fair administration of justice. The formation of juries is now entirely in the hands of the Protestants; the lives, liberties, and properties of the Catholics in the hands of the juries; and this is the arrangement for the administration of justice in a country where religious prejudices are inflamed to the greatest degree of animosity! In this country, if a man be a foreigner, if he sell slippers, and sealing wax, and artificial flowers, we are so tender of human life that we take care half the number of persons who are to decide upon his fate should be men of similar prejudices and feelings with himself: but a poor Catholic in Ireland may be tried by twelve Percevals, and destroyed according to the manner of that gentleman in the name of the Lord, and with all the insulting forms of justice. I do not go the length of saying that deliberate and wilful injustice is done. I have no doubt that the Orange Deputy Sheriff thinks it would be a most unpardonable breach of his duty if he did not summon a Protestant panel. I can easily believe that the Protestant panel may conduct themselves very conscientiously in hanging the gentlemen of the crucifix; but I blame the law which does not guard the Catholic against the probable tenor of those feelings which must

unconsciously influence the judgments of mankind. I detest that state of society which extends unequal degrees of protection to different creeds and persuasions; and I cannot describe to you the contempt I feel for a man who, calling himself a statesman, defends a system which fills the heart of every Irishman with treason, and makes his allegiance prudence, not choice.

I request to know if the vestry taxes in Ireland are a mere matter of romantic feeling, which can affect only the Earl of Fingal? In a parish where there are four thousand Catholics and fifty Protestants, the Protestants may meet together in a vestry meeting, at which no Catholic has the right to vote, and tax all the lands in the parish 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre, or in the pound, I forget which, for the repairs of the church—and how has the necessity of these repairs been ascertained? A Protestant plumber has discovered that it wants new leading; a Protestant carpenter is convinced the timbers are not sound, and the glazier who hates holy water (as an accoucheur hates celibacy because he gets nothing by it) is employed to put in new sashes.

The grand juries in Ireland are the great scene of jobbing. They have a power of making a county rate to a considerable extent for roads, bridges, and other objects of general accommodation. "You suffer the road to be brought through my park, and I will have the bridge constructed in a situation where it will make a beautiful object to your house. You do my job, and I will do yours." These are the sweet and interesting subjects which occasionally occupy Milesian gentlemen while they are attendant upon this grand inquest of justice. But there is a religion, it seems, even in jobs; and it will be highly gratifying to Mr. Perceval to learn that no man in Ireland who believes in seven sacraments can carry a public road, or bridge, one yard out of the direction most beneficial to the public, and that nobody can cheat that public who does not expound the Scriptures in the purest and most orthodox manner. This will give pleasure to Mr. Perceval: but, from his unfairness upon these topics, I appeal to the justice and the

proper feelings of Mr. Huskisson. I ask him if the human mind can experience a more dreadful sensation than to see its own jobs refused, and the jobs of another religion perpetually succeeding? I ask him his opinion of a jobless faith, of a creed which dooms a man through life to a lean and plunderless integrity. He knows that human nature cannot and will not bear it; and if we were to paint a political Tartarus, it would be an endless series of snug expectations, and cruel disappointments. These are a few of many dreadful inconveniences which the Catholics of all ranks suffer from the laws by which they are at present oppressed. Besides, look at human nature:—what is the history of all professions? Joel is to be brought up to the bar: has Mrs. Plymley the slightest doubt of his being Chancellor? Do not his two shrivelled aunts live in the certainty of seeing him in that situation, and of cutting out with their own hands his equity habiliments? And I could name a certain minister of the Gospel who does not, in the bottom of his heart, much differ from these opinions. Do you think that the fathers and mothers of the holy Catholic Church are not as absurd as Protestant papas and mammas? The probability I admit to be, in each particular case, that the sweet little blockhead will in fact never get a brief;—but I will venture to say, there is not a parent from the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay who does not conceive that his child is the unfortunate victim of the exclusion, and that nothing short of positive law could prevent his own dear pre-eminent Paddy from rising to the highest honours of the State. So with the army, and parliament; in fact, few are excluded; but, in imagination, all: you keep twenty or thirty Catholics out, and you lose the affections of four millions; and, let me tell you, that recent circumstances have by no means tended to diminish in the minds of men that hope of elevation beyond their own rank which is so congenial to our nature: from pleading for John Roe to taxing John Bull, from jesting for Mr. Pitt and writing in the Anti-Jacobin, to managing the affairs of Europe—these are leaps which seem to justify the fondest dreams of mothers and of aunts.

I do not say that the disabilities to which the Catholics are exposed amount to such intolerable grievances, that the strength and industry of a nation are overwhelmed by them: the increasing prosperity of Ireland fully demonstrates to the contrary. But I repeat again, what I have often stated in the course of our correspondence, that your laws against the Catholics are exactly in that state in which you have neither the benefits of rigour nor of liberality: every law which prevented the Catholic from gaining strength and wealth is repealed; every law which can irritate remains; if you were determined to insult the Catholics, you should have kept them weak; if you resolved to give them strength, you should have ceased to insult them:—at present your conduct is pure unadulterated folly.

Lord Hawkesbury says, We heard nothing about the Catholics till we began to mitigate the laws against them; when we relieved them in part from this oppression they began to be disaffected. This is very true; but it proves just what I have said, that you have either done too much, or too little; and as there lives not, I hope, upon earth, so depraved a courtier that he would load the Catholics with their ancient chains, what absurdity it is then not to render their dispositions friendly, when you leave their arms and legs free!

You know, and many Englishmen know, what passes in China; but nobody knows or cares what passes in Ireland. At the beginning of the present reign, no Catholic could realise property, or carry on any business; they were absolutely annihilated, and had no more agency in the country than so many trees. They were like Lord Mulgrave's eloquence and Lord Camden's wit; the legislative bodies did not know of their existence. For these twenty-five years last past, the Catholics have been engaged in commerce; within that period the commerce of Ireland has doubled:—there are four Catholics at work for one Protestant, and eight Catholics at work for one Episcopalian; of course, the proportion which Catholic wealth bears to Protestant wealth is every year altering rapidly in favour of the Catholics. I have

already told you what their purchases of land were the last year: since that period, I have been at some pains to find out the actual state of the Catholic wealth: it is impossible, upon such a subject, to arrive at complete accuracy; but I have good reason to believe that there are at present 2000 Catholics in Ireland, possessing an income from 500*l.* upwards, many of these with incomes of one, two, three and four thousand, and some amounting to fifteen and twenty thousand per annum:—and this is the kingdom, and these the people, for whose conciliation we are to wait Heaven knows when, and Lord Hawkesbury why! As for me, I never think of the situation of Ireland without feeling the same necessity for immediate interference as I should do if I saw blood flowing from a great artery. I rush towards it with the instinctive rapidity of a man desirous of preventing death, and have no other feeling but that in a few seconds the patient may be no more.

I could not help smiling, in the times of No Popery, to witness the loyal indignation of many persons at the attempt made by the last ministry to do something for the relief of Ireland. The general cry in the country was, that they would not see their beloved Monarch used ill in his old age, and that they would stand by him to the last drop of their blood. I respect good feelings, however erroneous be the occasions on which they display themselves; and therefore I saw in all this as much to admire as to blame. It was a species of affection, however, which reminded me very forcibly of the attachment displayed by the servants of the Russian ambassador, at the beginning of the last century. His Excellency happened to fall down in a kind of apoplectic fit, when he was paying a morning visit in the house of an acquaintance. The confusion was of course very great, and messengers were despatched, in every direction, to find a surgeon; who, upon his arrival, declared that his Excellency must be immediately blooded, and prepared himself forthwith to perform the operation: the barbarous servants of the embassy, who were there in great numbers, no sooner saw the surgeon prepared

to wound the arm of their master with a sharp shining instrument, than they drew their swords, put themselves in an attitude of defence, and swore in pure Sclavonic, "that they would murder any man who attempted to do him the slightest injury: he had been a very good master to them, and they would not desert him in his misfortunes, or suffer his blood to be shed while he was off his guard, and incapable of defending himself." By good fortune, the secretary arrived about this period of the dispute, and his Excellency, relieved from superfluous blood and perilous affection, was, after much difficulty restored to life.

There is an argument brought forward with some appearance of plausibility in the House of Commons, which certainly merits an answer: You know that the Catholics now vote for members of parliament in Ireland, and that they outnumber the Protestants in a very great proportion; if you allow Catholics to sit in parliament, religion will be found to influence votes more than property, and the greater part of the 100 Irish members who are returned to parliament will be Catholics. — Add to these the Catholic members who are returned in England, and you will have a phalanx of heretical strength which every minister will be compelled to respect, and occasionally to conciliate by concessions incompatible with the interests of the Protestant Church. The fact is, however, that you are at this moment subjected to every danger of this kind which you can possibly apprehend hereafter. If the spiritual interests of the voters are more powerful than their temporal interests, they can bind down their representatives to support any measures favourable to the Catholic religion, and they can change the objects of their choice till they have found Protestant members (as they easily may do) perfectly obedient to their wishes. If the superior possessions of the Protestants prevent the Catholics from uniting for a common political object, then the danger you fear cannot exist: if zeal, on the contrary, gets the better of acres, then the danger at present exists, from the right of voting already given to the Catholics, and it will not

be increased by allowing them to sit in parliament. There are, as nearly as I can recollect, thirty seats in Ireland for cities and counties, where the Protestants are the most numerous, and where the members returned must of course be Protestants. In the other seventy representations, the wealth of the Protestants is opposed to the number of the Catholics; and if all the seventy members returned were of the Catholic persuasion, they must still plot the destruction of our religion in the midst of 588 Protestants. Such terrors would disgrace a cook-maid, or a toothless aunt—when they fall from the lips of bearded and senatorial men, they are nauseous, antiperistaltic, and emetical.

How can you for a moment doubt of the rapid effects which would be produced by the emancipation?—In the first place, to my certain knowledge, the Catholics have long since expressed to his Majesty's Ministers their perfect readiness *to vest in his Majesty, either with the consent of the Pope, or without it if it cannot be obtained, the nomination of the Catholic prelacy.* The Catholic prelacy in Ireland consists of twenty-six bishops and the warden of Galway, a dignitary enjoying Catholic jurisdiction. The number of Roman Catholic priests in Ireland exceeds one thousand. The expenses of his peculiar worship are, to a substantial farmer or mechanic, five shillings per annum; to a labourer (where he is not entirely excused) one shilling per annum: this includes the contribution of the whole family, and for this the priest is bound to attend them when sick, and to confess them when they apply to him: he is also to keep his chapel in order, to celebrate divine service, and to preach on Sundays and holydays. In the northern district a priest gains from 30*l.* to 50*l.*; in the other parts of Ireland from 60*l.* to 90*l.* per ann. The best paid Catholic bishops receive about 400*l.* per ann.; the others from 300*l.* to 350*l.* My plan is very simple; I would have 300 Catholic parishes at 100*l.* per ann., 300 at 200*l.* per ann., and 400 at 300*l.* per ann.: this, for the whole thousand, parishes, would amount to 190,000*l.* To the prelacy I would allot 20,000*l.* in unequal proportions, from 1000*l.* to

500*l.*; and I would appropriate 40,000*l.* more for the support of Catholic schools, and the repairs of Catholic churches; the whole amount of which sum is 250,000*l.*, about the expense of three days of one of our genuine, good, English, *just and necessary wars.* The clergy should all receive their salaries at the Bank of Ireland, and I would place the whole patronage in the hands of the Crown. Now, I appeal to any human being, except Spencer Perceval, Esq., of the parish of Hampstead, what the disaffection of a clergy would amount to, gaping after this graduated bounty of the Crown, and whether Ignatius Loyola himself, if he were a living blockhead instead of a dead saint, could withstand the temptation of bouncing from 100*l.* a year at Sligo, to 300*l.* in Tipperary? This is the miserable sum of money for which the merchants, and landowners, and nobility of England are exposing themselves to the tremendous peril of losing Ireland. The sinecure places of the Roses and the Percevals, and the "dear and near relations," put up to auction at thirty years' purchase, would almost amount to the money.

I admit that nothing can be more reasonable than to expect that a Catholic priest should starve to death, genteelly and pleasantly, for the good of the Protestant religion; but is it equally reasonable to expect that he should do so for the Protestant pews, and Protestant brick and mortar? On an Irish Sabbath, the bell of a neat parish church often summons to church only the parson and an occasionally conforming clerk; while, two hundred yards off, a thousand Catholics are huddled together in a miserable hovel, and pelted by all the storms of heaven. Can any thing be more distressing than to see a venerable man pouring forth sublime truths in tattered breeches, and depending for his food upon the little offal he gets from his parishioners? I venerate a human being who starves for his principles, let them be what they may; but starving for any thing is not at all to the taste of the honourable flagellants: strict principles, and good pay, is the motto of Mr. Perceval: the

one he keeps in great measure for the faults of his enemies, the other for himself.

There are parishes in Connaught in which a Protestant was never settled, nor even seen: in that province, in Munster, and in parts of Leinster, the entire peasantry for sixty miles are Catholics; in these tracts the churches are frequently shut for want of a congregation, or opened to an assemblage of from six to twenty persons. Of what Protestants there are in Ireland, the greatest part are gathered together in Ulster, or they live in towns. In the country of the other three provinces the Catholics see no other religion but their own, and are at the least as fifteen to one Protestant. In the diocese of Tuam they are sixty to one; in the parish of St. Mullins, diocese of Leghlin, there are four thousand Catholics and *one Protestant;* in the town of Grasgenamana, in the county of Kilkenny, there are between four and five hundred Catholic houses, and three Protestant houses. In the parish of Allen, county Kildare, there is no Protestant, though it is very populous. In the parish of Arlesin, Queen's County, the proportion is one hundred to one. In the whole county of Kilkenny, by actual enumeration, it is seventeen to one: in the diocese of Kilmacduagh, province of Connaught, fifty-two to one, by ditto. These I give you as a few specimens of the present state of Ireland;—and yet there are men impudent and ignorant enough to contend that such evils require no remedy, and that mild family man who dwelleth in Hampstead can find none but the cautery and the knife,

> ——— omne per ignem
> Excoquitur vitium.

I cannot describe the horror and disgust which I felt at hearing Mr. Perceval call upon the then ministry for measures of vigour in Ireland. If I lived at Hampstead upon stewed meats and claret; if I walked to church every Sunday before eleven young gentlemen of my own begetting, with their faces washed, and their hair pleasingly combed: if the Almighty had blessed me with

every earthly comfort, — how awfully would I pause before I sent forth the flame and the sword over the cabins of the poor, brave, generous, open-hearted peasants of Ireland! How easy it is to shed human blood — how easy it is to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do so — and that the decision has cost us a severe struggle — how much in all ages have wounds and shrieks and tears been the cheap and vulgar resources of the rulers of mankind — how difficult and how noble it is to govern in kindness and to found an empire upon the everlasting basis of justice and affection! — But what do men call vigour? To let loose hussars and to bring up artillery, to govern with lighted matches, and to cut, and push, and prime — I call this, not vigour, but the *sloth of cruelty and ignorance.* The vigour I love consists in finding out wherein subjects are aggrieved, in relieving them, in studying the temper and genius of a people, in consulting their prejudices, in selecting proper persons to lead and manage them, in the laborious, watchful, and difficult task of increasing public happiness by allaying each particular discontent. In this way Hoche pacified La Vendée — and in this way only will Ireland ever be subdued. But this, in the eyes of Mr. Perceval, is imbecility and meanness: houses are not broken open — women are not insulted — the people seem all to be happy; they are not rode over by horses, and cut by whips. Do you call this vigour? — Is this government?

LETTER X. AND LAST.

You must observe that all I have said of the effects which will be produced by giving salaries to the Catholic Clergy, only proceeds upon the supposition that the emancipation of the laity is effected: — without that, I am sure there is not a clergyman in Ireland who would receive a shilling from government; he could not do so,

without an entire loss of credit among the members of his own persuasion.

What you say of the moderation of the Irish Protestant Clergy in collecting tithes, is, I believe, strictly true. Instead of collecting what the law enables them to collect, I believe they seldom or ever collect more than two thirds; and I entirely agree with you, that the abolition of agistment tithe in Ireland by a vote of the Irish House of Commons, and without any remuneration to the Church, was a most scandalous and jacobinical measure. I do not blame the Irish Clergy; but I submit to your common sense, if it be possible to explain to an Irish peasant upon what principle of justice, or common sense, he is to pay every tenth potato in his little garden to a clergyman in whose religion nobody believes for twenty miles around him, and who has nothing to preach to but bare walls. It is true, if the tithes are bought up, the cottager must pay more rent to his landlord; but the same thing done in the shape of rent, is less odious than when it is done in the shape of tithe. I do not want to take a shilling out of the pockets of the clergy, but to leave the substance of things, and to change their names. I cannot see the slightest reason why the Irish labourer is to be relieved from the real onus, or from anything else but the name of tithe. At present he rents only nine tenths of the produce of the land; which is all that belongs to the owner; this he has at the market price; if the landowner purchase the other tenth of the Church, of course he has a right to make a correspondent advance upon his tenant.

I very much doubt, if you were to lay open all civil offices to the Catholics, and to grant salaries to their clergy, in the manner I have stated, if the Catholic laity would give themselves much trouble about the advance of their Church; for they would pay the same tithes under one system that they do under another. If you were to bring the Catholics into the daylight of the world, to the high situations of the army, the navy, and the bar, numbers of them would come over to the Established Church, and do as other people do; instead of

that, you set a mark of infamy upon them, rouse every passion of our nature in favour of their creed, and then wonder that men are blind to the follies of the Catholic religion. There are hardly any instances of old and rich families among the Protestant Dissenters: when a man keeps a coach, and lives in good company, he comes to church, and gets ashamed of the meeting-house; if this is not the case with the father, it is almost always the case with the son. These things would never be so, if the Dissenters were in *practice* as much excluded from all the concerns of civil life, as the Catholics are. If a rich young Catholic were in parliament, he would belong to White's and to Brookes's, would keep race-horses, would walk up and down Pall Mall, be exonerated of his ready money and his constitution, become as totally devoid of morality, honesty, knowledge, and civility as Protestant loungers in Pall Mall, and return home with a supreme contempt for Father O'Leary and Father O'Callaghan. I am astonished at the madness of the Catholic clergy, in not perceiving that Catholic emancipation is Catholic infidelity; that to entangle their people in the intrigues of a Protestant parliament, and a Protestant court, is to insure the loss of every man of fashion and consequence in their community. The true receipt for preserving their religion, is Mr. Perceval's receipt for destroying it: it is to deprive every rich Catholic of all the objects of secular ambition, to separate him from the Protestant, and to shut him up in his castle with priests and relics.

We are told, in answer to all our arguments, that this is not a fit period,—that a period of universal war is not the proper time for dangerous innovations in the constitution: this is as much as to say, that the worst time for making friends is the period when you have made many enemies; that it is the greatest of all errors to stop when you are breathless, and to lie down when you are fatigued. Of one thing I am quite certain: if the safety of Europe is once completely restored, the Catholics may for ever bid adieu to the slightest probability of effecting their object. Such men as hang about a

court not only are deaf to the suggestions of mere justice, but they despise justice; they detest the word *right;* the only word which rouses them is *peril;* where they can oppress with impunity, they oppress for ever, and call it loyalty and wisdom.

I am so far from conceiving the legitimate strength of the Crown would be diminished by those abolitions of civil incapacities in consequence of religious opinions, that my only objection to the increase of religious freedom is, that it would operate as a diminution of political freedom: the power of the Crown is so overbearing at this period, that almost the only steady opposers of its fatal influence are men disgusted by religious intolerance. Our establishments are so enormous, and so utterly disproportioned to our population, that every second or third man you meet in society gains something from the public; my brother the commissioner,—my nephew the police justice,—purveyor of small beer to the army in Ireland,—clerk of the mouth,—yeoman to the left hand,—these are the obstacles which common sense and justice have now to overcome. Add to this, that the King, old and infirm, excites a principle of very amiable generosity in his favour; that he has led a good, moral, and religious life, equally removed from profligacy and methodistical hypocrisy; that he has been a good husband, a good father, and a good master; that he dresses plain, loves hunting and farming, hates the French, and is, in all his opinions and habits, quite English:—these feelings are heightened by the present situation of the world, and the yet unexploded clamour of Jacobinism. In short, from the various sources of interest, personal regard, and national taste, such a tempest of loyalty has set in upon the people that the 47th proposition in Euclid might now be voted down with as much ease as any proposition in politics; and therefore if Lord Hawkesbury hates the abstract truths of science as much as he hates concrete truth in human affairs, now is his time for getting rid of the multiplication table, and passing a vote of censure upon the pretensions of the *hypotheneuse.* Such is the history of

English parties at this moment: you cannot seriously suppose that the people care for such men as Lord Hawkesbury, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Perceval, on their own account; you cannot really believe them to be so degraded as to look to their safety from a man who proposes to subdue Europe by keeping it without Jesuit's Bark. The people, at present, have one passion, and but one—

A Jove principium, Jovis omnia plena.

They care no more for the ministers I have mentioned, than they do for those sturdy royalists who for 60*l.* per annum stand behind his Majesty's carriage, arrayed in scarlet and in gold. If the present ministers opposed the Court instead of flattering it, they would not command twenty votes.

Do not imagine by these observations that I am not loyal: without joining in the common cant of the best of kings, I respect the King most sincerely as a good man. His religion is better than the religion of Mr. Perceval, his old morality very superior to the old morality of Mr. Canning, and I am quite certain he has a safer understanding than both of them put together. Loyalty within the bounds of reason and moderation, is one of the great instruments of English happiness; but the love of the King may easily become more strong than the love of the kingdom, and we may lose sight of the public welfare in our exaggerated admiration of him who is appointed to reign only for its promotion and support. I detest Jacobinism; and if I am doomed to be a slave at all, I would rather be the slave of a king than a cobbler. God save the King, you say, warms your heart like the sound of a trumpet. I cannot make use of so violent a metaphor; but I am delighted to hear it, when it is the cry of genuine affection; I am delighted to hear it, when they hail not only the individual man, but the outward and living sign of all English blessings. These are noble feelings, and the heart of every good man must go with them; but God save the King, in these times, too often means God save my pen-

sion and my place, God give my sisters an allowance out of the privy purse, — make me clerk of the irons, let me survey the meltings, let me live upon the fruits of other men's industry, and fatten upon the plunder of the public.

What is it possible to say to such a man as the Gentleman of Hampstead, who really believes it feasible to convert the four million Irish Catholics to the Protestant religion, and considers this as the best remedy for the disturbed state of Ireland? It is not possible to answer such a man with arguments; we must come out against him with beads, and a cowl, and push him into an hermitage. It is really such trash, that it is an abuse of the privilege of reasoning to reply to it. Such a project is well worthy the statesman who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits: but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is entrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a masterpiece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor oil they might, for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? "There's the rub." Depend upon it, the absence of the materia medica will soon bring them to

their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

You ask me for any precedent in our history where the oath of supremacy has been dispensed with. It was dispensed with to the Catholics of Canada in 1774. They are only required to take a simple oath of allegiance. The same, I believe, was the case in Corsica. The reason of such exemption was obvious; you could not possibly have retained either of these countries without it. And what did it signify, whether you retained them or not? In cases where you might have been foolish without peril, you were wise; when nonsense and bigotry threaten you with destruction, it is impossible to bring you back to the alphabet of justice and common sense. If men are to be fools, I would rather they were fools in little matters than in great; dulness turned up with temerity, is a livery all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is the magnanimity of a dunce.

It is not by any means necessary, as you contend, to repeal the Test Act if you give relief to the Catholic: what the Catholics ask for is to be put on a footing with the Protestant Dissenters, which would be done by repealing that part of the law which compels them to take the oath of supremacy and to make the declaration against transubstantiation: they would then come into parliament as all other Dissenters are allowed to do, and the penal laws to which they were exposed for taking office would be suspended every year, as they have been for this half century past towards Protestant Dissenters. Perhaps, after all, this is the best method, — to continue the persecuting law, and to suspend it every year, — a method which, while it effectually destroys the persecution itself, leaves to the great mass of mankind the exquisite gratification of supposing that they are enjoying some advantage from which a particular class of their fellow creatures are excluded. We manage the Corporation and Test Acts at present much in the same manner as if we were to persuade parish boys who had been in the habit of beating an ass to spare the animal, and

beat the skin of an ass stuffed with straw; this would preserve the semblance of tormenting without the reality, and keep boy and beast in good humour.

How can you imagine that a provision for the Catholic clergy affects the 5th article of the Union? Surely I am preserving the Protestant Church in Ireland, if I put it in a better condition than that in which it now is. A tithe proctor in Ireland collects his tithes with a blunderbuss, and carries his tenth hay-cock by storm, sword in hand: to give him equal value in a more pacific shape cannot, I should imagine, be considered as injurious to the Church of Ireland; and what right has that Church to complain, if parliament chooses to fix upon the empire the burthen of supporting a double ecclesiastical establishment? Are the revenues of the Irish Protestant clergy in the slightest degree injured by such provision? On the contrary, is it possible to confer a more serious benefit upon that Church, than by quieting and contenting those who are at work for its destruction?

It is impossible to think of the affairs of Ireland without being forcibly struck with the parallel of Hungary. Of her seven millions of inhabitants, one half were Protestants, Calvinists, and Lutherans, many of the Greek Church, and many Jews: such was the state of their religious dissensions, that Mahomet had often been called in to the aid of Calvin, and the crescent often glittered on the walls of Buda and of Presburg. At last, in 1791, during the most violent crisis of disturbance, a diet was called, and by a great majority of voices a decree was passed, which secured to all the contending sects the fullest and freest exercise of religious worship and education; ordained (let it be heard in Hampstead) that churches and chapels should be erected for all on the most perfectly equal terms; that the Protestants of both confessions should depend upon their spiritual superiors alone; liberated them from swearing by the usual oath, "the holy Virgin Mary, the saints, and chosen of God;" and then the decree adds, "that *public offices and honours, high or low, great or small,*

shall be given to natural-born Hungarians who deserve well of their country, and possess the other qualifications, let their religion be what it may." Such was the line of policy pursued in a diet consisting of four hundred members, in a state whose form of government approaches nearer to our own than any other, having a Roman Catholic establishment of great wealth and power, and under the influence of one of the most bigoted Catholic Courts in Europe. This measure has now the experience of eighteen years in its favour; it has undergone a trial of fourteen years of revolution such as the world never witnessed, and more than equal to a century less convulsed: What have been its effects? When the French advanced like a torrent within a few days' march of Vienna, the Hungarians rose in a mass; they formed what they called the sacred insurrection, to defend their sovereign, their rights and liberties, now common to all; and the apprehension of their approach dictated to the reluctant Bonaparte the immediate signature of the treaty of *Leoben*. The Romish hierarchy of Hungary exists in all its former splendour and opulence; never has the slightest attempt been made to diminish it; and those revolutionary principles, to which so large a portion of civilised Europe has been sacrificed, have here failed in making the smallest successful inroad.

The whole history of this proceeding of the Hungarian Diet is so extraordinary, and such an admirable comment upon the Protestantism of Mr. Spencer Perceval, that I must compel you to read a few short extracts from the law itself:—"The Protestants of both confessions shall, in religious matters, depend upon their own spiritual superiors alone. The Protestants may likewise retain their trivial and grammar schools. The Church dues which the Protestants have hitherto paid to the Catholic parish priests, schoolmasters, or other such officers, either in money, productions, or labour shall in future entirely cease, and after three months from the publishing of this law, be no more any where demanded. In the building or repairing of churches, parsonage-houses, and schools, the Protestants are not

obliged to assist the Catholics with labour, nor the Catholics the Protestants. The pious foundations and donations of the Protestants which already exist, or which in future may be made for their churches, ministers, schools and students, hospitals, orphan-houses and poor, cannot be taken from them under any pretext, nor yet the care of them; but rather the unimpeded administration shall be entrusted to those from among them to whom it legally belongs, and those foundations which may have been taken from them under the last government, shall be returned to them without delay. All affairs of marriage of the Protestants are left to their own consistories; all landlords and masters of families, under the penalty of public persecution, are ordered not to prevent their subjects and servants, whether they be Catholic or Protestant, from the observance of the festivals and ceremonies of their religion," &c. &c. &c.—By what strange chances are mankind influenced! A little Catholic barrister of Vienna might have raised the cry of *No Protestantism*, and Hungary would have panted for the arrival of a French army as much as Ireland does at this moment; arms would have been searched for; Lutheran and Calvinist houses entered in the dead of the night; and the strength of Austria exhausted in guarding a country from which under the present liberal system, she may expect, in a moment of danger, the most powerful aid: and let it be remembered, that this memorable example of political wisdom took place at a period when many great monarchies were yet unconquered in Europe; in a country where the two religious parties were equal in number; and where it is impossible to suppose indifference in the party which relinquished its exclusive privileges. Under all these circumstances, the measure was carried in the Hungarian Diet by a majority of 280 to 120. In a few weeks, we shall see every concession denied to the Catholics by a much larger majority of Protestants, at a moment when every other power is subjugated but ourselves, and in a country where the oppressed are four times as numerous as their oppressors. So much for the

wisdom of our ancestors—so much for the nineteenth century—so much for the superiority of the English over all the nations of the Continent.

Are you not sensible, let me ask you, of the absurdity of trusting the lowest Catholics with offices correspondent to their situation in life, and of denying such privilege to the higher? A Catholic may serve in the militia, but a Catholic cannot come into Parliament; in the latter case you suspect combination, and in the former case you suspect no combination; you deliberately arm ten or twenty thousand of the lowest of the Catholic people; —and the moment you come to a class of men whose education, honour, and talents, seem to render all mischief less probable, then you see the danger of employing a Catholic, and cling to your investigating tests and disabling laws. If you tell me you have enough of members of Parliament, and not enough of militia, without the Catholics, I beg leave to remind you, that, by employing the physical force of any sect, at the same time when you leave them in a state of utter disaffection, you are not adding strength to your armies, but weakness and ruin.—If you want the vigour of their common people, you must not disgrace their nobility, and insult their priesthood.

I thought that the terror of the Pope had been confined to the limits of the nursery, and merely employed as a means to induce young master to enter into his small-clothes with greater speed, and to eat his breakfast with greater attention to decorum. For these purposes, the name of the Pope is admirable; but why push it beyond? Why not leave to Lord Hawkesbury all further enumeration of the Pope's powers? For a whole century, you have been exposed to the enmity of France, and your succession was disputed in two rebellions; what could the Pope do at the period when there was a serious struggle, whether England should be Protestant or Catholic, and when the issue was completely doubtful? Could the Pope induce the Irish to rise in 1715? Could he induce them to rise in 1745? You had no Catholic enemy when half this island was in arms; and

what did the Pope attempt in the last rebellion in Ireland? But if he had as much power over the minds of the Irish as Mr. Wilberforce has over the mind of a young Methodist converted the preceding quarter, is this a reason why we are to disgust men, who may be acted upon in such a manner by a foreign power? or is it not an additional reason why we should raise up every barrier of affection and kindness against the mischief of foreign influence? But the true answer is, the mischief does not exist. Gog and Magog have produced as much influence upon human affairs as the Pope has done for this half century past; and by spoiling him of his possessions, and degrading him in the eyes of all Europe, Bonaparte has not taken quite the proper method of increasing his influence.

But why not a Catholic king, as well as a Catholic member of Parliament, or of the Cabinet?—Because it is probable that the one would be mischievous, and the other not. A Catholic king might struggle against the Protestantism of the country, and if the struggle were not successful, it would at least be dangerous; but the efforts of any other Catholic would be quite insignificant, and his hope of success so small, that it is quite improbable the effort would ever be made: my argument is, that in so Protestant a country as Great Britain, the character of her parliaments and her cabinet could not be changed by the few Catholics who would ever find their way to the one or the other. But the power of the Crown is immeasurably greater than the power which the Catholics could obtain from any other species of authority in the state; and it does not follow, because the lesser degree of power is innocent, that the greater should be so too. As for the stress you lay upon the danger of a Catholic chancellor, I have not the least hesitation in saying, that his appointment would not do a ten thousandth part of the mischief to the English Church that might be done by a Methodistical chancellor of the true Clapham breed; and I request to know, if it is really so very necessary that a chancellor should be of the religion of the Church of England, how

many chancellors you have had within the last century who have been bred up in the Presbyterian religion?—And again, how many you have had who notoriously have been without any religion at all?

Why are you to suppose that eligibility and election are the same thing, and that all the cabinet *will* be Catholics whenever all the cabinet *may* be Catholics? You have a right, you say, to suppose an extreme case, and to argue upon it—so have I: and I will suppose that the hundred Irish members will one day come down in a body, and pass a law compelling the King to reside in Dublin. I will suppose that the Scotch members, by a similar stratagem, will lay England under a large contribution of meal and sulphur: no measure is without objection, if you sweep the whole horizon for danger; it is not sufficient to tell me of what may happen, but you must show me a rational probability that it will happen: after all, I might, contrary to my real opinion, admit all your dangers to exist; it is enough for me to contend, that all other dangers taken together are not equal to the danger of losing Ireland from disaffection and invasion.

I am astonished to see you, and many good and well-meaning clergymen beside you, painting the Catholics in such detestable colours; two thirds, at least, of Europe are Catholics,—they are Christians, though mistaken Christians; how can I possibly admit that any sect of Christians, and above all, that the oldest and the most numerous sect of Christians, are incapable of fulfilling the common duties and relations of life: though I do differ from them in many particulars, God forbid I should give such a handle to infidelity, and subscribe to such blasphemy against our common religion!

Do you think mankind never change their opinions without formally expressing and confessing that change? When you quote the decisions of ancient Catholic councils, are you prepared to defend all the decrees of English convocations and universities since the reign of Queen Elizabeth? I could soon make you sick of your uncandid industry against the Catholics, and bring you to allow

that it is better to forget times past, and to judge and be judged by present opinions and present practice.

I must beg to be excused from explaining and refuting all the mistakes about the Catholics made by my Lord Redesdale; and I must do that nobleman the justice to say, that he has been treated with great disrespect. Could any thing be more indecent than to make it a morning lounge in Dublin to call upon his Lordship, and to cram him with Arabian-night stories about the Catholics? Is this proper behaviour to the representative of Majesty, the child of Themis, and the keeper of the conscience in West Britain? Whoever reads the Letters of the Catholic Bishops, in the Appendix to Sir John Hippesly's very sensible book, will see to what an excess this practice must have been carried with the pleasing and Protestant nobleman whose name I have mentioned, and from thence I wish you to receive your answer about excommunication, and all the trash which is talked against the Catholics.

A sort of notion has, by some means or another, crept into the world, that difference of religion would render men unfit to perform together the offices of common and civil life: that Brother Wood and Brother Grose could not travel together the same circuit if they differed in creed, nor Cockell and Mingay be engaged in the same cause if Cockell was a Catholic and Mingay a Muggletonian. It is supposed that Huskisson and Sir Harry Englefield would squabble behind the Speaker's chair about the Council of Lateran, and many a turnpike bill miscarry by the sarcastical controversies of Mr. Hawkins Brown and Sir John Throckmorton upon the real presence. I wish I could see some of these symptoms of earnestness upon the subject of religion; but it really seems to me that, in the present state of society, men no more think about inquiring concerning each other's faith than they do concerning the colour of each other's skins. There may have been times in England when the quarter sessions would have been disturbed by theological polemics: but now, after a Catholic justice had once been seen on the bench, and it had been clearly

ascertained that he spoke English, had no tail, only a single row of teeth, and that he loved port wine,—after all the scandalous and infamous reports of his physical conformation had been clearly proved to be false,—he would be reckoned a jolly fellow, and very superior in flavour to a sly Presbyterian. Nothing, in fact, can be more uncandid and unphilosophical* than to say that a man has a tail, because you cannot agree with him upon religious subjects; it appears to be ludicrous: but I am convinced it has done infinite mischief to the Catholics, and made a very serious impression upon the minds of many gentlemen of large landed property.

In talking of the impossibility of Catholic and Protestant living together with equal privilege under the same government, do you forget the Cantons of Switzerland? You might have seen there a Protestant congregation going into a church which had just been quitted by a Catholic congregation; and I will venture to say that the Swiss Catholics were more bigoted to their religion than any people in the whole world. Did the kings of Prussia ever refuse to employ a Catholic? Would Frederick the Great have rejected an able man on this account? We have seen Prince Czartorinski, a Catholic secretary of state in Russia; in former times, a Greek patriarch and an apostolic vicar acted together in the most perfect harmony in Venice; and we have seen the Emperor of Germany in modern times entrusting the care of his person and the command of his guard to a Protestant Prince, Ferdinand of Wirtemberg. But what are all these things to Mr. Perceval? He has looked at human nature from the top of Hampstead Hill, and has not a thought beyond the little sphere of his own vision. "The snail," say the Hindoos, "sees nothing but his own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe."

I now take a final leave of this subject of Ireland; the only difficulty in discussing it is a want of resistance, a want of something difficult to unravel, and something

* *Vide* Lord Bacon, Locke, and Descartes.

dark to illumine. To agitate such a question is to beat the air with a club, and cut down gnats with a scimitar; it is a prostitution of industry, and a waste of strength. If a man say, I have a good place, and I do not choose to lose it, this mode of arguing upon the Catholic question I can well understand; but that any human being with an understanding two degrees elevated above that of an Anabaptist preacher, should conscientiously contend for the expediency and propriety of leaving the Irish Catholics in their present state, and of subjecting us to such tremendous peril in the present condition of the world, it is utterly out of my power to conceive. Such a measure as the Catholic question is entirely beyond the common game of politics; it is a measure in which all parties ought to acquiesce, in order to preserve the place where and the stake for which they play. If Ireland is gone, where are jobs? where are reversions? where is my brother, Lord Arden? where are my dear and near relations? The game is up, and the Speaker of the House of Commons will be sent as a present to the menagerie at Paris. We talk of waiting from particular considerations, as if centuries of joy and prosperity were before us: in the next ten years our fate must be decided; we shall know, long before that period, whether we can bear up against the miseries by which we are threatened, or not: and yet, in the very midst of our crisis, we are enjoined to abstain from the most certain means of increasing our strength, and advised to wait for the remedy till the disease is removed by death or health. And now, instead of the plain and manly policy of increasing unanimity at home, by equalising rights and privileges, what is the ignorant, arrogant, and wicked system which has been pursued? Such a career of madness and of folly was, I believe, never run in so short a period. The vigour of the ministry is like the vigour of a grave-digger,—the tomb becomes more ready and more wide for every effort which they make. There is nothing which it is worth while either to take or to retain, and a constant train of ruinous expeditions have been kept up. Every Englishman felt proud of the in-

tegrity of his country; the character of the country is lost for ever. It is of the utmost consequence to a commercial people at war with the greatest part of Europe, that there should be a free entry of neutrals into the enemy's ports; the neutrals who carried our manufactures we have not only excluded, but we have compelled them to declare war against us. It was our interest to make a good peace, or convince our own people that it could not be obtained; we have not made a peace, and we have convinced the people of nothing but of the arrogance of the Foreign Secretary: and all this has taken place in the short space of a year, because a King's Bench barrister and a writer of epigrams, turned into Ministers of State, were determined to show country gentlemen that the late administration had no vigour. In the mean time commerce stands still, manufactures perish, Ireland is more and more irritated, India is threatened, fresh taxes are accumulated upon the wretched people, the war is carried on without it being possible to conceive any one single object which a rational being can propose to himself by its continuation; and in the midst of this unparalleled insanity we are told that the Continent is to be reconquered by the want of rhubarb and plums.* A better spirit than exists in the English people never existed in any people in the world; it has been misdirected, and squandered upon party purposes in the most degrading and scandalous manner; they have been led to believe that they were benefiting the commerce of England by destroying the commerce of America, that they were defending their Sovereign by perpetuating the bigoted oppression of their fellow-subjects; their rulers and their guides have told them that they would equal the vigour of France by equalling her atrocity; and they have gone on wasting that opulence, patience, and courage, which, if husbanded by prudent and moderate counsels, might have proved the salvation

* Even Allen Park (accustomed as he has always been to be delighted by all administrations) says it is too bad; and Hall and Morris are said to have actually blushed in one of the divisions.

of mankind. The same policy of turning the good qualities of Englishmen to their own destruction, which made Mr. Pitt omnipotent, continues his power to those who resemble him only in his vices; advantage is taken of the loyalty of Englishmen to make them meanly submissive; their piety is turned into persecution, their courage into useless and obstinate contention; they are plundered because they are ready to pay, and soothed into asinine stupidity because they are full of virtuous patience. If England must perish at last, so let it be; that event is in the hands of God; we must dry up our tears and submit. But that England should perish swindling and stealing; that it should perish waging war against lazar houses, and hospitals; that it should perish persecuting with monastic bigotry; that it should calmly give itself up to be ruined by the flashy arrogance of one man, and the narrow fanaticism of another; these events are within the power of human beings, and I did not think that the magnanimity of Englishmen would ever stoop to such degradations.

Longum vale!

PETER PLYMLEY.

THE JUDGE THAT SMITES CONTRARY TO THE LAW.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN

The Cathedral Church of Saint Peter, York,

BEFORE

THE HON. SIR JOHN BAYLEY, KNT.,

AND

THE HON. SIR GEORGE SOWLEY HOLROYD, KNT.,

JUSTICES OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH,

MARCH 28. 1824.

SERMON,

&c.

ACTS, XXIII. 3.

SITTEST THOU HERE TO JUDGE ME AFTER THE LAW, AND COMMANDEST THOU ME TO BE SMITTEN, CONTRARY TO THE LAW?

WITH these bold words St. Paul repressed the unjust violence of that ruler, who would have silenced his arguments, and extinguished his zeal for the Christain faith: knowing well the misfortunes which awaited him, prepared for deep and various calamity, not ignorant of the violence of the Jewish multitude, not unused to suffer, not unwilling to die, he had not prepared himself for the monstrous spectacle of perverted Justice; but losing that spirit to whose fire and firmness we owe the very existence of the Christian faith, he burst into that bold rebuke which brought back the extravagance of power under the control of law, and branded it with the feelings of shame: "Sittest thou here to judge me after the law, and commandest thou me to be smitten, contrary to the law?"

I would observe that in the Gospels, and the various parts of the New Testament, the words of our Saviour and of St. Paul, when they contain any opinion, are always to be looked upon as lessons of wisdom to us, however incidentally they may have been delivered, and however shortly they may have been expressed. As their words were to be recorded by inspired writers, and to go down to future ages, nothing can have been said without reflection and design. Nothing is to be lost, every thing is to be studied: a great moral lesson is often conveyed in a few words. Read slowly, think deeply, let every word enter into your soul, for it was intended for your soul.

I take these words of St. Paul as a condemnation of that man who smites contrary to the law; as a praise of that man who judges according to the law; as a religious theme upon the importance of human Justice to the happiness of mankind: and if it be that theme, it is appropriate to this place, and to the solemn public duties of the past and the ensuing week, over which some here present will preside, at which many here present will assist, and which almost all here present will witness.

I will discuss, then, the importance of judging according to the law, or, in other words, of the due administration of Justice upon the character and happiness of nations. And in so doing, I will begin with stating a few of those circumstances which may mislead even good and conscientious men, and subject them to the unchristian sin of smiting contrary to the law. I will state how that Justice is purified and perfected, by which the happiness and character of nations is affected to a good purpose.

I do this with less fear of being misunderstood, because I am speaking before two great magistrates, who have lived much among us; and whom—because they have lived much among us—we have all learned to respect and regard, and to whom no man fears to consider himself as accountable, because all men see that they, in the administration of their high office, consider themselves as deeply and daily accountable to God.

And let no man say, "Why teach such things? Do you think they must not have occurred to those to whom they are a concern?" I answer to this, that no man preaches novelties and discoveries; the object of preaching is, constantly to remind mankind of what mankind are constantly forgetting; not to supply the defects of human intelligence, but to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions, to recall mankind from the by-paths where they turn, into that broad path of salvation which all know, but few tread. These plain lessons the humblest ministers of the Gospel may teach, if they are honest, and the most powerful Christians will ponder,

if they are wise. No man, whether he bear the sword of the law, or whether he bear that sceptre which the sword of the law cannot reach, can answer for his own heart to-morrow, and can say to the teacher,—"Thou warnest me, thou teachest me, in vain."

A Christian Judge, in a free land, should, with the most scrupulous exactness, guard himself from the influence of those party feelings, upon which, perhaps, the preservation of political liberty depends, but by which the better reason of individuals is often blinded and the tranquillity of the public disturbed. I am not talking of the ostentatious display of such feelings; I am hardly talking of any gratification of which the individual himself is conscious, but I am raising up a wise and useful jealousy of the encroachment of those feelings, which, when they do encroach, lessen the value of the most valuable, and lower the importance of the most important, men in the country. I admit it to be extremely difficult to live amidst the agitations, contests, and discussions of a free people, and to remain in that state of cool, passionless Christian candour, which society expect from their great magistrates; but it is the pledge that magistrate has given, it is the life he has taken up, it is the class of qualities which he has promised us, and for which he has rendered himself responsible: it is the same fault in him which want of courage would be in some men, and want of moral regularity in others. It runs counter to those very purposes, and sins against those utilities for which the very office was created: without these qualities, he who ought to be cool, is heated; he who ought to be neutral, is partial: the ermine of Justice is spotted; the balance of justice is unpoised; the fillet of Justice is torn off: and he who sits to judge after the law, smites contrary to the law.

And if the preservation of calmness amidst the strong feelings by which a Judge is surrounded be difficult, is it not also honourable? and would it be honourable if it were not difficult? Why do men quit their homes, and give up their common occupations, and repair to the tribunal of Justice? Why this bustle and business,

why this decoration and display, and why are we all eager to pay our homage to the dispensers of Justice? Because we all feel that there must be, somewhere or other, a check to human passions; because we all know the immense value and importance of men, in whose placid equity and mediating wisdom, we can trust in the worst of times; because we cannot cherish too strongly and express too plainly, that reverence we feel for men, who can rise up in the ship of the state, and rebuke the storms of the mind, and bid its angry passions be still.

A Christian Judge in a free land, should not only keep his mind clear from the violence of party feelings, but he should be very careful to preserve his independence, by seeking no promotion, and asking no favours from those who govern: or at least, to be (which is an experiment not without danger to his salvation) so thoroughly confident of his motives and his conduct, that he is certain the hope of favour to come, or gratitude for favour past, will never cause him to swerve from the strict line of duty. It is often the lot of a Judge to be placed, not only between the accuser and the accused, not only between the complainant and him against whom it is complained, but between the governors and the governed, between the people and those whose lawful commands the people are bound to obey. In these sort of contests it unfortunately happens that the rulers are sometimes as angry as the ruled; the whole eyes of a nation are fixed upon one man, and upon his character and conduct the stability and happiness of the times seem to depend. The best and firmest magistrates cannot tell how they may act under such circumstances, but every man may prepare himself for acting well under such circumstances, by cherishing that quiet feeling of independence, which removes one temptation to act ill. Every man may avoid putting himself in a situation where his hopes of advantage are on one side, and his sense of duty on the other: such a temptation may be withstood, but it is better it should not be encountered. Far better that feeling which says, "I have vowed a

vow before God; I have put on the robe of justice; farewell avarice, farewell ambition: pass me who will, slight me who will, I live henceforward only for the great duties of life: my business is on earth, my hope and my reward are in God."

He who takes the office of a Judge as it now exists in this country, takes in his hands a splendid gem, good and glorious, perfect and pure. Shall he give it up mutilated, shall he mar it, shall he darken it, shall it emit no light, shall it be valued at no price, shall it excite no wonder? Shall he find it a diamond, shall he leave it a stone? What shall we say to the man who would wilfully destroy with fire the magnificent temple of God, in which I am now preaching? Far worse is he who ruins the moral edifices of the world, which time and toil, and many prayers to God, and many sufferings of men, have reared; who puts out the light of the times in which he lives, and leaves us to wander amid the darkness of corruption and the desolation of sin. There may be, there probably is, in this church, some young man who may hereafter fill the office of an English Judge, when the greater part of those who hear me are dead, and mingled with the dust of the grave. Let him remember my words, and let them form and fashion his spirit: he cannot tell in what dangerous and awful times he may be placed; but as a mariner looks to his compass in the calm, and looks to his compass in the storm, and never keeps his eyes off his compass, so in every vicissitude of a judicial life, deciding for the people, deciding against the people, protecting the just rights of kings, or restraining their unlawful ambition, let him ever cling to that pure, exalted, and Christian independence, which towers over the little motives of life; which no hope of favour can influence, which no effort of power can control.

A Christian Judge in a free country should respect, on every occasion, those popular institutions of Justice, which were intended for his control, and for our security; to see humble men collected accidentally from the neighbourhood, treated with tenderness and courtesy

by supreme magistrates of deep learning and practised understanding, from whose views they are perhaps at that moment differing, and whose directions they do not choose to follow; to see at such times every disposition to warmth restrained, and every tendency to contemptuous feeling kept back; to witness the submission of the great and wise, not when it is extorted by necessity, but when it is practised with willingness and grace, is a spectacle which is very grateful to Englishmen, which no other country sees, which, above all things, shows that a Judge has a pure, gentle, and Christian heart, and that he never wishes to smite contrary to the law.

May I add the great importance in a Judge of courtesy to all men, and that he should, on all occasions, abstain from unnecessary bitterness and asperity of speech? A Judge always speaks with impunity, and always speaks with effect. His words should be weighed, because they entail no evil upon himself, and much evil upon others. The language of passion, the language of sarcasm, the language of satire, is not, on such occasions, Christian language: it is not the language of a Judge. There is a propriety of rebuke and condemnation, the justice of which is felt even by him who suffers under it; but when magistrates, under the mask of law, aim at the offender more than the offence, and are more studious of inflicting pain, than repressing error or crime, the office suffers as much as the Judge: the respect for Justice is lessened; and the school of pure reason becomes the hated theatre of mischievous passion.

A Christian Judge who means to be just, must not fear to smite according to the law; he must remember that he beareth not the sword in vain. Under his protection we live, under his protection we acquire, under his protection we enjoy. Without him, no man would defend his character, no man would preserve his substance: proper pride, just gains, valuable exertions, all depend upon his firm wisdom. If he shrink from the severe duties of his office, he saps the foundation of

social life, betrays the highest interests of the world, and sits not to judge according to the law.

The topics of mercy are the smallness of the offence — the infrequency of the offence. The temptations to the culprit, the moral weakness of the culprit, the severity of the law, the error of the law, the different state of society, the altered state of feeling, and above all, the distressing doubt whether a human being in the lowest abyss of poverty and ignorance, has not done injustice to himself, and is not perishing away from the want of knowledge, the want of fortune, and the want of friends. All magistrates feel these things in the early exercise of their judicial power, but the Christian Judge always feels them, is always youthful, always tender when he is going to shed human blood: retires from the business of men, communes with his own heart, ponders on the work of death, and prays to that Saviour who redeemed him, that he may not shed the blood of man in vain.

These, then, are those faults which expose a man to the danger of smiting contrary to the law: a Judge must be clear from the spirit of party, independent of all favour, well inclined to the popular institutions of his country; firm in applying the rule, merciful in making the exception; patient, guarded in his speech, gentle, and courteous to all. Add his learning, his labour, his experience, his probity, his practised and acute faculties, and this man is the light of the world, who adorns human life, and gives security to that life which he adorns.

Now see the consequence of that state of Justice which this character implies, and the explanation of all that deserved honour we confer on the preservation of such a character, and all the wise jealousy we feel at the slightest injury or deterioration it may experience.

The most obvious and important use of this perfect Justice is, that it makes nations safe: under common circumstances, the institutions of Justice seem to have little or no bearing upon the safety and security of a country, but in periods of real danger, when a nation

surrounded by foreign enemies contends not for the boundraies of empire, but for the very being and existence of empire; then it is that the advantage of just institutions are discovered. Every man feels that he has a country, that he has something worth preserving, and worth contending for. Instances are remembered where the weak prevailed over the strong: one man recalls to mind when a just and upright judge protected him from unlawful violence, gave him back his vineyard, rebuked his oppressor, restored him to his rights, published, condemned and rectified the wrong. This is what is called country. Equal rights to unequal possessions, equal justice to the rich and poor: this is what men come out to fight for, and to defend. Such a country has no legal injuries to remember, no legal murders to revenge, no legal robbery to redress: it is strong in its justice: it is then that the use and object of all this assemblage of gentlemen and arrangement of Juries, and the deserved veneration in which we hold the character of English Judges, is understood in all its bearings, and in its fullest effects: men die for such things—they cannot be subdued by foreign force where such just practices prevail. The sword of ambition is shivered to pieces against such a bulwark. Nations fall where Judges are unjust, because there is nothing which the multitude think worth defending; but nations do not fall which are treated as we are treated, but they rise as we have risen, and they shine as we have shone, and die as we have died, too much used to Justice, and too much used to freedom, to care for that life which is not just and free. I call you all to witness if there be any exaggerated picture in this: the sword is just sheathed, the flag is just furled, the last sound of the trumpet has just died away. You all remember what a spectacle this country exhibited: one heart, one voice — one weapon, one purpose. And why? Because this country is a country of the law; because the Judge is a judge for the peasant as well as for the palace; because every man's happiness is guarded by fixed rules from tyranny and caprice. This town, this week, the

business of the few next days, would explain to any enlightened European why other nations *did* fall in the storms of the world, and why we did *not* fall. The Christian patience you may witness, the impartiality of the judgment-seat, the disrespect of persons, the disregard of consequences. These attributes of Justice do not end with arranging your conflicting rights, and mine; they give strength to the English people, duration to the English name; they turn the animal courage of this people into moral and religious courage, and present to the lowest of mankind plain reasons, and strong motives why they should resist aggression from without, and bind themselves a living rampart round the land of their birth.

There is another reason why every wise man is so scrupulously jealous of the character of English Justice. It puts an end to civil dissension. What other countries obtain by bloody wars, is here obtained by the decisions of our own tribunals: unchristian passions are laid to rest by these tribunals; brothers are brothers again; the Gospel resumes its empire, and because all confide in the presiding magistrate, and because a few plain men are allowed to decide upon their own conscientious impression of facts, civil discord, years of convulsion, endless crimes, are spared; the storm is laid, and those who came in clamouring for revenge, go back together in peace from the hall of judgment to the loom and the plough, to the senate and the church.

The whole tone and tenour of public morals is affected by the state of supreme Justice; it extinguishes revenge, it communicates a spirit of purity and uprightness to inferior magistrates; it makes the great good, by taking away impunity; it banishes fraud, obliquity, and solicitation, and teaches men that the law is their right. Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion; safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train: it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel, it is the greatest attribute of God; it is that centre round which human motives and passions turn: and Justice, sitting on high, sees Genius and Power, and Wealth and

Birth, revolving round her throne; and teaches their paths and marks out their orbits, and warns with a loud voice, and rules with a strong arm, and carries order and discipline into a world, which but for her would only be a wild waste of passions. Look what we are, and what just laws have done for us: — a land of piety and charity; — a land of churches, and hospitals, and altars; — a nation of good Samaritans; — a people of universal compassion. All lands, all seas, have heard we are brave. We have just sheathed that sword which defended the world; we have just laid down that buckler which covered the nations of the earth. God blesses the soil with fertility; English looms labour for every climate. All the waters of the globe are covered with English ships. We are softened by fine arts, civilised by human literature, instructed by deep science; and every people, as they break their feudal chains, look to the founders and fathers of freedom for examples which may animate, and rules which may guide. If ever a nation was happy, if ever a nation was visibly blessed by God — if ever a nation was honoured abroad, and left at home under a government (which we can now conscientiously call a liberal government) to the full career of talent, industry, and vigour, we are at this moment that people — and this is our happy lot. — First the Gospel has done it, and then Justice has done it; and he who thinks it his duty to labour that this happy condition of existence may remain, must guard the piety of these times, and he must watch over the spirit of Justice which exists in these times. First, he must take care that the altars of God are not polluted, that the Christian faith is retained in purity and in perfection: and then turning to human affairs, let him strive for spotless, incorruptible Justice; — praising, honouring, and loving the just Judge, and abhorring, as the worst enemy of mankind, him who is placed there to "judge after the law, and who smites contrary to the law."

THE LAWYER THAT TEMPTED CHRIST.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN

The Cathedral Church of Saint Peter, York,

BEFORE

THE HON. SIR JOHN BAYLEY, KNT.,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH,

AND

THE HON. SIR JOHN HULLOCK, KNT.,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S BARONS OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER,

AUGUST 1. 1824.

SERMON,

&c.

LUKE, x. 25.

AND, BEHOLD, A CERTAIN LAWYER STOOD UP, AND TEMPTED HIM, SAYING, "MASTER, WHAT SHALL I DO TO INHERIT ETERNAL LIFE?"

THIS lawyer, who is thus represented to have tempted our blessed Saviour, does not seem to have been very much in earnest in the question which he asked: his object does not appear to have been the acquisition of religious knowledge, but the display of human talent. He did not say to himself, I will now draw near to this august Being; I will inform myself from the fountain of truth, and from the very lips of Christ, I will learn a lesson of salvation; but it occurred to him, that in such a gathering together of the Jews, in such a moment of public agitation, the opportunity of display was not to be neglected; full of that internal confidence which men of talents so ready, and so exercised, are sometimes apt to feel, he approaches our Saviour with all the apparent modesty of interrogation, and saluting him with the appellation of Master, prepares, with all professional acuteness, for his humiliation and defeat.

Talking humanly, and we must talk humanly, for our Saviour was then acting a human part, the experiment ended, as all must wish an experiment to end, where levity and bad faith are on one side, and piety, simplicity, and goodness on the other: the objector was silenced, and one of the brightest lessons of the Gospel elicited, for the eternal improvement of mankind.

Still, though we wish the motive for the question had been better, we must not forget the question, and we must not forget who asked the question, and we must not forget who answered it, and what that answer was. The question was the wisest and best that ever came from the mouth of man; the man who asked it was the very person who ought to have asked it; a man overwhelmed, probably, with the intrigues, the bustle, and business of life, and therefore, most likely to forget the interests of another world: the answerer was our blessed Saviour, through whose mediation, you, and I, and all of us, hope to live again; and the answer, remember, was plain and practical; not flowery, not metaphysical, not doctrinal; but it said to the man of the law, If you wish to live eternally, do your duty to God and man; live in this world as you ought to live; make yourself fit for eternity; and then, and then only, God will grant to you eternal life.

There are, probably, in this church, many persons of the profession of the law, who have often asked before, with better faith than their brother, and who do now ask this great question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" I shall, therefore, direct to them some observations on the particular duties they owe to society, because I think it suitable to this particular season, because it is of much more importance to tell men how they are to be Christians in detail, than to exhort them to be Christians generally; because it is of the highest utility to avail ourselves of these occasions, to show to classes of mankind what those virtues are, which they have more frequent and valuable opportunities of practising, and what those faults and vices are, to which they are more particularly exposed.

It falls to the lot of those who are engaged in the active and arduous profession of the law to pass their lives in great cities, amidst severe and incessant occupation, requiring all the faculties, and calling forth, from time to time, many of the strongest passions of our nature. In the midst of all this, rivals are to be watched, superiors are to be cultivated, connections

cherished; some portion of life must be given to society, and some little to relaxation and amusement. When, then, is the question to be asked, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" what leisure for the altar, what time for God? I appeal to the experience of men engaged in this profession, whether religious feelings and religious practices are not, without any speculative disbelief, perpetually sacrificed to the business of the world? Are not the habits of devotion gradually displaced by other habits of solicitude, hurry, and care, totally incompatible with habits of devotion? Is not the taste for devotion lessened? Is not the time for devotion abridged? Are you not more and more conquered against your warnings and against your will; not, perhaps, without pain and compunction, by the Mammon of life? And what is the cure for this great evil to which your profession exposes you? The cure is, to keep a sacred place in your heart, where Almighty God is enshrined, and where nothing human can enter; to say to the world, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" to remember you are a lawyer, without forgetting you are a Christian; to wish for no more wealth than ought to be possessed by an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; to covet no more honour than is suitable to a child of God; boldly and bravely to set yourself limits, and to show to others you have limits, and that no professional eagerness, and no professional activity, shall ever induce you to infringe upon the rules and practices of religion: remember the text; put the great question really, which the tempter of Christ only pretended to put. In the midst of your highest success, in the most perfect gratification of your vanity, in the most ample increase of your wealth, fall down at the feet of Jesus, and say, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

The genuine and unaffected piety of a lawyer is, in one respect, of great advantage to the general interests of religion; inasmach as to the highest member of that profession a great share of the Church patronage is entrusted, and to him we are accustomed to look up in the

senate for the defence of our venerable Establishment; and great and momentous would be the loss to this nation, if any one, called to so high and honourable an office, were found deficient in this ancient, pious, and useful zeal for the Established Church. In talking to men of your active lives and habits, it is not possible to anticipate the splendid and exalted stations for which any one of you may be destined. Fifty years ago, the person at the head of his profession, the greatest lawyer now in England, perhaps in the world, stood in this church, on such occasions as the present, as obscure, as unknown, and as much doubting of his future prospects as the humblest individual of the profession here present. If Providence reserve such honours for any one who may now chance to hear me, let him remember that there is required at his hands a zeal for the Established Church, but a zeal tempered by discretion, compatible with Christian charity, and tolerant of Christian freedom. All human establishments are liable to err, and are capable of improvement: to act as if you denied this, to perpetuate any infringement upon the freedom of other sects, however vexatious that infringement, and however safe its removal, is not to defend an establishment, but to expose it to unmerited obloquy and reproach. Never think it necessary to be weak and childish in the highest concerns of life: the career of the law opens to you many great and glorious opportunities of promoting the Gospel of Christ, and of doing good to your fellow creatures: there is no situation of that profession in which you can be more great and more glorious than when in the fulness of years, and the fulness of honours, you are found defending that Church which first taught you to distinguish between good and evil, and breathed into you the elements of religious life: but when you defend that Church, defend it with enlarged wisdom and with the spirit of magnanimity; praise its great excellencies, do not perpetuate its little defects, be its liberal defender, be its wise patron, be its real friend. If you can be great and bold in human affairs, do not think it necessary to be narrow and timid in spiritual concerns: bind

yourself up with the real and important interests of the Church, and hold yourself accountable to God for its safety; but yield up trifles to the altered state of the world. Fear no change which lessens the enemies of that Establishment, fear no change which increases the activity of that Establishment, fear no change which draws down upon it the more abundant prayers and blessings of the human race.

Justice is found, experimentally, to be most effectually promoted by the opposite efforts of practised and ingenious men presenting to the selection of an impartial judge the best arguments for the establishment and explanation of truth. It becomes, then, under such an arrangement, the decided duty of an advocate to use all the arguments in his power to defend the cause he has adopted, and to leave the effects of those arguments to the judgment of others. However useful this practice may be for the promotion of public justice, it is not without danger to the individual whose practice it becomes. It is apt to produce a profligate indifference to truth in higher occasions of life, where truth cannot for a moment be trifled with, much less callously trampled on, much less suddenly and totally yielded up to the basest of human motives. It is astonishing what unworthy and inadequate notions men are apt to form of the Christian faith. Christianity does not insist upon duties to an individual, and forget the duties which are owing to the great mass of individuals, which we call our country; it does not teach you how to benefit your neighbour, and leave you to inflict the most serious injuries upon all whose interest is bound up with you in the same land. I need not say to this congregation that there is a wrong and a right in public affairs, as there is a wrong and a right in private affairs. I need not prove that in any vote, in any line of conduct which affects the public interest, every Christian is bound, most solemnly and most religiously, to follow the dictates of his conscience. Let it be for, let it be against, let it please, let it displease, no matter with whom it sides, or what it thwarts, it is a solemn duty, on such occasions,

to act from the pure dictates of conscience, and to be as faithful to the interests of the great mass of your fellow creatures, as you would be to the interests of any individual of that mass. Why, then, if there be any truth in these observations, can that man be pure and innocent before God, can he be quite harmless and respectable before men, who in mature age, at a moment's notice, sacrifices to wealth and power all the fixed and firm opinions of his life; who puts his moral principles to sale, and barters his dignity and his soul for the baubles of the world? If these temptations come across you, then remember the memorable words of the text, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" not this — don't do this: it is no title to eternity to suffer deserved shame among men: endure any thing rather than the loss of character; cling to character as your best possession; do not envy men who pass you in life, only because they are under less moral and religious restraint than yourself. Your object is not fame, but honourable fame: your object is not wealth, but wealth worthily obtained: your object is not power, but power gained fairly, and exercised virtuously. Long-suffering is a great and important lesson in human life; in no part of human life is it more necessary than in your arduous profession. The greatest men it has produced have been at some period of their professional lives ready to faint at the long, and apparently fruitless, journey; and if you look at those lives, you will find they have been supported by a confidence (under God) in the general effects of character and industry. They have withstood the allurement of pleasure, which is the first and most common cause of failure; they have disdained the little arts and meannesses which carry base men a certain way, and no further; they have sternly rejected also the sudden means of growing basely rich, and dishonourably great, with which every man is at one time or another sure to be assailed; and then they have broken out into light and glory at the last, exhibiting to mankind the splendid spectacle of great talents long exercised by difficulties, and high principles never tainted with guilt.

After all, remember that your profession is a lottery

in which you may lose as well as win; and you must take it as a lottery, in which, after every effort of your own, it is impossible to command success: for this you are not accountable; but you are accountable for your purity; you are accountable for the preservation of your character. It is not in every man's power to say, I will be a great and successful lawyer; but it is in every man's power to say, that he will (with God's assistance) be a good Christian and an honest man. Whatever is moral and religious is in your own power. If fortune deserts you, do not desert yourself; do not undervalue inward consolation; connect God with your labour; remember you are Christ's servant; be seeking always for the inheritance of immortal life.

I must urge you by another motive, and bind you by another obligation, against the sacrifice of public principle. A proud man when he has obtained the reward, and accepted the wages of baseness, enters into a severe account with himself, and feels clearly that he has suffered degradation: he may hide it by increased zeal and violence, or varnish it over by simulated gaiety: he may silence the world, but he cannot always silence himself. If this is only a beginning, and you mean, henceforward, to trample all principle under foot, that is another thing; but a man of fine parts and nice feelings is trying a very dangerous experiment with his happiness, who means to preserve his general character, and indulge in one act of baseness. Such a man is not made to endure scorn and self reproach: it is far from being certain that he will be satisfied with that unscriptural bargain in which he has gained the honours of the world, and lost the purity of his soul.

It is impossible in the profession of the law but that many opportunities must occur for the exertions of charity and benevolence: I do not mean the charity of money, but the charity of time, labour and attention; the protection of those whose resources are feeble, and the information of those whose knowledge is small. In the hands of bad men, the law is sometimes an artifice to mislead, and sometimes an engine to oppress. In your

hands it may be, from time to time, a buckler to shield, and a sanctuary to save: you may lift up oppressed humility, listen patiently to the injuries of the wretched, vindicate their just claims, maintain their fair rights, and show, that in the hurry of business, and the struggles of ambition, you have not forgotten the duties of a Christian—and the feelings of a man. It is in your power, above all other Christians, to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove, and to fulfil, with greater energy and greater acuteness, and more perfect effect, than other men can pretend to, the love, the lessons, and the law of Christ.

I should caution the younger part of this profession (who are commonly selected for it on account of their superior talents), to cultivate a little more diffidence of their own powers, and a little less contempt for received opinions, than is commonly exhibited at the beginning of their career: mistrust of this nature teaches moderation in the formation of opinions, and prevents the painful necessity of inconsistency and recantation in future life. It is not possible that the ablest young men at the beginning of their intellectual existence can anticipate all those reasons, and dive into all those motives, which induce mankind to act as they do act, and make the world such as we find it to be; and though there is doubtless much to alter, and much to improve in human affairs, yet you will find mankind not quite so wrong as, in the first ardour of youth, you supposed them to be; and you will find, as you advance in life, many new lights to open upon you, which nothing but advancing in life could ever enable you to observe. I say this, not to check originality and vigour of mind, which are the best chattels and possessions of the world; but to check that eagerness which arrives at conclusions without sufficient premises; to prevent that violence which is not uncommonly atoned for in after-life, by the sacrifice of all principle and all opinions; to lessen that contempt which prevents a young man from improving his own understanding, by making a proper and prudent use of the understandings of his fellow creatures.

There is another unchristian fault which must be guarded against in the profession of the law, and that is, misanthropy — an exaggerated opinion of the faults and follies of mankind. It is naturally the worst part of mankind who are seen in courts of justice, and with whom the professors of the law are most conversant. The perpetual recurrence of crime and guilt insensibly connects itself with the recollections of the human race: mankind are always painted in the attitude of suffering and inflicting. It seems as if men were bound together by the relations of fraud and crime; but laws are not made for the quiet, the good, and the just: you see and know little of them in your profession, and, therefore, you forget them: you see the oppressor, and you let loose your eloquence against him; but you do not see the man of silent charity, who is always seeking out objects of compassion: the faithful guardian does not come into a court of justice, nor the good wife, nor the just servant, nor the dutiful son; you punish the robbers who ill treated the wayfaring man, but you know nothing of the good Samaritan who bound up his wounds. The lawyer who tempted his Master had heard, perhaps, of the sins of the woman at the feast, without knowing that she had poured her store of precious ointment on the feet of Jesus.

Upon those who are engaged in studying the laws of their country devolves the honourable and Christian task of defending the accused; a sacred duty never to be yielded up, never to be influenced by any vehemence, nor intensity of public opinion. In these times of profound peace and unexampled prosperity, there is little danger in executing this duty, and little temptation to violate it: but human affairs change like the clouds of heaven; another year may find us, or may leave us in all the perils and bitterness of internal dissension; and upon one of you may devolve the defence of some accused person, the object of men's hopes and fears, the single point on which the eyes of a whole people are bent. These are the occasions which try a man's inward heart, and separate the dross of human nature from the gold

of human nature. On these occasions, never mind being mixed up for a moment with the criminal, and the crime; fling yourself back upon great principles, fling yourself back upon God; yield not one atom to violence; suffer not the slightest encroachments of injustice; retire not one step before the frowns of power; tremble not, for a single instant, at the dread of misrepresentation. The great interests of mankind are placed in your hands; it is not so much the individual you are defending; it is not so much a matter of consequence whether this, or that, is proved to be a crime; but on such occasion, you are often called upon to defend the occupation of a defender, to take care that the sacred rights belonging to that character are not destroyed; that that best privilege of your profession, which so much secures our regard, and so much redounds to your credit, is never soothed by flattery, never corrupted by favour, never chilled by fear. You may practise this wickedness secretly, as you may any other wickedness; you may suppress a topic of defence, or soften an attack upon opponents, or weaken your own argument, and sacrifice the man who has put his trust in you, rather than provoke the powerful by the triumphant establishment of unwelcome innocence: but if you do this, you are a guilty man before God. It is better to keep within the pale of honour, it is better to be pure in Christ, and to feel that you are pure in Christ: and if ever the praises of mankind are sweet, if it be ever allowable to a Christian to breathe the incense of popular favour, and to say it is grateful and good, it is when the honest, temperate, unyielding advocate, who has protected innocence from the grasp of power, is followed from the hall of judgment by the prayers and blessings of a grateful people.

These are the Christian excellencies which the members of the profession of the law have, above all, an opportunity of cultivating: this is your tribute to the happiness of your fellow creatures, and these your preparations for eternal life. Do not lose God in the fervour and business of the world; remember that the churches of Christ are more solemn, and more sacred,

than your tribunals; bend not before the judges of the king, and forget the Judge of Judges; search not other men's hearts without heeding that your own hearts will be searched; be innocent in the midst of subtility; do not carry the lawful arts of your profession beyond your profession; but when the robe of the advocate is laid aside, so live that no man shall dare to suppose your opinions venal, or that your talents and energy may be bought for a price: do not heap scorn and contempt upon your declining years, by precipitate ardour for success in your profession; but set out with a firm determination to be unknown, rather than ill known; and to rise honestly, if you rise at all. Let the world see that you have risen, because the natural probity of your heart leads you to truth; because the precision and extent of your legal knowledge enables you to find the right way of doing the right thing; because a thorough knowledge of legal art and legal form is, in your hands, not an instrument of chicanery, but the plainest, easiest, and shortest way to the end of strife. Impress upon yourself the importance of your profession; consider that some of the greatest and most important interests of the world are committed to your care—that you are our protectors against the encroachments of power—that you are the preservers of freedom, the defenders of weakness, the unravellers of cunning, the investigators of artifice, the humblers of pride, and the scourgers of oppression: when you are silent, the sword leaps from its scabbard, and nations are given up to the madness of internal strife. In all the civil difficulties of life, men depend upon your exercised faculties, and your spotless integrity; and they require of you an elevation above all that is mean, and a spirit which will never yield when it ought not to yield. As long as your profession retains its character for learning the rights of mankind will be well arranged; as long as it retains its character for virtuous boldness, those rights will be well defended; as long as it preserves itself pure and incorruptible on other occasions not connected with your profession, those talents will never be used

to the public injury, which were intended and nurtured for the public good. I hope you will weigh these observations, and apply them to the business of the ensuing week, and beyond that, in the common occupations of your profession: always bearing in your minds the emphatic words of the text, and often in the hurry of your busy, active lives, honestly, humbly, heartily exclaiming to the Son of God, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

SPEECHES.

SPEECHES.

MEETING OF THE CLERGY OF CLEVELAND.

March, 1825.

[From the *Yorkshire Herald.*]

MR. ARCHDEACON, I am extremely sorry that the clergy of the North Riding of Yorkshire have abandoned that distinction and pre-eminence, which they have held over the clergy of the other two Ridings, in their abstinence from political discussion and from public meetings, on the subject of the Catholics. I sincerely wish that nothing had been done, and no meeting of any description called. As it *has* been called, it is my duty to attend it, and certainly I will *not* attend in silence. Do not let my learned brethren, however, be alarmed; I am not going to inflict upon them a speech. I never attended a public political meeting before in my life; nor have I *ever* made a speech; and therefore my want of skill is a pretty good security to you for my want of length.

There are two difficulties in speaking upon the subject;—one, that the topics are very numerous, the other, that they are trite;—the last I cannot cure, nor can *you* cure it; and we must all agree to suffer patiently under each other. I shall obviate the first by confining myself to those commonplaces in which the strength of the enemy seems principally to consist: if they have been an hundred times refuted before, do not blame *me* for refuting them again, but take the blame to yourselves for advancing them!

The first dictum of the enemies of the Catholics is,

that they are not to be believed upon their oath; but upon what condition did the parliament of 1793 grant to the Catholics immunity and relief? Upon the condition that *they should sign certain oaths;* and why was this made a condition, if the oath of a Catholic is not credible? Or is a small subdivision of the clergy of the North Riding of Yorkshire to consider that test as futile, and those securities as frail, which the united wisdom of the British Parliament has deemed sufficient for the most sacred acts, and the most solemn laws? I am almost *ashamed* to ask you, (for it has been regularly asked in this discussion for thirty years past,) by what are the Catholics excluded from the offices for which they petition, unless by their respect for oaths? If they do *not* respect oaths they cannot be excluded; if they *do* respect oaths, why do you exclude them when you have such means of safety and security in your own hands? If Catholics are so careless of their oaths, show me some suspected Catholic who has crept into place by perjury; who has enjoyed those advantages by his own impiety, which are denied to him by the justice of the law: I not only do not *know* an instance of this kind, but I never *heard of* such an instance: —if *you* have heard such an instance, produce it; if not, give up your gratuitous and scandalous charge. But not only do I see men of the greatest rank and fortune submitting to the most mortifying privations for the sake of oaths, but I see the lowest and poorest Catholics, give up their right of voting at elections, sacrificing the opportunity of supporting the favourer of their favourite question, and suffering the disgrace of rejection at the hustings, from their delicate and conscientious regard to the solemn covenant of an oath. What magistrate *dares* reject the oath of a Catholic? What *judge* dares reject it? Is not property changed, is not liberty abridged, is not the blood of the malefactor shed? Are not the most solemn acts of law, both here and in Ireland, founded and bottomed upon the oath of a Catholic? Is no peace, is no league made with Catholics? do not the repose and happiness of Europe often rest upon the oaths and

asseverations of Catholics ? Does my learned brother forget that two-thirds of Christian Europe are Catholics? —and am I to understand from him, that this vast proportion of the Christian world is deficient in the common elements of civil life ?—that they are no more capable of herding together than the brutes of the field ?—that they appeal to God only to allay suspicion, and to protect fraud ? If such are *his* opinions, I must tell him (though I am sure he neither knows the mischief, nor means it), that Carlile, in his wildest blasphemies against the Christian religion, never uttered any thing against it so horrible and so unjust.

I come now to another common phrase, the parent of much bigotry and mischief; and that is, that "*The spirit of the Catholic religion is unchangeable and unchanged.*" Now, Sir, I must tell these gentlemen of the 15th century, that if this method of appealing to the absurdities of a past age, and inpinging them upon the present age is fair and just, it must be a rule as applicable to one sect as to another. Upon this principle, I may call the Church of Scotland a persecuting Church, because, in the year 1646, it petitioned Parliament for the severest persecution of heretics. Upon the same principle, Catholics might retort upon our own Church the many Catholics condemned to death in the reign of Elizabeth; —upon this principle they might cast in your teeth the decrees of the University of Oxford, in support of passive obedience, ordered by the House of Commons to be burned by the hands of the common hangman in the reign of Queen Anne; they might remind you of the atrocious and immoral acts of Parliament, passed by the Protestant parliaments of Ireland against its Catholic inhabitants, during the reigns of George I. and George II. Wickedness and cruelty, such as the Spartan would not have exercised upon his helot—such as the planter would abstain from with his slave—one of the *worst* and most *wicked* periods of human history! Are all these imputations true *now*, because they were true *then?* Has not the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland almost petitioned in favour of the Catholics ?

Would any Protestant church *now* condemn to death those who dissented from the doctrines of its establishment? All dissenters live in the midst of our venerable establishment unmolested, and under the broad canopy of the law. It is not *now* possible, with all the intelligence and wisdom which characterizes that learned body, that a similar decree should emanate from the University of Oxford. For all our *own* institutions we claim the benefit of time; and, like Joshua, bid the sun stand still, when we want to smite and discomfit our enemies. But, Sir, remember at what a period this assertion is made — of the unchanged and unchangeable spirit of the Catholic religion. The Catholic revenues are destroyed, and yet the spirit of submission to priests is the same in the minds of the lay Catholics who have voted for the destruction of these revenues. The inquisitions are broken open — the chains of the victims are loosened — the fires are quenched — the Catholic churches are deserted! In Spain, in France, in Italy, the priests are reduced to a state of beggary; and yet the authors of this meeting can see *no* change in the minds of the Catholics. Sir, I meet this absolute assertion with an absolute denial! and I bring my proofs. Let the mover of this resolution read the oath of 1793, taken by the four Catholic archbishops, the bishops and clergy of Ireland, — let him read the rescript of pope Pius VI., of the 17th of June, 1791, — let him read the solemn resolutions of six of the most considerable Catholic universities of Europe, required and received by Mr. Pitt — let him remember that the pope has confirmed a Catholic bishop of Malta, nominated to that see by the late king; and now let the learned gentleman produce to me, from his records, such facts, such opinions, such clear declarations, such securities, and such liberality as these. He has nothing to produce, and nothing to say, but the *trita cantilena* that "the spirit of the Catholic religion is unchangeable and unchanged." Sir, if I could suffer my understanding to be debauched by such a mere jingle of words — if I could say that any human spirit was unchanged and unchangeable, I should say so of that

miserable spirit of religious persecution, of that monastic meanness, of that monopoly of heaven, which says to other human beings, "If you will not hold up your hands in prayer as I hold mine—if you will not worship your God as I worship mine, I will blast you with civil incapacities, and keep you for ever in the dust." This, Sir, of all the demons which haunt the earth, is the last bad spirit which retires before justice, courage, and truth.

I must not pass over (while I am cleansing gutters and sweeping streets) the notable phrase of "*a government essentially Protestant.*" If this phrase mean any thing, it means nothing useful to the arguments of my opponents. In clinging to this phrase, which, by the smiles and nods of the gentlemen opposite, appears to give them peculiar delight, they must mean, I suppose, Episcopalian as well as Protestant, for they never can mean that our government is essentially Presbyterian, essentially Swedenborgian, essentially Ranting, or essentially Methodist. With this limitation, I beg to ask why this essentially Protestant government allows Unitarians and Presbyterians in the bosom of its legislature? Why there is a regular Catholic establishment in Malta and in Canada? Why it tolerates (nay, even endows) Mahomedan and Hindoo establishments? In the midst of this "essentially Protestant government," sat Catholic peers and Catholic commoners for more than a century—without blame, without reproach, without religious conflict, in civil harmony, and in theological peace.

Now I come to the *danger!* What is it? Is it from foreign intercourse? But is the question now agitated for the first time, whether or not the priests of Ireland are to have intercourse with a foreign power? That intercourse has subsisted for centuries, does subsist at this moment, in full vigour, uninspected and uncontrolled. Mr. Grattan's bill, which I strongly suspect the learned mover never to have read, subjects all this intercourse to the inspection of Protestant commissioners, punishes, not with obsolete penalties like the

present laws, but with adequate and proper punishment, any clandestine intercourse with Rome. I really *did* expect that my learned brothers would be able to discriminate the remedy from the disease, and that when they had resolved to be frightened, they would at least have ascribed their agitation to the unrestrained intercourse with Rome; and not to the very measures which are intended to prevent it. Does the learned mover imagine that the Protestants, like children, are going to lay open all offices to the Catholics without exception and without precaution? No Catholic chancellor, no Lord-keeper, no Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, no place in any ecclesiastical court of judicature; and many other restraints and negatives are contained in the intended emancipation of the Catholics. Then let the learned gentleman read the proposed oath. I defy Dr. Duigenan, in the full vigour of his incapacity, in the strongest access of that Protestant epilepsy with which he was so often convulsed, to have added a single security to the security of that oath. If Catholics are formidable, are not Protestant members elected *by* Catholics formidable? But what will the numbers of the Catholics be? Five or six in one house, and ten or twelve in the other; and this I state upon the printed authority of Lord Harrowby, the tried and acknowledged friend of our Church, the amiable and revered patron of its poorest members. The Catholics did not rebel during the war carried on for a Catholic king, in the year 1715, nor in 1745. The government armed the Catholics in the American war. The last rebellion no one pretends to have been a Catholic rebellion, the leaders were, with one exception, all Protestants. The king of Prussia, the emperor of Russia, do not complain of their Catholic subjects. The Swiss cantons, Catholic and Protestant, live together in harmony and peace. Childish prophecies of danger are always made, and always falsified. The Church of England (if you will believe some of its members) is the most fainting, sickly, hysterical institution that ever existed in the world. Every thing is to destroy it, every thing to work its dissolution and decay.

If money is taken for tithes, the Church of England is to perish. If six old Catholic peers, and twelve commoners, come into Parliament, these holy hypochondriacs tear their hair, and beat their breast, and mourn over the ruin of their Established Church! The Ranter of yesterday is cheerful and confident. The Presbyterian stands upon his principles. The Quaker is calm and contented. The strongest, and wisest, and best establishment in the world, suffers in the full vigour of manhood, all the fears and the tremblings of extreme old age.

A vast deal is said of the spirit of the Church of Rome, and of the claims it continues to make. But what signify its claims, and of what importance is its spirit? The bill will refuse all office to Catholics, who will not, by the most solemn oath, restrain this spirit, and abjure their claims. What establishment can muzzle its fools and lunatics? No one who will not abjure these Catholic follies can take any thing by Catholic emancipation. The bill which emancipates, is not a bill to emancipate all Catholics; but only to emancipate those who will prove to us, by the most solemn obligations, that they are wise and moderate Catholics.

I conclude, Sir, remarks which, upon such a subject, might be carried to almost any extent, with presenting to you a petition to Parliament, and recommending it for the adoption of this meeting. And upon this petition, I beg leave to say a few words:—I am the writer of the petition I lay before you; and I have endeavoured to make it as mild and moderate as I possibly could. If I had consulted my own opinions *alone*, I should have said, that the disabling laws against the Catholics were a disgrace to the statute-book, and that every principle of justice, prudence, and humanity, called for their immediate repeal; but he who wishes to do any thing useful in this world, must consult the opinions of others as well as his own. I knew very well if I had proposed such a petition to my excellent friends, the Archdeacon and Mr. William Vernon, it would not have suited the mildness and moderation of their character, that they should

accede to it; and I knew very well, that without the authority of their names, I could have done nothing. The present petition, when proposed to them by me, met, as I expected, with their ready and cheerful compliance. But though I propose this petition as preferable to the other, I should infinitely prefer that we do nothing, and disperse without coming to any resolution.

I am sick of these little clerico-political meetings. They bring a disgrace upon us and upon our profession, and make us hateful in the eyes of the laity. The best thing we could have done, would have been never to have met at all. The next best thing we can do (now we are met), is to do nothing. The third choice is to take my petition. The fourth, last, and worst, to adopt your own. The wisest thing I have heard here to-day, is the proposition of Mr. Chaloner, that we should burn both petitions, and ride home. Here we are, a set of obscure country clergymen, at the "Three Tuns," at Thirsk, like flies on the chariot-wheel; perched upon a question of which we can neither see the diameter, nor control the motion, nor influence the moving force. What good can such meetings do? They emanate from local conceit, advertise local ignorance; make men, who are venerable by their profession, ridiculous by their pretensions, and swell that mass of paper lumber, which, got up with infinite rural bustle, and read without being heard in parliament, are speedily consigned to merited contempt.

A PETITION

Proposed by the Rev. Sydney Smith, at a Meeting of the Clergy of Cleveland, in Yorkshire, on the subject of the Catholic Question.—1825.

We, the undersigned, being clergymen of the Church of England, resident within the diocese of York, humbly petition your Honourable House to take into your consideration the state of those laws which affect the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland.

We beg you to inquire, whether all those statutes, however wise and necessary in their origin, may not *now* (when the Church of England is rooted in the public affection, and the title to the throne undisputed) be wisely and safely repealed.

We are steadfast friends to that Church of which we are members, and we wish no law repealed which is really essential to its safety; but we submit to the superior wisdom of your Honourable House, whether that Church is not sufficiently protected by its antiquity, by its learning, by its piety, and by that moderate tenor which it knows so well how to preserve amidst the opposite excesses of mankind—the indifference of one age, and the fanaticism of another.

It is our earnest hope, that any indulgence you might otherwise think it expedient to extend to the Catholic subjects of this realm, may not be prevented by the intemperate conduct of some few members of that persuasion; that in the great business of framing a lasting religious peace for these kingdoms, the extravagance of over-heated minds, or the studied insolence of men who intend mischief, may be equally overlooked.

If your Honourable House should, in your wisdom, determine that all these laws, which are enacted against the Roman Catholics, cannot with safety and advantage be repealed, we then venture to express an hope, that such disqualifying laws alone will be suffered to remain, which you consider to be clearly required for the good of the Church and State.

We feel the blessing of our own religious liberty, and we think it a serious duty to extend it to others, in every degree in which sound discretion will permit.

NOTE.—This meeting was very numerously attended by the clergy. Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham and the Reverend William Vernon Harcourt (son of the late Archbishop of York), a very enlightened and liberal man, were the only persons who supported the Petition.

CATHOLIC CLAIMS.

A Speech at a Meeting of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding of Yorkshire, held at Beverley, in that Riding, on Monday, April 11. 1825, *for the purpose of petitioning Parliament, &c.**

[From the *Yorkshire Herald.*]

MR. ARCHDEACON,—It is very disagreeable to me to differ from so many worthy and respectable clergymen here assembled, and not only to differ from them, but, I am afraid, to stand alone among them. I would much rather vote in majorities, and join in this, or any other political chorus, than to stand unassisted and alone, as I am now doing. I dislike such meetings for such purposes—I wish I could reconcile it to my conscience to stay away from them, and to my temperament to be silent at them; but if they are called by others, I deem it right to attend—if I attend, I must say what I think. If it be unwise in us to meet in taverns to discuss political subjects, the fault is not mine, for I should never think of calling such a meeting. If the subject is trite, no blame is imputable to me: it is as dull to me to handle such subjects, as it is to you to hear them. The customary promise on the threshold of an inn is good entertainment for man and horse.—If there be any truth in any part of this sentence at the Tiger, at Beverley, our horses at this moment must certainly be in a state of much greater enjoyment than the masters who rode them.

It will be some amusement, however, to this meeting, to observe the schism which this question has occasioned in my own parish of Londesborough. My excellent

* I was left at this meeting in a minority of one. A poor clergyman whispered to me, that he was quite of my way of thinking, but had nine children. *I begged he would remain a Protestant.*

and respectable curate, Mr. Milestones, alarmed at the effect of the Pope upon the East Riding, has come here to oppose me, and there he stands, breathing war and vengeance on the Vatican. We had some previous conversation on this subject, and, in imitation of our superiors, we agreed not to make it a Cabinet question. —Mr. Milestones, indeed, with that delicacy and propriety which belongs to his character, expressed some scruples upon the propriety of voting against his rector, but I insisted he should come and vote against me. I assured him nothing would give me more pain than to think I had prevented, in any man, the free assertion of honest opinions. That such conduct, on his part, instead of causing jealousy and animosity between us, could not, and would not, fail to increase my regard and respect for him.

I beg leave, Sir, before I proceed on this subject, to state what I mean by Catholic emancipation. I mean eligibility of Catholics to all civil offices, with the usual exceptions introduced into all bills — jealous safeguards for the preservation of the Protestant Church, and for the regulation of the intercourse with Rome — and, lastly, provision for the Catholic clergy.

I object, Sir, to the law as it stands at present, because it is impolitic, and because it is unjust. It is impolitic, because it exposes this country to the greatest danger in time of war. Can you believe, Sir, can any man of the most ordinary turn for observation believe, that the monarchs of Europe mean to leave this country in the quiet possession of the high station which it at present holds? Is it not obvious that a war is coming on between the governments of law and the governments of despotism? — that the weak and tottering race of the Bourbons will (whatever our wishes may be) be compelled to gratify the wounded vanity of the French, by plunging them into a war with England. Already they are pitying the Irish people, as you pity the West Indian slaves — already they are opening colleges for the reception of Irish priests. Will they wait for your tardy wisdom and reluctant liberality? Is not the

present state of Ireland a premium upon early invasion? Does it not hold out the most alluring invitation to your enemies to begin? And if the flag of any hostile power in Europe is unfurled in that unhappy country, is there one Irish peasant who will not hasten to join it? —and not only the peasantry, Sir; the peasantry begin these things, but the peasantry do not end them — they are soon joined by an order a little above them — and then, after a trifling success, a still superior class think it worth while to try the risk: men are hurried into a rebellion, as the oxen were pulled into the cave of Cacus, tail foremost. The mob first, who have nothing to lose but their lives, of which every Irishman has nine — then comes the shopkeeper — then the parish priest — then the vicar-general — then Dr. Doyle, and, lastly, Daniel O'Connell. But if the French were to make the same blunders respecting Ireland as Napoleon committed, if wind and weather preserved Ireland for you a second time, still all your resources would be crippled by watching Ireland. The force employed for this might liberate Spain and Portugal, protect India, or accomplish any great purpose of offence or defence.

War, Sir, seems to be almost as natural a state to mankind as peace; but if you could hope to escape war, is there a more powerful receipt for destroying the prosperity of any country, than these eternal jealousies and distinctions between the two religions? What man will carry his industry and his capital into a country where his yard measure is a sword, his pounce-box a powder-flask, and his ledger a return of killed and wounded? Where a cat will get, there I know a cotton-spinner will penetrate; but let these gentlemen wait till a few of their factories have been burnt down, till one or two respectable merchants of Manchester have been carded, and till they have seen the Cravatists hanging the Shanavists in cotton twist. In the present fervour for spinning, ourang-outangs, Sir, would be employed to spin, if they could be found in sufficient quantities; but miserably will those reasoners be disappointed who re-

pose upon cotton — not upon justice — and who imagine this great question can be put aside, because a few hundred Irish spinners are gaining a morsel of bread by the overflowing industry of the English market.

But what right have you to continue these rules, Sir, these laws of exclusion? What necessity can you show for it? Is the reigning monarch a concealed Catholic? — Is his successor an open one? — Is there a disputed succession? — Is there a Catholic pretender? If some of these circumstances are said to have justified the introduction, and others the continuation, of these measures, why does not the disappearance of all these circumstances justify the repeal of the restrictions? If you must be unjust — if it is a luxury you cannot live without — reserve your injustice for the weak, and not for the strong — persecute the Unitarians, muzzle the Ranters, be unjust to a few thousand sectaries, not to six millions — galvanise a frog, don't galvanise a tiger.

If you go into a parsonage-house in the country, Mr. Archdeacon, you see sometimes a style and fashion of furniture which does very well for us, but which has had its day in London. It is seen in London no more; it is banished to the provinces; from the gentleman's houses of the provinces these pieces of furniture, as soon as they are discovered to be unfashionable, descend to the farm-houses, then to cottages, then to the faggot-heap, then to the dunghill. As it is with furniture so it is with arguments. I hear at country meetings many arguments against the Catholics which are never heard in London; their London existence is over — they are only to be met with in the provinces, and there they are fast hastening down, with clumsy chairs and ill-fashioned sofas, to another order of men. But, Sir, as they are not yet gone where I am sure they are going, I shall endeavour to point out their defects, and to accelerate their descent.

Many gentlemen now assembled at the Tiger Inn, at Beverley, believe that the Catholics do not keep faith with heretics; these gentlemen ought to know that Mr. Pitt put this very question to six of the leading Catholic

Universities in Europe. He inquired of them whether this tenet did or did not constitute any part of the Catholic faith. The question received from these Universities the most decided negative; they denied that such doctrine formed any part of the creed of Catholics. Such doctrine, Sir, is denied upon oath, in the bill now pending in Parliament, a copy of which I hold in my hand. The denial of such a doctrine upon oath is the only means by which a Catholic can relieve himself from his present incapacities. If a Catholic, therefore, Sir, will not take the oath, he is not relieved, and remains where you wish him to remain; if he do take the oath, you are safe from this peril; if he have no scruple about oaths, of what consequence is it whether this bill passes, the very object of which is to relieve him from oaths? Look at the fact, Sir. Do the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland, living under the same state with the Catholic Cantons, complain that no faith is kept with heretics? Do not the Catholics and Protestants in the kingdom of the Netherlands meet in one common Parliament? Could they pursue a common purpose, have common friends, and common enemies, if there were a shadow of truth in this doctrine imputed to the Catholics? The religious affairs of this last kingdom are managed with the strictest impartiality to both sects; ten Catholics and ten Protestants (gentlemen need not look so much surprised to hear it) positively meet together, Sir, in the same room. They constitute what is called the religious committee for the kingdom of the Netherlands, and so extremely desirous are they of preserving the strictest impartiality, that they have chosen a Jew for their secretary. Their conduct has been unimpeachable and unimpeached; the two sects are at peace with each other; and the doctrine, that no faith is kept with heretics, would, I assure you, be very little credited at Amsterdam or the Hague, cities as essentially Protestant as the town of Beverley.

Wretched is our condition, and still more wretched the condition of Ireland, if the Catholic does not respect his oath. He serves on grand and petty juries in both

countries; we trust our lives, our liberties, and our properties, to his conscientious reverence of an oath, and yet, when it suits the purposes of party to bring forth this argument, we say he has no respect for oaths. The right to a landed estate of 3000*l.* per annum was decided last week, in York, by a jury, the foreman of which was a Catholic; does any human being harbour a thought, that this gentleman, whom we all know and respect, would, under any circumstances, have thought more lightly of the obligation of an oath than his Protestant brethren of the box? We all disbelieve these arguments of Mr. A. the Catholic, and of Mr. B. the Catholic; but we believe them of Catholics in general, of the abstract Catholics, of the Catholic of the Tiger Inn, at Beverley, the formidable unknown Catholic, that is so apt to haunt our clerical meetings.

I observe that some gentlemen who argue this question are very bold about other offices, but very jealous lest Catholic gentlemen should become justices of the peace. If this jealousy be justifiable any where, it is justifiable in Ireland, where some of the best and most respectable magistrates are Catholics.

It is not true that the Roman Catholic religion is what it was. I meet that assertion with a plump denial. The Pope does not dethrone kings, nor give away kingdoms, does not extort money, has given up, in some instances, the nomination of bishops to Catholic Princes, in some I believe to Protestant Princes: Protestant worship is now carried on at Rome. In the Low Countries, the seat of the Duke of Alva's cruelties, the Catholic tolerates the Protestant, and sits with him in the same Parliament — the same in Hungary — the same in France. The first use which even the Spanish people made of their ephemeral liberty was to destroy the Inquisition. It was destroyed also by the mob of Portugal. I am so far from thinking the Catholic not to be more tolerant than he was, that I am much afraid the English, who gave the first lesson of toleration to mankind, will very soon have a great deal to learn from their pupils.

Some men quarrel with the Catholics, because their language was violent in the Association; but a groan or two, Sir, after two hundred years of incessant tyranny, may surely be forgiven. A few warm phrases to compensate the legal massacre of a million of Irishmen are not unworthy of our pardon. All this hardly deserves the eternal incapacity of holding civil offices. Then they quarrel with the Bible Society; in other words, they vindicate that ancient tenet of their Church, that the Scriptures are not to be left to the unguided judgment of the laity. The objection to Catholics is, that they did what Catholics ought to do — and do not many prelates of our Church object to the Bible Society, and contend that the Scriptures ought not to be circulated without the comment of the Prayer Book and the Articles? If they are right, the Catholics are not wrong; and if the Catholics are wrong, they are in such good company, that we ought to respect their errors.

Why not pay their clergy? the Presbyterian clergy in the north of Ireland are paid by the state: the Catholic clergy of Canada are provided for: the priests of the Hindoos are, I believe, in some of their temples, paid by the Company. You must surely admit, that the Catholic religion (the religion of two thirds of Europe) is better than no religion. I do not regret that the Irish are under the dominion of the priests. I am glad that so savage a people as the lower orders of Irish *are* under the dominion of their priests; for it is a step gained to place such beings under any influence, and the clergy are always the first civilizers of mankind. The Irish are deserted by their natural aristocracy, and I should wish to make their priesthood respectable in their appearance, and easy in their circumstances. A government provision has produced the most important changes in the opinions of the Presbyterian clergy of the north of Ireland, and has changed them from levellers and Jacobins into reasonable men; it would not fail to improve most materially the political opinions of the Catholic priests. This cannot, however, be done,

without the emancipation of the laity. No priest would dare to accept a salary from Government, unless this preliminary were settled. I am aware it would give to Government a tremendous power in that country; but I must choose the least of two evils. The great point, as the physicians say, in some diseases, is to resist the tendency to death. The great object of our day is to prevent the loss of Ireland, and the consequent ruin of England; to obviate the tendency to death; we will first keep the patient alive, and then dispute about his diet and his medicine.

Suppose a law were passed, that no clergyman, who had ever held a living in the East Riding, could be made a bishop. Many gentlemen here (who have no hopes of ever being removed from their parishes) would feel the restriction of the law as a considerable degradation. We should soon be pointed at as a lower order of clergymen. It would not be long before the common people would find some fortunate epithet for us, and it would not be long either before we should observe in our brethren of the north and west an air of superiority, which would aggravate not a little the justice of the privation. Every man feels the insults thrown upon his *caste;* the insulted party falls lower, every body else becomes higher. There are heart-burnings and recollections. Peace flies from that land. The volume of Parliamentary evidence I have brought here is loaded with the testimony of witnesses of all ranks and occupations, stating to the House of Commons the undoubted effects produced upon the lower order of Catholics by these disqualifying laws, and the lively interest they take in their removal. I have seventeen quotations, Sir, from this evidence, and am ready to give any gentleman my references; but I forbear to read them, from compassion to my reverend brethren, who have trotted many miles to vote against the Pope, and who will trot back in the dark, if I attempt to throw additional light upon the subject.

I have, also, Sir, a high-spirited class of gentlemen to deal with, who will do nothing from fear, who admit the

danger, but think it disgraceful to act as if they feared it. There is a degree of fear, which destroys a man's faculties, renders him incapable of acting, and makes him ridiculous. There is another sort of fear, which enables a man to foresee a coming evil, to measure it, to examine his powers of resistance, to balance the evil of submission against the evils of opposition or defeat, and if he thinks he must be ultimately overpowered, leads him to find a good escape in a good time. I can see no possible disgrace in feeling this sort of fear, and in listening to its suggestions. But it is mere cant to say, that men will not be actuated by fear in such questions as these. Those who pretend not to fear now, would be the first to fear upon the approach of danger; it is always the case with this distant valour. Most of the concessions which have been given to the Irish have been given to fear. Ireland would have been lost to this country, if the British Legislature had not, with all the rapidity and precipitation of the truest panic, passed those acts which Ireland did not ask, but demanded in the time of her armed associations. I should not think a man brave, but mad, who did not fear the treasons and rebellions of Ireland in time of war. I should think him not dastardly, but consummately wise, who provided against them in time of peace. The Catholic question has made a greater progress since the opening of this Parliament than I ever remember it to have made, and it has made that progress from fear alone. The House of Commons were astonished by the union of the Irish Catholics. They saw that Catholic Ireland had discovered her strength, and stretched out her limbs, and felt manly powers, and called for manly treatment; and the House of Commons wisely and practically yielded to the innovations of time, and the shifting attitude of human affairs.

I admit the Church, Sir, to be in great danger. I am sure the State is so also. My remedy for these evils is, to enter into an alliance with the Irish people — to conciliate the clergy, by giving them pensions — to loyalise the laity, by putting them on a footing with the Pro-

testant. My remedy is the old one, approved of from the beginning of the world, to lessen dangers, by increasing friends, and appeasing enemies. I think it most probable that under this system of Crown patronage the clergy will be quiet. A Catholic layman, who finds all the honours of the state open to him, will not, I think, run into treason and rebellion — will not live with a rope about his neck, in order to turn our bishops out, and put his own in; he may not, too, be of opinion that the utility of his bishop will be four times as great, because his income is four times as large; but whether he is or not, he will never endanger his sweet acres (large measure) for such questions as these. Anti-Trinitarian Dissenters sit in the House of Commons, whom we believe to be condemned to the punishments of another world. There is no limit to the introduction of Dissenters into both Houses — Dissenting Lords or Dissenting Commons. What mischief have Dissenters for this last century and a half plotted against the Church of England? The Catholic lord and the Catholic gentleman (restored to their fair rights) will never join with levellers and Iconoclasts. You will find them defending you hereafter against your Protestant enemies. The crosier in any hand, the mitre on any head, are more tolerable in the eyes of a Catholic than doxological Barebones and tonsured Cromwell.

We preach to our congregations, Sir, that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging — Otaheite is emerging — Ireland is not emerging — she is still veiled in darkness — her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floor of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any in-

vader, for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history any thing but such a tissue of murders, burnings, hanging, famine, and disease, as never existed before in the annals of the world? This is the system, which, I am sure, with very different intentions, and different views of its effects, you are met this day to uphold. These are the dreadful consequences, which those laws your petition prays may be continued, have produced upon Ireland. From the principles of that system, from the cruelty of those laws, I turn, and turn with the homage of my whole heart, to that memorable proclamation which the Head of our church — the present monarch of these realms — has lately made to his hereditary dominions of Hanover — *That no man should be subjected to civil incapacities on account of religious opinions.* Sir, there have been many memorable things done in this reign. Hostile armies have been destroyed; fleets have been captured; formidable combinations have been broken to pieces — *but this sentiment in the mouth of a King* deserves more than all glories and victories the notice of that historian who is destined to tell to future ages the deeds of the English people. I hope he will lavish upon it every gem which glitters in the cabinet of genius, and so uphold it to the world that it will be remembered when Waterloo is forgotten, and when the fall of Paris is blotted out from the memory of man. Great as it is, Sir, this is not the only pleasure I have received in these latter days. I have seen within these few weeks a degree of wisdom in our mercantile law, such superiority to vulgar prejudice, views so just and so profound, that it seemed to me as if I was reading the works of a speculative economist, rather than the improvement of a practical politician, agreed to by a legislative assembly, and upon the eve of being carried into execution, for the benefit of a great people. Let who will be their master, I honour and praise the ministers who have learnt such a lesson. I rejoice that I have lived to see such an improvement in English

affairs — that the stubborn resistance to all improvement — the contempt of all scientific reasoning, and the rigid adhesion to every stupid error which so long characterised the proceedings of this country, is fast giving way to better things, under better men, placed in better circumstances.

I confess it is not without severe pain that, in the midst of all this expansion and improvement, I perceive that in *our* profession we are still calling for the same exclusion — still asking that the same fetters may be rivetted on our fellow-creatures — still mistaking what constitutes the weakness and misfortune of the Church, for that which contributes to its glory, its dignity, and its strength. Sir, there are two petitions at this moment in this House, against two of the wisest and best measures which ever came into the British Parliament, against the impending Corn Law and against the Catholic Emancipation — the one bill intended to increase the comforts, and the other to allay the bad passions of man. Sir, I am not in a situation of life to do much good, but I will take care that I will not willingly do any evil. — The wealth of the Riding should not tempt me to petition against either of those bills. With the Corn Bill I have nothing to do at this time. Of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, I shall say, that it will be the foundation stone of a lasting religious peace; that it will give to Ireland not all that it wants, but what it most wants, and without which no other boon will be of any avail.

When this bill passes, it will be a signal to all the religious sects of that unhappy country to lay aside their mutual hatred, and to live in peace, as equal men should live under equal law — when this bill passes, the Orange flag will fall — when this bill passes, the Green flag of the rebel will fall — when this bill passes, no other flag will fly in the land of Erin than that which blends the Lion with the Harp — that flag which, wherever it does fly, is the sign of freedom and of joy — the only banner in Europe which floats over a limited King and a free people.

SPEECH AT THE TAUNTON REFORM MEETING.*

[From the *Taunton Courier.*]

Mr. Bailiff, — This is the greatest measure which has ever been before Parliament in my time, and the most pregnant with good or evil to the country; and though I seldom meddle with political meetings, I could not reconcile it to my conscience to be absent from this.

Every year for this half century the question of Reform has been pressing upon us, till it has swelled up at last into this great and awful combination; so that almost every City and every Borough in England are at this moment assembled for the same purpose, and are doing the same thing we are doing. It damps the ostentation of argument and mitigates the pain of doubt, to believe (as I believe) that the measure is inevitable; the consequences may be good or bad, but done it must be; I defy the most determined enemy of popular in-

* I was a sincere friend to Reform; I am so still. It was a great deal too violent — but the only justification is, that you cannot reform as you wish, by degrees; you must avail yourself of the few opportunities that present themselves. The Reform carried, it became the business of every honest man to turn it to good, and to see that the people (drunk with their new power) did not ruin our ancient institutions. We have been in considerable danger, and that danger is not over. What alarms me most is the large price paid by both parties for popular favour. The yeomanry were put down: nothing could be more grossly absurd — the people were rising up against the poor laws, and such an excellent and permanent force was abolished because they were not deemed a proper force to deal with popular insurrections. You may just as well object to put out a fire with pond water because pump water is better for the purpose: I say, put out the fire with the first water you can get; — but the truth is, Radicals don't like armed yeomen: they have an ugly homicide appearance. Again, — a million of revenue is given up in the nonsensical penny-post scheme, to please my old, excellent, and universally dissentient friend, Noah Warburton. I admire the Whig Ministry, and think they have done more good things than all the ministries since the Revolution; but these concessions are sad and unworthy marks of weakness, and fill reasonable men with just alarm. All this folly has taken place since they have become ministers upon principles of chivalry and gallantry; and the Tories, too, for fear of the people, have been much too quiet. There is only one principle of public conduct — *Do what you think right, and take place and power as an accident.* Upon any other plan, office is shabbiness, labour, and sorrow.

fluence, either now, or a little time from now, to prevent a Reform in Parliament. Some years ago, by timely concession, it might have been prevented. If Members had been granted to Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester, and other great towns as opportunities occurred, a spirit of conciliation would have been evinced, and the people might have been satisfied with a Reform, which though remote would have been gradual; but with the customary blindness and insolence of human beings, the day of adversity was forgotten, the rapid improvement of the people was not noticed; the object of a certain class of politicians was to please the Court and to gratify their own arrogance by treating every attempt to expand the representation, and to increase the popular influence, with every species of contempt and obloquy: the golden opportunity was lost; and now proud lips must swallow bitter potions.

The arguments and the practices (as I remember to have heard Mr. Huskisson say) which did very well twenty years ago, will not do now. The people read too much, think too much, see too many newspapers, hear too many speeches, have their eyes too intensely fixed upon political events. But if it were possible to put off Parliamentary Reform a week ago, is it possible now? When a Monarch (whose amiable and popular manners have, I verily believe, saved us from a Revolution) approves the measure—when a Minister of exalted character plans and fashions it—when a Cabinet of such varied talent and disposition protects it—when such a body of the Aristocracy vote for it—when the hundred-horse power of the Press is labouring for it;—who does not know after this (whatever be the decision of the present Parliament) that the measure is virtually carried—and that all the struggle between such annunciation of such a plan, and its completion, is tumult, disorder, disaffection, and (it may be) political ruin?

An Honourable Member of the Honourable House, much connected with this town, and once its representative, seems to be amazingly surprised, and equally dissatisfied, at this combination of King, Ministers,

Nobles, and People, against his opinion: — like the gentleman who came home from serving on a jury very much disconcerted, and complaining he had met with eleven of the most obstinate people he had ever seen in his life, whom he found it absolutely impossible by the strongest arguments to bring over to his way of thinking.

They tell you, gentlemen, that you have grown rich and powerful with these rotten boroughs, and that it would be madness to part with them, or to alter a constitution which had produced such happy effects. There happens, gentlemen, to live near my parsonage a labouring man, of very superior character and understanding to his fellow-labourers; and who has made such good use of that superiority, that he has saved what is (for his station in life) a very considerable sum of money, and if his existence be extended to the common period, he will die rich. It happens, however, that he is (and long has been) troubled with violent stomachic pains, for which he has hitherto obtained no relief, and which really are the bane and torment of his life. Now, if my excellent labourer were to send for a physician, and to consult him respecting this malady, would it not be very singular language if our doctor were to say to him, "My good friend, you surely will not be so rash as to attempt to get rid of these pains in your stomach. Have you not grown rich with these pains in your stomach? have you not risen under them from poverty to prosperity? has not your situation, since you were first attacked, been improving every year? You surely will not be so foolish and so indiscreet as to part with the pains in your stomach?" — Why, what would be the answer of the rustic to this nonsensical monition? "Monster of Rhubarb! (he would say) I am not rich in consequence of the pains in my stomach, but in spite of the pains in my stomach; and I should have been ten times richer, and fifty times happier, if I had never had any pains in my stomach at all." Gentlemen, these rotten boroughs are your pains in the stomach — and you would have been a much richer and greater people if you had never had them at all. Your wealth and your

power have been owing, not to the debased and corrupted parts of the House of Commons, but to the many independent and honourable Members, whom it has always contained within its walls. If there had been a few more of these very valuable members for close boroughs, we should, I verily believe, have been by this time about as free as Denmark, Sweden, or the Germanized States of Italy.

They tell you of the few men of name and character who have sat for boroughs; but nothing is said of those mean and menial men who are sent down every day by their aristocratic masters to continue unjust and unnecessary wars, to prevent inquiring into profligate expenditure, to take money out of your pockets, or to do any other bad or base thing which the Minister of the day may require at their unclean hands. What mischief, it is asked, have these boroughs done? I believe there is not a day of your lives in which you are not suffering in all the taxed commodities of life from the accumulation of bad votes of bad men. But, Mr. Bailiff, if this *were otherwise*, if it really were a great political invention, that cities of 100,000 men should have no representatives, because those representatives were wanted for political ditches, political walls, and political parks; that the people should be bought and sold like any other commodity; that a retired merchant should be able to go into the market and buy ten shares in the government of twenty millions of his fellow-subjects; yet, can such asseverations be made openly before the people? Wise men, men conversant with human affairs, may whisper such theories to each other in retirement; but can the People ever be taught that it is right they should be bought and sold? Can the vehemence of eloquent democrats be met with such arguments and theories? Can the doubts of honest and limited men be met by such arguments and theories? The moment such a government is looked at by all the people, it is lost. It is impossible to explain, defend, and recommend it to the mass of mankind. And true enough it is, that as often as misfortune threatens us at home, or imitation

excites us from abroad, political Reform is clamoured for by the people—there it stands, and ever will stand, in the apprehension of the multitude—Reform, the cure of every evil—Corruption, the source of every misfortune—famine, defeat, decayed trade, depressed agriculture, will all lapse into the Question of Reform. Till that question is set at rest (and it may be set at rest) all will be disaffection, tumult, and perhaps (which God avert!) destruction.

But democrats and agitators (and democrats and agitators there are in the world) will not be contented with this Reform. Perhaps not, Sir; I never hope to content men whose game is never to be contented—but if they are not contented, I am sure their discontent will then comparatively be of little importance. I am afraid of them now; I have no arguments to answer them: but I shall not be afraid of them after this Bill, and would tell them boldly, in the middle of their mobs, that there was no longer cause for agitation and excitement, and that they were intending wickedly to the people. You may depend upon it such a measure would destroy their trade, as the repeal of duties would destroy the trade of the smuggler; their functions would be carried on faintly, and with little profit; you would soon feel that your position was stable, solid, and safe.

All would be well, it is urged, if they would but let the people alone. But what chance is there, I demand of these wise politicians, that the people will ever be let alone; that the orator will lay down his craft, and the demagogue forget his cunning? If many things were let alone, which never will be let alone, the aspect of human affairs would be a little varied. If the winds would let the waves alone, there would be no storms. If gentlemen would let ladies alone, there would be no unhappy marriages, and deserted damsels. If persons who can reason no better than this, would leave speaking alone, the school of eloquence might be improved. I have little hopes, however, of witnessing any of these acts of forbearance, particularly the last, and so we must (however foolish it may appear) proceed

to make laws for a people who we are sure will not be let alone.

We might really imagine from the objections made to the plan of Reform, that the great mass of Englishmen were madmen, robbers, and murderers. The Kingly power is to be destroyed, the House of Lords are to be annihilated, the Church is to be ruined, estates are to be confiscated. I am quite at a loss to find in these perpetrators of crimes—in this mass of pillagers and lunatics—the steady and respectable tradesmen and farmers, who will have votes to confer, and the steady and respectable country gentlemen, who will probably have votes to receive;—it may be true of the tradesmen of *Mauritania*, it may be just of the country gentlemen of *Fez*—it is any thing but true of the English people. The English are a tranquil, phlegmatic, money-loving, money-getting people, who want to be quiet—and would be quiet if they were not surrounded by evils of such magnitude, that it would be baseness and pusillanimity not to oppose to them the strongest constitutional resistance.

Then it is said that there is to be a lack of talent in the new Parliament: it is to be composed of ordinary and inferior persons, who will bring the government of the country into contempt. But the best of all talents, gentlemen, is to conduct our affairs honestly, diligently, and economically—and this talent will, I am sure, abound as much in the new Parliament as in many previous Parliaments. Parliament is not a school for rhetoric and declamation, where a stranger would go to hear a speech, as he would go to the Opera to hear a song; but if it were otherwise—if eloquence be a necessary ornament of, and an indispensable adjunct to popular assemblies—can it ever be absent from popular assemblies? I have always found that all things, moral or physical, grow in the soil best suited for them. Show me a deep and tenacious earth—and I am sure the oak will spring up in it. In a low and damp soil I am equally certain of the alder and the willow. Gentlemen, the free Parliament of a free People is the native soil of

eloquence—and in that soil will it ever flourish and abound—there it will produce those intellectual effects which drive before them whole tribes and nations of the human race, and settle the destinies of man. And, gentlemen, if a few persons of a less elegant and aristocratic description were to become members of the House of Commons, where would be the evil? They would probably understand the common people a great deal better, and in this way the feelings and interests of all classes of people would be better represented. The House of Commons thus organised will express more faithfully the opinions of the people.

The people are sometimes, it is urged, grossly mistaken; but are Kings never mistaken? Are the higher orders never mistaken?—never wilfully corrupted by their own interests? The people have at least this superiority, that they always intend to do what is right.

The argument of fear is very easily disposed of: he who is afraid of a knock on the head or a cut on the cheek is a coward; he who is afraid of entailing greater evils on the country by refusing the remedy than by applying it, and who acts in pursuance of that conviction, is a wise and prudent man—nothing can be more different than personal and political fear; it is the artifice of our opponents to confound them together.

The right of disfranchisement, gentlemen, must exist somewhere, and where but in Parliament? If not, how was the Scotch Union, how was the Irish Union, effected? The Duke of Wellington's Administration disfranchised at one blow 200,000 Irish voters—for no fault of theirs, and for no other reason than the best of all reasons, that public expediency required it. These very same politicians are now looking in an agony of terror at the disfranchisement of Corporations containing twenty or thirty persons, sold to their representatives, who are themselves perhaps sold to the Government: and to put an end to these enormous abuses is called *Corporation robbery*, and there are some persons wild enough to talk of compensation. This principle of compensation you will consider perhaps in the following

instance to have been carried as far as sound discretion permits. When I was a young man, the place in England I remember as most notorious for highwaymen and their exploits was Finchley Common, near the metropolis; but Finchley Common, gentlemen, in the progress of improvement, came to be enclosed, and the highwaymen lost by these means the opportunity of exercising their gallant vocation. I remember a friend of mine proposed to draw up for them a petition to the House of Commons for compensation, which ran in this manner—"We, your loyal highwaymen of Finchley Common and its neighbourhood, having, at great expense, laid in a stock of blunderbusses, pistols, and other instruments for plundering the public, and finding ourselves impeded in the exercise of our calling by the said enclosure of the said Common of Finchley, humbly petition your Honourable House will be pleased to assign to us such compensation as your Honourable House in its wisdom and justice may think fit."—Gentlemen, I must leave the application to you.

An Honourable Baronet says, if Parliament is dissolved, I will go to my Borough with the bill in my hand, and will say, "I know of no crime you have committed, I found nothing proved against you: I voted against the bill, and am come to fling myself upon your kindness, with the hope that my conduct will be approved, and that you will return me again to Parliament." That Honourable Baronet may, perhaps, receive from his Borough an answer he little expects—"We are above being bribed by such a childish and unworthy artifice; we do not choose to consult our own interest at the expense of the general peace and happiness of the country; we are thoroughly convinced a Reform ought to take place; we are very willing to sacrifice a privilege we ought never to have possessed to the good of the community, and we will return no one to Parliament who is not deeply impressed with the same feeling." This, I hope, is the answer that gentlemen will receive; and this, I hope, will be the noble and generous feeling of every Borough in England.

The greater part of human improvements, gentlemen, I am sorry to say, are made after war, tumult, bloodshed, and civil commotion: mankind seem to object to every species of gratuitous happiness, and to consider every advantage as too cheap, which is not purchased by some calamity. I shall esteem it as a singular act of God's providence, if this great nation, guided by these warnings of history, not waiting till tumult for Reform, nor trusting Reform to the rude hands of the lowest of the people, shall amend their decayed institutions at a period when they are ruled by a popular Monarch, guided by an upright Minister, and blest with profound peace.

SPEECH AT TAUNTON.

[From the *Taunton Courier.*]

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I am particularly happy to assist on this occasion, because I think that the accession of the present King is a marked and important era in English history. Another coronation has taken place since I have been in the world, but I never assisted at its celebration. I saw in it a change of masters, not a change of system. I did not understand the joy which it occasioned. I did not feel it, and I did not counterfeit what I did not feel.

I think very differently of the accession of his present Majesty. I believe I see in that accession a great probability of serious improvement, and a great increase of public happiness. The evils which have been long complained of by bold and intelligent men are now universally admitted. The public feeling, which has been so often appealed to, is now intensely excited. The remedies which have so often been called for are now at last, vigorously, wisely, and faithfully applied. I admire, gentlemen, in the present King, his love of peace —I admire in him his disposition to economy, and I admire in him, above all, his faithful and honourable conduct to those who happen to be his ministers. He was, I believe, quite as faithful to the Duke of Wellington as to Lord Grey, and would, I have no doubt, be quite as faithful to the political enemies of Lord Grey (if he thought fit to employ them) as he is to Lord Grey himself. There is in this reign no secret influence, no double ministry—on whomsoever he confers the office, to him he gives that confidence without which the office cannot be holden with honour, nor executed with effect. He is not only a peaceful King, and an economical King, but he is an honest King. So far, I believe, every individual of this company will go with me. There is another topic of eulogium, on which,

before I sit down, I should like to say a few words — I mean the willingness of our present King to investigate abuses, and to reform them. If this subject be not unpleasant, I will offer upon it a very few observations — a few, because the subject is exhausted, and because, if it were not, I have no right, from my standing or my situation in this county, to detain you long upon that or any other subject.

In criticising this great question of Reform, I think there is some injustice done to its authors. Men seem to suppose that a minister can sit down and make a plan of reform with as much ease and as much exactness, and with as complete a gratification of his own will, as an architect can do in building or altering a house. But a minister of state (it should be in justice observed) works in the midst of hatred, injustice, violence, and the worst of human passions — his works are not the works of calm and unembarrassed wisdom — they are not the best that a dreamer of dreams can imagine. It is enough if they are the best plans which the passions, parties, and prejudices of the times in which he acts will permit. In passing a Reform Bill the minister overthrows the long and deep interest which powerful men have in existing abuses — he subjects himself to the deepest hatred, and encounters the bitterest opposition. Auxiliaries he must have, and auxiliaries he can only find among the people — not the mob — but the great mass of those who have opinions worth hearing, and property worth defending — a greater mass, I am happy to say in this country than exists in any other country on the face of the earth. Now, before the middling orders will come forward with one great impulse, they must see that something is offered them worth the price of contention; they must see that the object is great and the gain serious. If you call them in at all, it must not be to displace one faction at the expense of another, but to put down all factions — to substitute purity and principle for corruption — to give to the many that political power which the few have unjustly taken to themselves — to get rid of evils so ancient and so vast that any other arm than the pub-

lic arm would be lifted up against them in vain. This, then, I say, is one of the reasons why ministers have been compelled to make their measure a little more vigorous and decisive than a speculative philosopher, sitting in his closet, might approve of. They had a mass of opposition to contend with, which could be encountered only by a general exertion of public spirit — they had a long suffering and an often deceived public to appeal to, who were determined to suffer no longer, and to be deceived no more. The alternative was to continue the ancient abuses, or to do what they have done — and most firmly do I believe that you and I, and the latest posterity of us all, will rejoice in the decision they have made. Gradation has been called for in reform: we might, it is said, have taken thirty or forty years to have accomplished what we have done in one year. 'It is not so much the magnitude of what you are doing we object to, as the suddenness.' But was not gradation tendered? Was it not said by the friends of reform — 'Give us Birmingham and Manchester, and we will be satisfied?' and what was the answer? 'No Manchester, no Birmingham, no reform in any degree — all abuses as they are — all perversions as we have found them — the corruptions which our fathers bequeathed us we will hand down unimpaired and unpurified to our children.' But I would say to the graduate philosopher, — 'How often does a reforming minister occur?' and if such are so common that you can command them when you please, how often does a reforming monarch occur? and how often does the conjunction of both occur? Are you sure that a people, bursting into new knowledge, and speculating on every public event, will wait for your protracted reform? Strike while the iron is hot — up with the arm and down with the hammer, and up again with the arm, and down again with the hammer. The iron is hot — the opportunity exists now — if you neglect it, it may not return for a hundred years to come.

There is an argument I have often heard, and that is this — Are we to be afraid? — is this measure to be carried by intimidation? — is the House of Lords to be

overawed? But this style of argument proceeds from confounding together two sets of feelings which are entirely distinct—personal fear and political fear. If I am afraid of voting against this bill, because, a mob may gather about the House of Lords—because stones may be flung at my head—because my house may be attacked by a mob, I am a poltroon, and unfit to meddle with public affairs; but I may rationally be afraid of producing great public agitation—I may be honourably afraid of flinging people into secret clubs and conspiracies—I may be wisely afraid of making the aristocracy hateful to the great body of the people. This surely has no more to do with fear than a loose identity of name; it is in fact prudence of the highest order; the deliberate reflection of a wise man, who does not like what he is going to do, but likes still less the consequences of not doing it, and who of two evils chooses the least.

There are some men much afraid of what is to happen: my lively hope of good is, I confess, mingled with very little apprehension; but of one thing I must be candid enough to say that I am much afraid, and that is of the opinion now increasing, that the people are become indifferent to reform; and of that opinion I am afraid, because I believe in an evil hour it may lead some misguided members of the Upper House of Parliament to vote against the bill. As for the opinion itself, I hold it in the utmost contempt. The people are waiting in virtuous patience for the completion of the bill, because they know it is in the hands of men who do not mean to deceive them. I do not believe they have given up one atom of reform—I do not believe that a great people were ever before so firmly bent upon any one measure. I put it to any man of common sense, whether he believes it possible, after the King and Parliament have acted as they have done, that the people will ever be content with much less than the present bill contains. If a contrary principle be acted upon, and the bill attempted to be got rid of altogether, I confess I tremble for the consequences, which I believe will be of the worst and most painful description; and this I say deliberately,

after the most diligent and extensive inquiry. Upon that diligent inquiry I repeat again my firm conviction, that the desire of reform has increased, not diminished; that the present repose is not indifference, but the calmness of victory, and the tranquillity of success. When I see all the wishes and appetites of created beings changed, when I see an eagle, that, after long confinement, has escaped into the air, come back to his cage and his chain,—when I see the emancipated negro asking again for the hoe which has broken down his strength, and the lash which has tortured his body, I will then, and not till then, believe that the English people will return to their ancient degradation—that they will hold out their repentant hands for those manacles which at this moment lie broken into links at their feet.

SPEECH AT TAUNTON.

[From the *Taunton Courier*, of October 12th, 1831.]

The Reverend Sydney Smith rose and said:—Mr. Bailiff, I have spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favour I am as willing to confer, as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two Houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the Church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons—because I have not the slightest idea that it *is* lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us, there are but two things certain in this world—death and taxes. As for the possiblity of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with

destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease —be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

They tell you, gentlemen, in the debates by which we have been lately occupied, that the bill is not justified by experience. I do not think this true; but if it were true, nations are sometimes compelled to act without experience for their guide, and to trust to their own sagacity for the anticipation of consequences. The instances where this country has been compelled thus to act have been so eminently successful, that I see no cause for fear, even if we were acting in the manner imputed to us by our enemies. What precedents and what experience were there at the Reformation, when the country, with one unanimous effort, pushed out the Pope, and his grasping and ambitious clergy?—What experience, when at the Revolution we drove away our ancient race of kings, and chose another family, more congenial to our free principles?—And yet to those two events, contrary to experience, and unguided by precedents, we owe all our domestic happiness, and civil and religious freedom—and having got rid of corrupt priests and despotic kings, by our sense and our courage, are we now to be intimidated by the awful danger of extinguishing Boroughmongers, and shaking from our necks the ignominious yoke which their baseness has imposed upon it? Go on, they say, as you have done for these hundred years last past. I answer it is impossible: five hundred people now write and read, where one hundred wrote and read fifty years ago. The iniquities and enormities of the borough system are now known to the meanest of the people. You

have a different sort of men to deal with—you must change because the beings whom you govern are changed. After all, and to be short, I must say that it has always appeared to me to be the most absolute nonsense that we cannot be a great, or a rich and happy nation, without suffering ourselves to be bought and sold every five years like a pack of negro slaves. I hope I am not a very rash man, but I would launch boldly into this experiment without any fear of consequences, and I believe there is not a man here present who would not cheerfully embark with me. As to the enemies of the bill, who pretend to be reformers, I know them, I believe, better than you do, and I earnestly caution you against them. You will have no more of reform than they are compelled to grant—you will have no reform at all, if they can avoid it—you will be hurried into a war to turn your attention from reform. They do not understand you—they will not believe in the improvement you have made—they think the English of the present day are as the English of the times of Queen Anne or George the First. They know no more of the present state of their own country, than of the state of the Esquimaux Indians. Gentlemen, I view the ignorance of the present state of the country with the most serious concern, and I believe they will one day or another waken into conviction with horror and dismay. I will omit no means of rousing them to a sense of their danger;—for this object, I cheerfully sign the petition proposed by Dr. Kinglake, which I consider to be the wisest and most moderate of the two.

SPEECH BY THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Stick to the Bill—it is your Magna Charta, and your Runnymede. King John made a present to the Barons. King William has made a similar present to you. Never mind; common qualities good in common times. If a man does not vote for the Bill, he is unclean—the plague-spot is upon him—push him into the lazaretto of the last century, with Wetherell and Sadler—purify the air before you approach him—bathe your hands in Chloride of Lime, if you have been contaminated by his touch.

So far from its being a merely theoretical improvement, I put it to any man, who is himself embarked in a profession, or has sons in the same situation, if the unfair influence of Boroughmongers has not perpetually thwarted him in his lawful career of ambition and professional emolument? "I have been in three general engagements at sea," said an old sailor—"have been twice wounded;—I commanded the boats when the French frigate, the Astrolabe, was cut out so gallantly." "Then you are made a Post Captain?" "No. I was very near it; but—Lieutenant Thompson cut me out, as I cut out the French frigate; his father is Town Clerk of the Borough for which Lord F——— is Member, and there my chance was finished." In the same manner, all over England, you will find great scholars rotting on curacies—brave captains starving in garrets—profound lawyers decayed and mouldering in the Inns of Court, because the parsons, warriors, and advocates of Boroughmongers must be crammed to saturation, before there is a morsel of bread for the man who does not sell his votes, and put his country up to auction; and though this is of every day occurrence, the Borough system, we are told, is no practical evil.

Who can bear to walk through a slaughter-house?

blood, garbage, stomachs, entrails, legs, tails, kidneys, horrors—I often walk a mile about to avoid it. What a scene of disgust and horror is an election—the base and infamous traffic of principles—a candidate of high character reduced to such means—the perjury and evasion of agents—the detestable rapacity of voters—the ten days' dominion of mammon, and Belial. The Bill lessens it—begins the destruction of such practices—affords some chance, and some means of turning public opinion against bribery, and of rendering it infamous.

But the thing I cannot, and will not bear, is this;—what right has *this* Lord, or *that* Marquis, to buy ten seats in Parliament, in the shape of Boroughs, and then to make laws to govern me? And how are these masses of power re-distributed? The eldest son of my Lord is just come from Eton—he knows a good deal about Æneas and Dido, Apollo and Daphne—and that is all; and to this boy his father gives a six-hundredth part of the power of making laws, as he would give him a horse or a double-barrelled gun. Then Vellum, the steward, is put in—an admirable man;—he has raised the estates—watched the progress of the family Road, and Canal Bills—and Vellum shall help to rule over the people of Israel. A neighbouring country gentleman, Mr. Plumpkin, hunts with my Lord—opens him a gate or two, while the hounds are running—dines with my Lord—agrees with my Lord—wishes he could rival the South-Down sheep of my Lord—and upon Plumpkin is conferred a portion of the government. Then there is a distant relation of the same name, in the County Militia, with white teeth, who calls up the carriage at the Opera, and is always wishing O'Connell was hanged, drawn, and quartered—then a barrister, who has written an article in the Quarterly, and is very likely to speak, and refute M'Culloch; and these five people, in whose nomination I have no more agency than I have in the nomination of the toll-keepers of the Bosphorus, are to make laws for me and my family—to put their hands in my purse, and to sway the future destinies of this country;

and when the neighbours step in, and beg permission to say a few words before these persons are chosen, there is an universal cry of ruin, confusion, and destruction; —we have become a great people under Vellum and Plumpkin—under Vellum and Plumpkin our ships have covered the ocean—under Vellum and Plumpkin our armies have secured the strength of the Hills—to turn out Vellum and Plumpkin is not Reform, but Revolution.

Was there ever such a Ministry? Was there ever before a real Ministry of the people? Look at the condition of the country when it was placed in their hands: the state of the house when the incoming tenant took possession: windows broken, chimneys on fire, mobs round the house threatening to pull it down, roof tumbling, rain pouring in. It was courage to occupy it; it was a miracle to save it; it will be the glory of glories to enlarge and expand it, and to make it the eternal palace of wise and temperate freedom.

Proper examples have been made among the unhappy and misguided disciples of Swing: a rope has been carried round O'Connell's legs, and a ring inserted in Cobbett's nose. Then the Game Laws!!! Was ever conduct so shabby as that of the two or three governments which preceded that of Lord Grey? The cruelties and enormities of this code had been thoroughly exposed; and a general conviction existed of the necessity of a change. Bills were brought in by various gentlemen, containing some trifling alteration in this abominable code, and even these were sacrificed to the tricks and manœuvres of some noble Nimrod, who availed himself of the emptiness of the town in July, and flung out the Bill. Government never stirred a step. The fulness of the prisons, the wretchedness and demoralisation of the poor, never came across them. The humane and considerate Peel never once offered to extend his ægis over them. It had nothing to do with the state of party; and some of their double-barrelled voters might be offended. In the mean time, for every ten pheasants which fluttered in the wood, one English peasant was rotting in gaol. No

sooner is Lord Althorp Chancellor of the Exchequer, than he turns out of the house a trumpery and (perhaps) an insidious Bill for the improvement of the Game Laws; and in an instant offers the assistance of Government for the abolition of the whole code.

Then look at the gigantic Brougham, sworn in at 12 o'clock, and before 6, has a bill on the table, abolishing the abuses of a Court which has been the curse of the people of England for centuries. For twenty-five long years did Lord Eldon sit in that Court, surrounded with misery and sorrow, which he never held up a finger to alleviate. The widow and the orphan cried to him, as vainly as the town crier cries when he offers a small reward for a full purse; the bankrupt of the Court became the lunatic of the Court; estates mouldered away, and mansions fell down; but the fees came in, and all was well. But in an instant the iron mace of Brougham shivered to atoms this house of fraud and of delay; and this is the man who will help to govern you; who bottoms his reputation on doing good to you; who knows, that to reform abuses is the safest basis of fame, and the surest instrument of power; who uses the highest gifts of reason, and the most splendid efforts of genius, to rectify those abuses, which all the genius and talent of the profession * have hitherto been employed to justify, and to protect. Look to Brougham, and turn you to that side where he waves his long, and lean finger; and mark well that face which nature has marked so forcibly —which dissolves pensions—turns jobbers into honest men—scares away the plunderer of the public—and is a terror to him who doeth evil to the people. But, above all, look to the Northern Earl, victim, before this honest and manly reign, of the spitefulness of the Court. You may now, for the first time, learn to trust in the professions of a Minister; you are directed by a man who prefers character to place, and who has given such unequivocal proofs of honesty and patriotism, that his image ought to be amongst your household gods,

* Lord Lyndhurst is an exception; I firmly believe he had no wish to perpetuate the abuses of the Court of Chancery.

and his name to be lisped by your children: two thousand years hence it will be a legend like the fable of Perseus and Andromeda: Britannia chained to a mountain—two hundred rotten animals menacing her destruction, till a tall Earl, armed with Schedule A., and followed by his page Russell, drives them into the deep, and delivers over Britannia in safety to crowds of ten-pound renters, who deafen the air with their acclamations. Forthwith, Latin verses upon this—school exercises—boys whipt, and all the usual absurdities of education. Don't part with the Administration composed of Lord Grey and Lord Brougham; and not only these, but look at them all—the mild wisdom of Lansdowne—the genius and extensive knowledge of Holland, in whose bold and honest life there is no varying nor shadow of change—the unexpected and exemplary activity of Lord Melbourne—and the rising parliamentary talents of Stanley. You are ignorant of your best interests, if every vote you can bestow is not given to such a ministry as this.

You will soon find an alteration of behaviour in the upper orders when elections become real. You will find that you are raised to the importance to which you ought to be raised. The merciless ejector, the rural tyrant, will be restrained within the limits of decency and humanity, and will improve their own characters, at the same time that they better your condition.

It is not the power of aristocracy that will be destroyed by these measures, but the *unfair* power. If the Duke of Newcastle is kind and obliging to his neighbours, he will probably lead his neighbours; if he is a man of sense, he will lead them more certainly, and to a better purpose. All this is as it should be; but the Duke of Newcastle, at present, by buying certain old houses, could govern his neighbours and legislate for them, even if he had not five grains of understanding, and if he were the most churlish and brutal man under heaven. The present state of things renders unnecessary all those important virtues, which rich and well-born men, under a better system, would exercise for the public good.

The Duke of Newcastle (I mention him only as an instance), Lord Exeter will do as well, but either of those Noblemen, depending not upon walls, arches, and abutments, for their power—but upon mercy, charity, forbearance, indulgence, and example—would pay this price, and lead the people by their affections; one would be the God of Stamford, and the other of Newark. This union of the great with the many is the real healthy state of a country; such a country is strong to invincibility—and this strength the Borough system entirely destroys.

Cant words creep in, and affect quarrels; the changes are rung between Revolution and Reform; but, first settle whether a wise government ought to attempt the measure—whether any thing is wanted—whether less would do—and, having settled this, mere nomenclature becomes of very little consequence. But, after all, if it be Revolution, and not Reform, it will only induce me to receive an old political toast in a twofold meaning, and with twofold pleasure. When King William and the great and glorious Revolution are given, I shall think not only of escape from bigotry, but exemption from corruption; and I shall thank Providence, which has given us a second King William for the destruction of vice, as the other of that name was given us for the conservation of freedom.

All former political changes, proposed by these very men, it is said, were mild and gentle, compared to this: true, but are you on Saturday night to seize your apothecary by the throat, and to say to him, "Subtle compounder, fraudulent posologist, did not you order me a drachm of this medicine on Monday morning, and now you declare, that nothing short of an ounce can do me any good?" "True enough," would he of the phials reply, "*but you did not take the drachm on Monday morning*—that makes all the difference, my dear Sir; if you had done as I advised you at first, the small quantity of medicine would have sufficed; and, instead of being in a night-gown and slippers up stairs, you would have been walking vigorously in Piccadilly. Do as you please-

and die if you please; but don't blame me because you despised my advice, and by your own ignorance and obstinacy have entailed upon yourself tenfold rhubarb and unlimited infusion of senna."

Now see the consequences of having a manly Leader, and a manly Cabinet. Suppose they had come out with a little ill-fashioned seven months' reform; what would have been the consequence? The same opposition from the Tories—that would have been quite certain—and not a single Reformer in England satisfied with the measure. You have now a real Reform, and a fair share of power delegated to the people.

The Anti-Reformers cite the increased power of the press—this is the very reason why I want an increased power in the House of Commons. The Times, Herald, Advertiser, Globe, Sun, Courier, and Chronicle, are a heptarchy, which govern this country, and govern it because the people are so badly represented. I am perfectly satisfied, that with a fair and honest House of Commons the power of the press would diminish—and that the greatest authority would centre in the highest place.

Is it possible for a gentleman to get into Parliament, at present, without doing things he is utterly ashamed of—without mixing himself up with the lowest and basest of mankind? Hands, accustomed to the scented lubricity of soap, are defiled with pitch, and contaminated with filth. Is there not some inherent vice in a Government, which cannot be carried on but with such abominable wickedness, in which no gentleman can mingle without moral degradation, and the practice of crimes, the very imputation of which, on other occasions, he would repel at the hazard of his life?

What signifies a small majority in the House? The miracle is, that there should have been any majority at all; that there was not an immense majority on the other side. It was a very long period before the Courts of Justice in Jersey could put down smuggling; and why? The Judges, Counsel, Attorneys, Crier of the Court, Grand and Petty Jurymen, were all smugglers,

and the High Sheriff and Constables were running goods every moonlight night.

How are you to do without a government? And what other government, if this Bill be ultimately lost, could possibly be found? How could any country defray the ruinous expense of protecting, with troops and constables, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who literally would not be able to walk from the Horse Guards to Grosvenor Square, without two or three regiments of foot to screen them from the mob; and in these hollow squares the Hero of Waterloo would have to spend his political life? By the whole exercise of his splendid military talents, by strong batteries, at Bootle's and White's, he might, on nights of great debate, reach the House of Lords; but Sir Robert would probably be cut off, and nothing could save Twiss and Lewis.

The great majority of persons returned by the new Boroughs would either be men of high reputation for talents, or persons of fortune known in the neighbourhood; they have property and character to lose. Why are they to plunge into mad and revolutionary projects of pillaging the public creditor? It is not the interest of any such man to do it; he would lose more by the destruction of public credit than he would gain by a remission of what he paid for the interest of the public debt. And if it is not the interest of any one to act in this manner, it is not the interest of the mass. How many, also, of these new Legislators would there be, who were not themselves creditors of the State? Is it the interest of such men to create a revolution, by destroying the constitutional power of the House of Lords, or of the King? Does there exist in persons of that class any disposition for such changes? Are not all their feelings, and opinions, and prejudices, on the opposite side? The majority of the new Members will be landed gentlemen: their genus is utterly distinct from the revolutionary tribe; they have Molar teeth; they are destitute of the carnivorous and incisive jaws of political adventurers.

There will be mistakes at first, as there are in all changes. All young Ladies will imagine (as soon as this

Bill is carried) that they will be instantly married. Schoolboys believe that Gerunds and Supines will be abolished, and that Currant Tarts must ultimately come down in price; the Corporal and Sergeant are sure of double pay; bad Poets will expect a demand for their Epics; Fools will be disappointed, as they always are; reasonable men, who know what to expect, will find that a very serious good has been obtained.

What good to the hewer of wood and the drawer of water? How is he benefited, if Old Sarum is abolished and Birmingham Members created? But if you ask this question of Reform, you must ask it of a great number of other great measures? How is he benefited by Catholic Emancipation, by the repeal of the Corporation and Test Act, by the Revolution of 1688, by any great political change? by a good government? In the first place, if many are benefited, and the lower orders are not injured, this alone is reason enough for the change. But the hewer of wood and the drawer of water *are* benefited by Reform. Reform will produce economy and investigation; there will be fewer jobs, and a less lavish expenditure; wars will not be persevered in for years after the people are tired of them; taxes will be taken off the poor, and laid upon the rich; demotic habits will be more common in a country where the rich are forced to court the poor for political power; cruel and oppressive punishments (such as those for night poaching) will be abolished. If you steal a pheasant you will be punished as you ought to be, but not sent away from your wife and children for seven years. Tobacco will be 2*d.* per lb. cheaper. Candles will fall in price. These last results of an improved government will be felt. We do not pretend to abolish poverty, or to prevent wretchedness; but if peace, economy, and justice, are the results of Reform, a number of small benefits, or rather of benefits which appear small to us, but not to them, will accrue to millions of the people; and the connection between the existence of John Russell, and the reduced price of bread and cheese, will be as clear as it has been the object of his honest, wise, and useful life to make it.

Don't be led away by such nonsense; all things are dearer under a bad government, and cheaper under a good one. The real question they ask you is, What difference can any change of government make to you? They want to keep the bees from buzzing and stinging, in order that they may rob the hive in peace.

Work well! How does it work well, when every human being in-doors and out (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington) says it must be made to work better, or it will soon cease to work at all? It is little short of absolute nonsense to call a government good, which the great mass of Englishmen would, before twenty years were elapsed, if Reform were denied, rise up and destroy. Of what use have all the cruel laws been of Perceval, Eldon, and Castlereagh, to extinguish Reform? Lord John Russell, and his abettors, would have been committed to gaol twenty years ago for half only of his present Reform; and now relays of the people would drag them from London to Edinburgh; at which latter city we are told, by Mr. Dundas, that there is no eagerness for Reform. Five minutes before Moses struck the rock, this gentleman would have said that there was no eagerness for water.

There are two methods of making alterations: the one is to despise the applicants, to begin with refusing every concession, then to relax by making concessions which are always too late; by offering in 1831 what is then too late, but would have been cheerfully accepted in 1830—gradually to O'Connellize the country, till at last, after this process has gone on for some time, the alarm becomes too great, and every thing is conceded in hurry and confusion. In the mean time fresh conspiracies have been hatched by the long delay, and no gratitude is expressed for what has been extorted by fear. In this way peace was concluded with America, and Emancipation granted to the Catholics; and in this way the war of complexion will be finished in the West Indies. The other method is, to see at a distance that the thing must be done, and to do it effectually, *and at once;* to take it out of the hands of the common people, and

to carry the measure in a manly liberal manner, so as to satisfy the great majority. The merit of this belongs to the Administration of Lord Grey. He is the only Minister I know of who has begun a great measure in good time, conceded at the beginning of twenty years what would have been extorted at the end of it, and prevented that folly, violence, and ignorance, which emanate from a long denial and extorted concession of justice to great masses of human beings. I believe the Question of Reform, or any dangerous agitation of it, is set at rest for thirty or forty years; and this is an eternity in politics.

Boroughs are not the power proceeding from wealth. Many men who have no Boroughs are infinitely richer than those who have—but it is the artifice of wealth in seizing hold of certain localities. The Boroughmonger is like rheumatism, which owes its power, not so much to the intensity of the pain as to its peculiar position; a little higher up, or a little lower down, the same pain would be trifling; but it fixes in the joints, and gets into the head-quarters of motion and activity. The Boroughmonger knows the importance of arthritic positions; he disdains muscle, gets into the joints, and lords it over the whole machine by felicity of place. Other men are as rich—but those riches are not fixed in the critical spot.

I live a good deal with all ranks and descriptions of people; I am thoroughly convinced that the party of Democrats and Republicans is very small and contemptible; that the English love their institutions—that they love not only this King, (who would not love him?) but the kingly office—that they have no hatred to the Aristocracy. I am not afraid of trusting English happiness to English Gentlemen. I believe that the half million of new voters will choose much better for the public, than the twenty or thirty Peers, to whose usurped power they succeed.

If any man doubt of the power of Reform, let him take these two memorable proofs of its omnipotence. First, but for the declaration against it, I believe the Duke of Wellington might this day have been in office; and,

secondly, in the whole course of the debates at County Meetings and in Parliament, there are not twenty men who have declared against Reform. Some advance an inch, some a foot, some a yard—but nobody stands still—nobody says, We ought to remain just where we were—every body discovers that he is a Reformer, and has long been so—and appears infinitely delighted with this new view of himself. Nobody appears without the cockade—bigger or less—but always the cockade.

An exact and elaborate census is called for—vast information should have been laid upon the table of the House—great time should have been given for deliberation. All these objections, being turned into English, simply mean, that the chances of another year should have been given for defeating the Bill. In that time the Poles may be crushed, the Belgians organised, Louis Philip dethroned; war may rage all over Europe—the popular spirit may be diverted to other objects. It is certainly provoking that the Ministry foresaw all these possibilities, and determined to model the iron while it was red and glowing.

It is not enough that a political institution works well practically: it must be defensible; it must be such as will bear discussion, and not excite ridicule and contempt. It might work well for ought I know, if, like the savages of Onelashka, we sent out to catch a king: but who could defend a coronation by chase? who can defend the payment of 40,000*l.* for the three hundreth part of the power of Parliament, and the resale of this power to Government for places to the Lord Williams and Lord Charles's, and others of the Anglophagi? Teach a million of the common people to read—and such a government (work it ever so well) must perish in twenty years. It is impossible to persuade the mass of mankind that there are not other and better methods of governing a country. It is so complicated, so wicked, such envy and hatred accumulate against the gentlemen who have fixed themselves on the joints, that it cannot fail to perish, and to be driven, as it *is* driven, from the country by a general burst of

hatred and detestation. I meant, gentlemen, to have spoken for another half hour, but I am old and tired. Thank me for ending—but, gentlemen, bear with me for another moment; one word before I end. I am old, but I thank God I have lived to see more than my observations on human nature taught me I had any right to expect. I have lived to see an honest King, in whose word his Ministers can trust; who disdains to deceive those men whom he has called to the public service, but makes common cause with them for the common good; and exercises the highest powers of a ruler for the dearest interests of the State. I have lived to see a King with a good heart, who, surrounded by Nobles, thinks of common men; who loves the great mass of English people, and wishes to be loved by them; who knows that his real power, as he feels that his happiness, is founded on their affection. I have lived to see a King, who, without pretending to the pomp of superior intellect, has the wisdom to see, that the decayed institutions of human policy require amendment; and who, in spite of clamour, interest, prejudice, and fear, has the manliness to carry these wise changes into immediate execution. Gentlemen, farewell: shout for the King.

A

LETTER TO THE ELECTORS,

UPON

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

A LETTER,

&c.

WHY is not a Catholic to be believed on his oath ?

What says the law of the land to this extravagant piece of injustice? It is no challenge against a juryman, to say he is a Catholic; he sits in judgment upon your life and your property. Did any man ever hear it said that such or such a person was put to death, or that he lost his property, because a Catholic was among the jurymen? Is the question ever put? Does it ever enter into the mind of the attorney or the counsellor to inquire of the faith of the jury? If a man sell a horse, or a house, or a field, does he ask if the purchaser be a Catholic? Appeal to your own experience, and try by that fairest of all tests — the justice of this enormous charge.

We are in treaty with many of the powers of Europe, because we believe in the good faith of Catholics. Two-thirds of Europe are, in fact, Catholics; are they all perjured? For the first fourteen centuries all the Christain world were Catholics; did they live in a constant state of perjury? I am sure these objections against the Catholics are often made by very serious and honest men, but I much doubt if Voltaire has advanced any thing against the Christian religion so horrible as to say that two-thirds of those who profess it are unfit for all the purposes of civil life; for who is fit to live in society who does not respect oaths? But if this imputation be true, what folly to agitate such questions as the civil emancipation of the Catholics! If they are always ready to support falsehood by an appeal to God, why are they

suffered to breathe the air of England, or to drink of the waters of England? Why are they not driven into the howling wilderness? But now they possess, and bequeath, and witness, and decide civil rights; and save life as physicians, and defend property as lawyers, and judge property as jurymen; and you pass laws enabling them to command all your fleets and armies*, and then you turn round upon the very man whom you have made the master of the European seas, and the arbiter of nations, and tell him he is not to be believed on his oath.

I have lived a little in the world, but I never happened to hear a single Catholic even suspected of getting into office by violating his oath; the oath which they are accused of violating is an insuperable barrier to them all. Is there a more disgraceful spectacle in the world than that of the Duke of Norfolk hovering round the House of Lords in the execution of his office, which he cannot enter as a peer of the realm? disgraceful to the bigotry and injustice of his country — to his own sense of duty, honourable in the extreme: he is the leader of a band of ancient and high-principled gentlemen, who submit patiently to obscurity and privation, rather than do violence to their conscience. In all the fury of party, I never heard the name of a single Catholic mentioned, who was suspected of having gained, or aimed at, any political advantage, by violating his oath. I have never heard so bitter a slander supported by the slightest proof. Every man in the circle of his acquaintance has met with Catholics, and lived with them probably as companions. If this immoral lubricity were their characteristic, it would surely be perceived in common life. Every man's experience would corroborate the imputation; but I can honestly say that some of the best and most excellent men I have ever met with have been Catholics; perfectly alive to the evil, and inconvenience

* There is no law to prevent a Catholic from having the command of a British fleet or a British army.

of their situation, but thinking themselves bound by the law of God and the law of honour, not to avoid persecution by falsehood and apostasy. But why (as has been asked ten thousand times before) do you lay such a stress upon these oaths of exclusion, if the Catholics do not respect oaths? You compel me, a Catholic, to make a declaration against transubstantiation, for what purpose but to keep me out of Parliament? Why, then, I respect oaths and declarations, or else I should perjure myself, and get into Parliament; and if I do not respect oaths, of what use is it to enact them in order to keep me out? A farmer has some sheep, which he chooses to keep from a certain field, and to effect this object, he builds a wall: there are two objections to his proceeding; the first is, that it is for the good of the farm that the sheep should come into the field; and so the wall is not only useless, but pernicious. The second is, that he himself thoroughly believes at the time of building the wall, that all the sheep are in the constant habit of leaping over such walls. His first intention with respect to the sheep is absurd, his means more absurd, and his error is perfect in all its parts. He tries to do that which, if he succeed, will be very foolish, and tries to do it by means which he himself, at the time of using them, admits to be inadequate to the purpose: but I hope this objection to the oaths of Catholics is disappearing; I believe neither Lord Liverpool, nor Mr. Peel (a very candid and honourable man), nor the Archbishops (who are both gentlemen), nor Lord Eldon, nor Lord Stowell (whose Protestantism nobody calls in question), would make such a charge. It is confined to provincial violence, and to the politicians of the second table. I remember hearing the Catholics from the hustings of an election accused of disregarding oaths, and within an hour from that time, I saw five Catholic voters rejected, because they would not take the oath of supremacy; and these were not men of rank who tendered themselves, but ordinary tradesmen. The accusation was received with loud huzzas; the poor

Catholics retired unobserved and in silence. No one praised the conscientious feelings of the constituents; no one rebuked the calumny of the candidate. This is precisely the way in which the Catholics are treated: the very same man who encourages among his partisans the doctrine, that Catholics are not to be believed upon their oaths, directs his agents upon the hustings to be very watchful that all Catholics should be prevented from voting, by tendering to them the oath of supremacy, which he is certain not one of them will take. If this be not calumny and injustice, I know not what human conduct can deserve the name.

If you believe the oath of a Catholic, see what he will swear, and what he will not swear: read the oaths he already takes, and say whether in common candour, or in common sense, you can require more security than he offers you. Before the year 1793, the Catholic was subject to many more vexatious laws than he now is; in that year an act passed in his favour; but before the Catholic could exempt himself from his ancient pains and penalties, it was necessary to take an oath. This oath was, I believe, drawn up by Dr. Duigenan, the bitter and implacable enemy of the sect; and it is so important an oath, so little known and read in England, that I cannot, in spite of my wish to be brief, abstain from quoting it. I deny your right to call No Popery, till you are master of its contents.

"I do swear that I do abjure, condemn, and detest, as unchristian and impious, the principle, that it is lawful to murder, destroy, or any ways injure, any person whatsoever, for or under the pretext of being a heretic; and I do declare solemnly, before God, that I believe no act, in itself unjust, immoral, or wicked, can ever be justified or excused by or under pretence or colour, that it was done either for the good of the Church, or in obedience to any ecclesiastical power whatsoever. I also declare that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither am I thereby required to believe or profess, that the Pope is infallible; or that I am bound to obey any order, in its own nature

immoral, though the Pope, or any ecclesiastical power, should issue or direct such order; but, on the contrary, I hold that it would be sinful in me to pay any respect or obedience thereto. I further declare, that I do not believe that any sin whatsoever committed by me, can be forgiven at the mere will of any pope or any priest, or of any persons whatsoever; but that sincere sorrow for past sins, a firm and sincere resolution to avoid future guilt, and to atone to God, are previous and indispensable requisites to establish a well-founded expectation of forgiveness; and that any person who receives absolution, without these previous requisites, so far from obtaining thereby any remission of his sins, incurs the additional guilt of violating a sacrament: and I do swear, that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement and arrangement of property in this country, as established by the laws now in being. — I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead; and I do solemnly swear, that I will not exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb and weaken the Protestant religion, and Protestant government, in this kingdom. So help me God."

This Oath is taken by every Catholic in Ireland, and a similar oath, allowing for the difference of circumstances of the two countries, is taken in England.

It appears from the evidence taken before the two Houses, and lately printed, that if Catholic emancipation were carried, there would be little or no difficulty in obtaining from the Pope an agreement, that the nomination of the Irish Catholic Bishops should be made at home constitutionally by the Catholics, as it is now in fact *, and in practice, and that the Irish prelates would go a great way, in arranging a system of general education,

* The Catholic Bishops since the death of the Pretender, are recommended either by the chapters or the parochial clergy, to the Pope; and there is no instance of his deviating from their choice.

if the spirit of proselytism, which now renders such a union impossible, were laid aside. This great measure carried, the Irish Catholics would give up all their endowments abroad, if they received from them an equivalent at home; for now Irish priests are fast resorting to the Continent for education, allured by the endowments which the French government are cunningly restoring and augmenting. The intercourse with the see of Rome might and would, after Catholic emancipation, be so managed, that it should be open, upon grave occasions, or, if thought proper, on every occasion, to the inspection of commissioners. There is no security, *compatible with the safety of their faith*, which the Catholics are not willing to give. But what is Catholic emancipation as far as England is concerned? not an equal right to office with the member of the Church of England, but a participation in the same pains and penalties as those to which the Protestant dissenter is subjected by the Corporation and Test Acts. If the utility of these last-mentioned laws is to be measured by the horror and perturbation their repeal would excite, they are laws of the utmost importance to the defence of the English Church; but if it be of importance to the Church that pains and penalties should be thus kept suspended over men's heads, then these bills are an effectual security against Catholics as well as Protestants: and the manacles so much confided in, are not taken off, but loosened, and the prayer of a Catholic is this: — "I cannot now become an alderman, without perjury. I pray of you to improve my condition so far, that if I become an alderman, I may be only exposed to a penalty of 500*l*." There are two common errors upon the subject of Catholic emancipation; the one, that the emancipated Catholic is to be put on a better footing than the Protestant dissenter, whereas he will be put precisely on the same footing; the other, that he is to be admitted to civil offices, without any guard, exception, or reserve, whereas in the various bills which have been from time to time brought forward, the legal wit of man has been exhausted to provide

against every surmise, suspicion, and whisper of the most remote danger to the Protestant Church.

The Catholic question is not an English question, but an Irish one; or rather, it is no otherwise an English question than as it is an Irish one. As for the handful of Catholics that are in England, no one, I presume, can be so extravagant as to contend, if they were the only Catholics we had to do with, that it would be of the slightest possible consequence to what offices of the state they were admitted. It would be quite as necessary to exclude the Sandemanians, who are sixteen in number, or to make a test act against the followers of Joanna Southcote, who amount to one hundred and twenty persons. A little chalk on the wall and a profound ignorance of the subject, soon raises a cry of No Popery; but I question if the danger of admitting five popish Peers and two Commoners to the benefits of the constitution could raise a mob in any market town in England. Whatever good may accrue to England from the emancipation, or evil may befall this country, for withholding emancipation, will reach us *only* through the medium of Ireland.

I beg to remind you, that in talking of the Catholic religion, you must talk of the Catholic religion as it is carried on in Ireland; you have nothing to do with Spain, or France, or Italy: the religion you are to examine is the Irish Catholic religion. You are not to consider what it was, but what it is: not what individuals profess, but what it generally professed, not what individuals do, but what is generally practised. I constantly see, in advertisements from county meetings, all these species of monstrous injustice played off against the Catholics. The inquisition exists in Spain and Portugal, therefore I confound place, and vote against the Catholics of Ireland, where it never did exist, nor was purposed to be instituted.* There have been many cruel perse-

* While Mary was burning Protestants in England, not a single Protestant was executed in Ireland: and yet the terrors of that reign are, at this moment, one of the most operative causes of the exclusion of Irish Catholics.

cutions of Protestants by Catholic governments; and, therefore, I will confound time and place, and vote against the Irish, who live centuries after these persecutions, and in a totally different country. Doctor this, or Doctor that, of the Catholic Church has written a very violent and absurd pamphlet; therefore I will confound persons, and vote against the whole Irish Catholic Church, which has neither sanctioned nor expressed any such opinions. I will continue the incapacities of men of this age, because some men, in distant ages, deserved ill of other men in distant ages. They shall expiate the crimes committed, before they were born, in a land they never saw; by individuals they never heard of. I will charge them with every act of folly which they have never sanctioned and cannot control. I will sacrifice space, time, and identity, to my zeal for the Protestant Church. Now, in the midst of all this violence, consider, for a moment, how you are imposed upon by words, and what a serious violation of the rights of your fellow-creatures you are committing. Mr. Murphy lives in Limerick, and Mr. Murphy and his son are subjected to a thousand inconveniences and disadvantages, because they are Catholics. Murphy is a wealthy, honourable, excellent man; he ought to be in the corporation; he cannot get in because he is a Catholic. His son ought to be king's counsel for his talents, and his standing at the bar; he is prevented from reaching this dignity, because he is a Catholic. Why, what reasons do you hear for all this? Because Queen Mary, three hundred years before the natal day of Mr. Murphy, murdered Protestants in Smithfield; because Louis XIV. dragooned his Protestant subjects, when the predecessor of Murphy's predecessor was not in being; because men are confined in prison, in Madrid, twelve degrees more south than Murphy has ever been in his life; all ages, all climates, are ransacked to perpetuate the slavery of Murphy, the ill-fated victim of political anachronisms.

Suppose a barrister, in defending a prisoner, were to say to the judge, "My Lord, I humbly submit to your Lordship that this indictment against the prisoner cannot

stand good in law; and as the safety of a fellow-creature is concerned, I request your Lordship's patient attention to my objections. In the first place, the indictment does not pretend that the prisoner at the bar is himself guilty of the offence, but that some persons of the same religious sect as himself are so; in whose crime he cannot (I submit) by any possibility be implicated, as these criminal persons lived three hundred years before the prisoner was born. In the next place, my Lord, the *venue* of several crimes imputed to the prisoner is laid in countries to which the jurisdiction of this court does not extend; in France, Spain, and Italy, where also the prisoner has never been: and as to the argument used by my learned brother, that it is only want of power, and not want of will, and that the prisoner *would* commit the crime *if* he *could;* I humbly submit that the custom of England has been to wait for the overt act before pain and penalty are inflicted, and that your Lordship would pass a most doleful assize, if punishment depended upon evil volition; if men were subjected to legal incapacities from the mere suspicion that they *would* do harm *if* they *could;* and if it were admitted to be sufficient proof of this suspicion, that men of this faith in distant ages, different countries, and under different circumstances, had planned evil, and, when occasion offered, done it."

When are mercy and justice, in fact, ever to return upon the earth, if the sins of the elders are to be for ever visited on these who are not even their children? Should the first act of liberated Greece be to recommence the Trojan war? Are the French never to forget the Sicilian vespers; or the Americans the long war waged against their liberties? Is any rule wise, which may set the Irish to recollect what they have suffered?

The real danger is this — that you have four Irish Catholics for one Irish Protestant. That is the matter of fact, which none of us can help. Is it better policy to make friends, rather than enemies, of this immense population? I allow there is danger to the Protestant Church, but much more danger, I am sure there is, in

resisting than admitting the claims of the Catholics. If I might indulge in visions of glory, and imagine myself an Irish dean or bishop, with an immense ecclesiastical income; if the justice or injustice of the case were entirely indifferent to me, and my only object were to live at ease in my possessions, *there is no measure for which I should be so anxious as that of Catholic emancipation.* The Catholics are now extremely angry and discontented at being shut out from so many offices and honours: the incapacities to which they are subjected thwart them in all their pursuits: they feel they are a degraded caste. The Protestant feels he is a privileged caste, and not only the Protestant gentleman feels this, but every Protestant servant feels it, and takes care that his Catholic fellow-servant shall perceive it. The difference between the two religions is an eternal source of enmity, ill-will, and hatred, and the Catholic remains in a state of permanent disaffection to the government under which he lives. I repeat that if I were a member of the Irish Church, I should be afraid of this position of affairs. I should fear it in peace, on account of riot and insurrection, and in war, on account of rebellion. I should think that my greatest security consisted in removing all just cause of complaint from the Catholic society, in endearing them to the English constitution, by making them feel, as soon as possible, that they shared in its blessings. I should really think my tithes and my glebe, upon such a plan, worth twenty years' purchase more than under the present system. Suppose the Catholic layman were to think it an evil, that his own church should be less splendidly endowed than that of the Protestant Church, whose population is so inferior; yet if he were free himself, and had nothing to complain of, he would not rush into rebellion and insurrection, merely to augment the income of his priest. At present you bind the laity and clergy in one common feeling of injustice; each feels for himself, and talks of the injuries of the other. The obvious consequence of Catholic emancipation would be to

separate their interests. But another important consequence of Catholic emancipation would be to improve the condition of the clergy. Their chapels would be put in order, their incomes increased, and we should soon hear nothing more of the Catholic Church. If this measure were carried in March, I believe by the January following, the whole question would be as completely forgotten as the sweating sickness, and that nine Doctor Doyles, at the rate of thirty years to a Doyle, would pass away one after the other, before any human being heard another syllable on the subject. All men gradually yield to the comforts of a good income. Give the Irish archbishop 1200*l.* per annum; the bishop 800*l.*, the priest 200*l.*, the coadjutor 100*l.* per annum, and the Cathedral of Dublin is almost as safe as the Cathedral of York.* This is the real secret of putting an end to the Catholic question; there is no other; *but, remember, I am speaking of provision for the Catholic clergy after emancipation, not before.* There is not an Irish clergyman of the Church of Rome who would touch one penny of the public money before the laity were restored to civil rights, and why not pay the Catholic clergy as well as the Presbyterian clergy? Ever since the year 1803, the Presbyterian clergy in the North of Ireland have been paid by the government, and the grant is annually brought forward in parliament; and not only are the Presbyterians paid, but one or two other species of Protestant dissenters. The consequence has been loyalty and peace. This way of appeasing Dissenters you may call expensive, but is there no expense in injustice? You have at this moment an

* I say *almost*, because I hate to overstate an argument, and it is impossible to deny that there is danger to a Church, to which seven millions contribute largely, and in which six millions disbelieve: my argument merely is, that such a church would be more safe in proportion as it interfered less with the comforts and ease of its natural enemies, and rendered their position more desirable and agreeable. I firmly believe the Toleration Act to be quite as conducive to the security of the Church of England as it is to the Dissenters. Perfect toleration, and the abolition of every incapacity as a consequence of religious opinions, is not, what is commonly called, a receipt for innovation, but a receipt for the quiet, and permanence of every establishment which has the real good sense to adopt it.

army of 20,000 men in Ireland, horse, foot, and artillery, at an annual expense of a million and a half of money; about one third of this sum would be the expense of the allowance to the Catholic clergy; and this army is so necessary, that the government dare not at this moment remove a single regiment from Ireland. Abolish these absurd and disgraceful distinctions, and a few troops of horse, to help the constables on fair days, will be more than sufficient for the Catholic limb of the empire.

Now for a very few of the shameful misrepresentations circulated respecting the Irish Catholics, for I repeat again that we have nothing to do with Spanish or Italian, but with Irish Catholics: it is not true that the Irish Catholics refuse to circulate the Bible in English; on the contrary, they have in Ireland circulated several editions of the Scriptures in English. In the last year, the Catholic prelates prepared and put forth a stereotype edition of the Bible, of a small print and low price, to insure its general circulation. They circulate the Bible with their own notes, and how, as Catholics, can they act otherwise? Are not our prelates and Bartlett's Buildings acting in the same manner? And must not all Churches, if they are consistent, act in the same manner? The Bibles Catholics quarrel with, are Protestant Bibles without notes, or Protestant Bibles with Protestant notes, and how can they do otherwise without giving up their religion? They deny, upon oath, that the infallibility of the Pope is any necessary part of the Catholic faith. They, upon oath, declare that Catholic people are forbidden to worship images, and saints, and relics. They, upon oath, abjure the temporal power of the Pope, or his right to absolve any Catholic from his oath. They renounce, upon oath, all right to forfeited lands, and covenant, upon oath, not to destroy or plot against the Irish Protestant Church. What more can any man want, whom any thing will content?

Some people talk as if they were quite teased and worried by the eternal clamours of the Catholics; but

if you are eternally unjust, can you expect any thing more than to be eternally vexed by the victims of your injustice? You want all the luxury of oppression, without any of its inconvenience. I should think the Catholics very much to blame, if they ever ceased to importune the legislature for justice, so long as they could find one single member of parliament who would advocate their cause.

The putting the matter to rest by an effort of the county of York, or by any decision of parliament against them, is utterly hopeless. Every year increases the Catholic population, and the Catholic wealth, and the Catholic claims, till you are caught in one of those political attitudes to which all countries are occasionally exposed, in which you are utterly helpless, and must give way to their claims: and if you do it then, you will do it badly; you may call it an arrangement, but arrangements made at such times are much like the bargains between a highwayman and a traveller, a pistol on one side, and a purse on the other: the rapid scramble of armed violence, and the unqualified surrender of helpless timidity. *If you think the thing must be done at some time or another, do it when you are calm and powerful, and when you need not do it.*

There are a set of high-spirited men who are very much afraid of being afraid; who cannot brook the idea of doing any thing from fear, and whose conversation is full of fire and sword, when any apprehension of resistance is alluded to. I have a perfect confidence in the high and unyielding spirit, and in the military courage of the English; and I have no doubt, but that many of the country gentlemen who now call out No Popery, would fearlessly put themselves at the head of their embattled yeomanry, to control the Irish Catholics. My objection to such courage is, that it would certainly be exercised unjustly, and probably exercised in vain. I should deprecate any rising of the Catholics as the most grievous misfortune which could happen to the empire and to themselves. They had far better endure all they do endure, and a great deal worse, than try the ex-

periment. *But if they do try it, you may depend upon it, they will do it at their own time, and not at yours.* They will not select a fortnight in the summer, during a profound peace, when corn and money abound, and when the Catholics of Europe are unconcerned spectators. If you make a resolution to be unjust, you must make another resolution to be always strong, always vigilant, and always rich; you must commit no blunders, exhibit no deficiencies, and meet with no misfortunes; you must present a square phalanx of impenetrable strength, for keen-eyed revenge is riding round your ranks; and if one heart falter, or one hand tremble, you are lost.

You may call all this threatening; I am sure I have no such absurd intention; but wish only, in sober sadness, to point out what appears to me to be the inevitable consequences of the conduct we pursue. If danger be not pointed out and insisted upon, how is it to be avoided? My firm belief is, that England will be compelled to grant ignominiously what she now refuses haughtily. Remember what happened respecting Ireland in the American war. In 1779, the Irish, whose trade was completely restricted by English laws, asked for some little relaxation, some liberty to export her own products, and to import the products of other countries; their petition was flung out of the House with the utmost disdain, and by an immense majority. In April, 1782, 70,000 Irish volunteers were under arms, the representatives of 170 armed corps met at Ulster, and the English parliament (the Lords and Commons both on the same day and with only one dissentient voice, the ministers moving the question) were compelled, in the most disgraceful and precipitate manner, to acknowledge the complete independence of the Irish nation, *and nothing but the good sense and moderation of Grattan prevented the separation of the two crowns.*

It is no part of my province to defend every error of the Catholic Church: I believe it has many errors, though I am sure these errors are grievously exaggerated and misrepresented. I should think it a vast accession to the happiness of mankind, if every Catholic in Europe

were converted to the Protestant faith. The question is not, Whether there shall be Catholics, but the question (as they do exist and you cannot get rid of them) is, What are you to do with them? Are you to make men rebels because you cannot make them Protestants? and are you to endanger your state, because you cannot enlarge your Church? England is the ark of liberty: the English Church I believe to be one of the best establishments in the world; but what is to become of England, of its Church, its free institutions, and the beautiful political model it holds out to mankind, if Ireland should succeed in connecting itself with any other European power hostile to England? I join in the cry of No Popery, as lustily as any man in the streets, who does not know whether the Pope lives in Cumberland or Westmoreland; but I know that it is impossible to keep down European popery, and European tyranny, without the assistance, or with the opposition of Ireland. If you give the Irish their privileges, the spirit of the nation will overcome the spirit of the Church: they will cheerfully serve you against all enemies, and chant a *Te Deum* for your victories over all the Catholic armies of Europe. If it be true, as her enemies say, that the Roman Catholic Church is waging war all over Europe against common sense, against public liberty; selling the people to kings and nobles, and labouring for the few against the many; all this is an additional reason why I would fortify England and Protestantism by every concession to Ireland; why I should take care that our attention was not distracted, nor our strength wasted by internal dissension; why I would not paralyse those arms which wield the sword of Justice among the nations of the world, and lift up the buckler of safety. If the Catholic religion in Ireland is an abuse, you must tolerate that abuse, to prevent its extension and tyranny over the rest of Europe. If you will take a long view instead of a confined view, and look generally to the increase of human happiness, *the best check upon the increase of Popery, the best security for the establishment of the Protestant Church is, that the British empire shall be*

preserved in a state of the greatest strength, union, and opulence. My cry then is, *No Popery;* therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not join with foreign Papists in time of war. *Church for ever;* therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not help to pull it down. *King for ever;* therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may become his loyal subjects. *Great Britain for ever;* therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not put an end to its perpetuity. *Our Government is essentially Protestant;* therefore, by emancipating the Catholics, give up a few circumstances which have nothing to do with the essence. *The Catholics are disguised enemies;* therefore, by emancipation, turn them into open friends. *They have a double allegiance;* therefore, by emancipation, make their allegiance to their King so grateful, that they will never confound it with the spiritual allegiance to their Pope. It is very difficult for electors, who are much occupied by other matters, to choose the right path amid the rage and fury of faction: but I give you one mark, *vote for a free altar;* give what the law compels you to give to the Establishment; (that done,) no chains, no prisons, no bonfires for a man's faith; and, above all, no modern chains and prisons under the names of disqualifications and incapacities, which *are only the cruelty and tyranny of a more civilised age;* civil offices open to all, a Catholic or a Protestant alderman, a Moravian or a Church of England, or a Wesleyan justice, *no oppression, no tyranny in belief: a free altar, an open road to heaven; no human insolence, no human narrowness, hallowed by the name of God.*

Every man in trade must have experienced the difficulty of getting in a bill from an unwilling paymaster. If you call in the morning, the gentleman is not up; if in the middle of the day, he is out; if in the evening, there is company. If you ask mildly, you are indifferent to the time of payment; if you press, you are impertinent. No time and no manner can render such a message agreeable. So it is with the poor Catholics; their message is so disagreeable, that their time and

manner can never be right. "Not this session. Not *now:* on no account at the present time; any other time than this. The great mass of the Catholics are so torpid on the subject, that the question is clearly confined to the ambition of the few, or the whole Catholic population are so leagued together, that the object is clearly to intimidate the mother-country." In short, the Catholics want justice, and we do not mean to be just, and the most specious method of refusal is, to have it believed that they are refused from their own folly, and not from our fault.

What if O'Connell (a man certainly of extraordinary talents and eloquence) is sometimes violent and injudicious? What if O'Gorman or O'Sullivan have spoken ill of the Reformation? Is a great stroke of national policy to depend on such childish considerations as these? If these chains ought to remain, could I be induced to remove them by the chaste language and humble deportment of him who wears them? If they ought to be struck away, would I continue them, because my taste was offended by the coarse insolence of a goaded and injured captive? Would I make that great measure to depend on the irritability of my own feelings, which ought to depend upon policy and justice? The more violent and the more absurd the conduct of the Catholics, the greater the wisdom of emancipation. If they were always governed by men of consummate prudence, and moderation, your justice in refusing would be the same, but your danger would be less. The levity and irritability of the Irish character are pressing reasons why all just causes of provocation should be taken away, and those high passions enlisted in the service of the empire.

In talking of the spirit of the Papal empire, it is often argued that the *will* remains the same; that the Pontiff *would*, if he *could*, exercise the same influence in Europe; that the Catholic Church *would*, *if it could*, tyrannise over the rights and opinions of mankind; but if the power be taken away, what signifies the will? If the Pope thunder in vain against the kingdoms of the

preserved in a state of the greatest st[illegible]*tion* to thunder? *opulence.* My cry then is, *No Por*[illegible] too humane to subcipate the Catholics, that they m[illegible] *of a* Catholic priesthood; Papists in time of war. [illegible] *empire* are sufficiently strong emancipate the Catholics, t[illegible] *to* alarm ourselves with the it down. *King for eve*[illegible] *ended* by the requisite power? I tholics, that they ma[illegible] *what* order or description of men I *Britain for ever:* [illegible] *confide,* if they *could* do as they *would;* that they may [illegible] *is,* that the rest of the world will not *Government* [illegible] *they* wish to do; and having satisfied cipating t[illegible] *do as* I am not very careful about the rest. which h[illegible] *of this,* [illegible] *government* is called essentially Protestant; but *lics o* [illegible] *Our government* [illegible] *be essentially* Protestant in the distribution of tur[illegible] *it should* be essentially Protestant in the impo- *gi* [illegible] *offices,* [illegible] *sition of taxes.* The treasury is open to all religions, *t* [illegible] *parliament* only to one. The tax-gatherer is the most *indulgent* and liberal of human beings; he excludes no *creed,* imposes no articles; but counts Catholic cash, *pockets* Protestant paper; and is candidly and impar- *tially* oppressive to every description of the Christian *world.* Can any thing be more base than when you want the blood or the money of the Catholics, to forget that they are Catholics, and to remember only that they are British subjects; and when they ask for the benefits of the British constitution, to remember only that they are Catholics, and to forget that they are British subjects?

No Popery was the cry of the great English Revolution, because the increase and prevalence of Popery in England would, at that period, have rendered this island tributary to France. The Irish Catholics were, at that period, broken to pieces by the severity and military execution of Cromwell, and by the penal laws. They are since become a great and formidable people. The same dread of foreign influence makes it now necessary that they should be restored to political rights. Must the friends of rational liberty join in a clamour against the Catholics now, because in a very different state of the world they excited that clamour a hundred years ago? I remember a house near Battersea Bridge

:h caught fire, and there was a general cry of
ter, water!" Ten years after, the Thames rose,
'e people of the house were nearly drowned.
it not have been rather singular to have said to
bitants, "I heard you calling for water ten
o, why don't you call for it now?"

There are some men who think the present times so incapable of forming any opinions, that they are always looking back to the wisdom of our ancestors. Now, as the Catholics sat in the English parliament to the reign of Charles II., and in the Irish parliament, I believe, till the reign of King William, the precedents are more in their favour than otherwise; and to replace them in parliament seems rather to return to, than to deviate from, the practice of our ancestors.

If the Catholics are priest-ridden, pamper the rider, and he will not stick so close; don't torment the animal ridden, and his violence will be less dangerous.

The strongest evidence against the Catholics is that of Colonel John Irvine; he puts every thing against them in the strongest light, and Colonel John (with great actual, though, I am sure, with no intentional exaggeration) does not pretend to say there would be more than forty-six members returned for Ireland who were Catholics; but how many members are there in the House now returned by Catholics, and compelled, from the fear of losing their seats, to vote in favour of every measure which concerns the Catholic Church? The Catholic party, as the Colonel justly observes, was formed when you admitted them to the elective franchise. The Catholic party are increasing so much in boldness, that they will soon require of the members they return, to oppose generally any government hostile to Catholic emancipation, and they will turn out those who do not comply with this rule. If this be done, the phalanx so much dreaded from emancipation is found at once without emancipation. This consequence of resistance to the Catholic claims is well worth the attention of those who make use of the cry of No Popery, as a mere political engine.

earth, of what consequence is his disposition to thunder? If mankind are too enlightened and too humane to submit to the cruelties and hatreds of a Catholic priesthood; if the Protestants of the empire are sufficiently strong to resist it, why are we to alarm ourselves with the barren volition, unseconded by the requisite power? I hardly know in what order or description of men I should choose to confide, if they *could* do as they *would;* the best security is, that the rest of the world will not let them do as they wish to do; and having satisfied myself of this, I am not very careful about the rest.

Our government is called essentially Protestant; but if it be essentially Protestant in the distribution of offices, it should be essentially Protestant in the imposition of taxes. The treasury is open to all religions, parliament only to one. The tax-gatherer is the most indulgent and liberal of human beings; he excludes no creed, imposes no articles; but counts Catholic cash, pockets Protestant paper; and is candidly and impartially oppressive to every description of the Christian world. Can any thing be more base than when you want the blood or the money of the Catholics, to forget that they are Catholics, and to remember only that they are British subjects; and when they ask for the benefits of the British constitution, to remember only that they are Catholics, and to forget that they are British subjects?

No Popery was the cry of the great English Revolution, because the increase and prevalence of Popery in England would, at that period, have rendered this island tributary to France. The Irish Catholics were, at that period, broken to pieces by the severity and military execution of Cromwell, and by the penal laws. They are since become a great and formidable people. The same dread of foreign influence makes it now necessary that they should be restored to political rights. Must the friends of rational liberty join in a clamour against the Catholics now, because in a very different state of the world they excited that clamour a hundred years ago? I remember a house near Battersea Bridge

which caught fire, and there was a general cry of "Water, water!" Ten years after, the Thames rose, and the people of the house were nearly drowned. Would it not have been rather singular to have said to the inhabitants, "I heard you calling for water ten years ago, why don't you call for it now?"

There are some men who think the present times so incapable of forming any opinions, that they are always looking back to the wisdom of our ancestors. Now, as the Catholics sat in the English parliament to the reign of Charles II., and in the Irish parliament, I believe, till the reign of King William, the precedents are more in their favour than otherwise; and to replace them in parliament seems rather to return to, than to deviate from, the practice of our ancestors.

If the Catholics are priest-ridden, pamper the rider, and he will not stick so close; don't torment the animal ridden, and his violence will be less dangerous.

The strongest evidence against the Catholics is that of Colonel John Irvine; he puts every thing against them in the strongest light, and Colonel John (with great actual, though, I am sure, with no intentional exaggeration) does not pretend to say there would be more than forty-six members returned for Ireland who were Catholics; but how many members are there in the House now returned by Catholics, and compelled, from the fear of losing their seats, to vote in favour of every measure which concerns the Catholic Church? The Catholic party, as the Colonel justly observes, was formed when you admitted them to the elective franchise. The Catholic party are increasing so much in boldness, that they will soon require of the members they return, to oppose generally any government hostile to Catholic emancipation, and they will turn out those who do not comply with this rule. If this be done, the phalanx so much dreaded from emancipation is found at once without emancipation. This consequence of resistance to the Catholic claims is well worth the attention of those who make use of the cry of No Popery, as a mere political engine.

We are taunted with our prophetical spirit, because it is said by the advocates of the Catholic question that the thing must come to pass; that it is inevitable: our prophecy, however, is founded upon experience and common sense, and is nothing more than the application of the past to the future. In a few years' time, when the madness and wretchedness of war are forgotten, when the greater part of those who have lost in war, legs and arms, health and sons, have gone to their graves, the same scenes will be acted over again in the world. France, Spain, Russia, and America, will be upon us. The Catholics will watch their opportunity, and soon settle the question of Catholic emancipation. To suppose that any nation can go on in the midst of foreign wars, denying common justice to seven millions of men, in the heart of the empire, awakened to their situation, and watching for the critical moment of redress, does, I confess, appear to me to be the height of extravagance. To foretel the consequence of such causes, in my humble apprehension, demands no more of shrewdness, than to point out the probable results of leaving a lighted candle stuck up in an open barrel of gunpowder.

It is very difficult to make the mass of mankind believe that the state of things is ever to be otherwise than they have been accustomed to see it. I have very often heard old persons describe the impossibility of making any one believe that the American colonies could ever be separated from this country. It was always considered as an idle dream of discontented politicians, good enough to fill up the periods of a speech, but which no practical man, devoid of the spirit of party, considered to be within the limits of possibility. There was a period when the slightest concession would have satisfied the Americans; but all the world was in heroics; one set of gentlemen met at the Lamb, and another at the Lion: blood and treasure men, breathing war, vengeance, and contempt; and in eight years afterwards, an awkward looking gentleman in plain clothes walked up to the drawing-room of St. James's, in the

midst of the gentlemen of the Lion and Lamb, and was introduced as the *ambassador from the United States of America.*

You must forgive me if I draw illustrations from common things — but in seeing swine driven, I have often thought of the Catholic question, and of the different methods of governing mankind. The object, one day, was to drive some of these animals along a path, to a field where they had not been before. The man could by no means succeed; instead of turning their faces to the north, and proceeding quietly along, they made for the east and the west, rushed back to the south, and positively refused to advance: a reinforcement of rustics was called for — maids, children, neighbours, all helped; a general rushing, screaming, and roaring ensued; but the main object was not in the slightest degree advanced: after a long delay we resolved (though an hour before we should have disdained such a compromise) to have recourse to Catholic emancipation: a little boy was sent before them with a handful of barley; a few grains were scattered in the path, and the bristly herd were speedily and safely conducted to the place of their destination. If, instead of putting Lord Stowell out of breath with driving, compelling the Duke of York to swear, and the Chancellor to strike at them with the mace, Lord Liverpool would condescend, in his graceful manner, to walk before the Catholic doctors with a basket of barley, what a deal of ink and blood would be saved to mankind!

Because the Catholics are intolerant, we will be intolerant; but did any body ever hear before that a government is to imitate the vices of its subjects? If the Irish were a rash, violent, and intemperate race, are they to be treated with rashness, violence, and intemperance? If they were addicted to fraud and falsehood, are they to be treated by those who rule them with fraud and falsehood? Are there to be perpetual races in error and vice between the people and the lords of the people? Is the supreme power always to find virtues among the people; never to teach them by example

or improve them by laws and institutions? Make all sects free, and let them learn the value of the blessing to others, by their own enjoyment of it; but if not, let them learn it by your vigilance and firm resistance to every thing intolerant. Toleration will then become a habit and a practice, ingrafted upon the manners of a people, when they find the law too strong for them, and that there is no use in being intolerant.

It is very true that the Catholics have a double allegiance*, but it is equally true that their second or spiritual allegiance has nothing to do with civil policy, and does not, in the most distant manner, interfere with their allegiance to the crown. What is meant by allegiance to the crown, is, I presume, obedience to acts of parliament, and a resistance to those who are constitutionally proclaimed to be the enemies of the country. I have seen and heard of no instance for this century and a half last past, where the spiritual sovereign has presumed to meddle with the affairs of the temporal sovereign. The Catholics deny him such power by the most solemn oaths which the wit of man can devise. In every war, the army and navy are full of Catholic officers and soldiers; and if their allegiance in temporal matters is unimpeachable and unimpeached, what matters to whom they choose to pay spiritual obedience, and to adopt as their guide in genuflexion and psalmody? Suppose these same Catholics were foolish enough to be governed by a set of Chinese moralists in their diet, this would be a third allegiance; and if they were regulated by Bramins in their dress, this would be a fourth allegiance; and if they received the directions of the Patriarch of the Greek Church, in educating their children, here is another allegiance: and as long as they fought, and paid taxes, and kept clear of the quarter sessions and assizes, what matters how many fanciful supremacies and

* The same double allegiance exists in every Catholic country in Europe. The spiritual head of the country among French, Spanish, and Austrian Catholics, is the Pope; the political head, the king or emperor.

frivolous allegiances they choose to manufacture or accumulate for themselves?

A great deal of time would be spared, if gentlemen, before they ordered their post-chaises for a No-Popery meeting, would read the most elementary defence of these people, and inform themselves even of the rudiments of the question. If the Catholics meditate the resumption of the Catholic property, why do they purchase that which they know (if the fondest object of their political life succeed) must be taken away from them? Why is not an attempt made to purchase a quietus from the rebel who is watching the blessed revolutionary moment for regaining his possessions, and revelling in the unbounded sensuality of mealy and waxy enjoyments? But after all, who *are* the descendants of the rightful possessors? The estate belonged to the O'Rourkes, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered in the time of Cromwell: true; but before that, it belonged to the O'Connors, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered in the time of Henry VII. The O'Sullivans have a still earlier plea of suspension, evisceration, and division. Who *is* the rightful possessor of the estate? We forget that Catholic Ireland has been murdered three times over by its Protestant masters.

Mild and genteel people do not like the idea of persecution, and are advocates for toleration; but then they think it no act of intolerance to deprive Catholics of political power. The history of all this is, that all men secretly like to punish others for not being of the same opinion with themselves, and that this sort of privation is the only species of persecution, of which the improved feeling and advanced cultivation of the age will admit. Fire and faggot, chains and stone walls, have been clamoured away; nothing remains but to mortify a man's pride, and to limit his resources, and to set a mark upon him, by cutting him off from his fair share of political power. By this receipt, insolence is gratified, and humanity is not shocked. The gentlest Protestant can see, with dry eyes, Lord Stourton excluded from parliament, though he would abominate the most distant idea of per-

sonal cruelty to Mr. Petre. This is only to say that he lives in the nineteenth, instead of the sixteenth century, and that he is as intolerant in religious matters as the state of manners existing in his age will permit. Is it not the same spirit which wounds the pride of a fellow creature on account of his faith, or which casts his body into the flames? Are they any thing else but degrees and modifications of the same principle? The minds of these two men no more differ because they differ in their degrees of punishment, than their bodies differ because one wore a doublet in the time of Mary, and the other wears a coat in the reign of George. I do not accuse them of intentional cruelty and injustice: I am sure there are very many excellent men who would be shocked if they could conceive themselves to be guilty of any thing like cruelty; but they innocently give a wrong name to the bad spirit which is within them, and think they are tolerant, because they are not as intolerant as they could have been in other times, but cannot be now. *The true spirit is to search after God and for another life with lowliness of heart; to fling down no man's altar, to punish no man's prayer; to heap no penalties and no pains on those solemn supplications which, in divers tongues, and in varied forms, and in temples of a thousand shapes, but with one deep sense of human dependence, men pour forth to God.*

It is completely untrue that the Catholic religion is what it was three centuries ago, or that it is unchangeable and unchanged. These are mere words, without the shadow of truth to support them. If the Pope were to address a bull to the kingdom of Ireland, excommunicating the Duke of York, and cutting him off from the succession, for his Protestant effusion in the House of Lords, he would be laughed at as a lunatic in all the Catholic chapels in Dublin. The Catholics would not now burn Protestants as heretics. In many parts of Europe, Catholics and Protestants worship in one church —Catholics at eleven, Protestants at one; they sit in the same parliament, are elected to the same office, live together without hatred or friction, under equal laws.

Who can see and know these things, and say that the Catholic religion is unchangeable and unchanged?

I have often endeavoured to reflect upon the causes which, from time to time, raised such a clamour against the Catholics, and I think the following are among the most conspicuous:

1. Historical recollections of the cruelties inflicted upon the Protestants.
2. Theological differences.
3. A belief that the Catholics are unfriendly to liberty.
4. That their morality is not good.
5. That they meditate the destruction of the Protestant Church.
6. An unprincipled clamour by men who have no sort of belief in the danger of emancipation, but who make use of No Popery as a political engine.
7. A mean and selfish spirit of denying to others the advantages we ourselves enjoy.
8. A vindictive spirit or love of punishing others, who offend our self-love by presuming, on important points, to entertain opinions opposite to our own.
9. Stupid compliance with the opinions of the majority.
10. To these I must, in justice and candour, add, as a tenth cause, a real apprehension on the part of honest and reasonable men, that it is dangerous to grant further concessions to the Catholics.

To these various causes I shall make a short reply, in the order in which I have placed them.

1. Mere historical recollections are very miserable reasons for the continuation of penal and incapacitating laws, and one side has as much to recollect as the other.
2. The State has nothing to do with questions purely theological.
3. It is ill to say this in a country whose free institutions were founded by Catholics, and it is often said by men who care nothing about free institutions.
4. It is not true.
5. Make their situation so comfortable, that it will

not be worth their while to attempt an enterprise so desperate.

6. This is an unfair political trick, because it is too dangerous: it is spoiling the table in order to win the game.

The 7th and 8th causes exercise a great share of influence in every act of intolerance. The 9th must, of course, comprehend the greatest number.

10. Of the existence of such a class of No Poperists as this, it would be the height of injustice to doubt, but I confess it excites in me a very great degree of astonishment.

Suppose, after a severe struggle, you put the Irish down, if they are mad and foolish enough to recur to open violence; yet are the retarded industry, and the misapplied energies of so many millions of men, to go for nothing? Is it possible to forget all the wealth, peace, and happiness which are to be sacrificed for twenty years to come, to these pestilential and disgraceful squabbles? Is there no horror in looking forward to a long period in which men, instead of ploughing and spinning, will curse and hate, and burn and murder?

There seems to me a sort of injustice and impropriety in our deciding at all upon the Catholic question. It should be left to those Irish Protestants whose shutters are bullet-proof; whose dinner-table is regularly spread with knife, fork, and cocked pistol; salt-cellar and powder flask. Let the opinion of those persons be resorted to, who sleep in sheet-iron night-caps; who have fought so often and so nobly before their scullery door, and defended the parlour passage as bravely as Leonidas defended the pass of Thermopylæ. The Irish Protestant members see and know the state of their own country. Let their votes decide* the case. We are quiet and at peace; our homes may be defended with a feather, and our doors fastened with a pin; and, as ignorant of what armed and insulted Popery is, as we are of the state of

* A great majority of Irish members voted for Catholic Emancipation.

New Zealand, we pretend to regulate by our clamours the religious factions of Ireland.

It is a very pleasant thing to trample upon Catholics, and it is also a very pleasant thing to have an immense number of pheasants running about your woods; but there come thirty or forty poachers in the night, and fight with thirty or forty game-preservers; some are killed, some fractured, some scalped, some maimed for life. Poachers are caught up and hanged; a vast body of hatred and revenge accumulates in the neighbourhood of the great man; and he says 'The sport is not worth the candle. The preservation of game is a very agreeable thing, but I will not sacrifice the happiness of my life to it. This amusement, like any other, may be purchased too dearly.' So it is with the Irish Protestants: they are finding out that Catholic exclusion may be purchased too dearly. Maimed cattle, fired ricks, threatening letters, barricadoed houses,—to endure all this, is to purchase superiority at too dear a rate; and this is the inevitable state of two parties, the one of whom are unwilling to relinquish their ancient monopoly of power, while the other party have, at length, discovered their strength, and are determined to be free.

Gentlemen (with the best intentions, I am sure) meet together in a county town, and enter into resolutions that no further concessions are to be made to the Catholics; but if you will not let them into Parliament, why not allow them to be king's counsel, or sergeants-at-law? Why are they excluded by law from some corporations in Ireland, and admissible, though not admitted, to others? I think, before such general resolutions of exclusion are adopted, and the rights and happiness of so many millions of people disposed of, it would be decent and proper to obtain some tolerable information of what the present state of the Irish Catholics is, and of the vast number of insignificant offices from which they are excluded. Keep them from Parliament if you think it right, but do not, therefore, exclude them from any thing else, to which you think Catholics may be fairly admitted without danger; and as to their content or dis-

content, there can be no sort of reason why discontent should not be lessened, though it cannot be removed.

You are shocked by the present violence and abuse used by the Irish Association: by whom are they driven to it? and whom are you to thank for it? Is there a hope left to them? Is any term of endurance alluded to,—any scope or boundary to their patience? Is the minister waiting for opportunities? Have they reason to believe that they are wished well to by the greatest of the great? Have they brighter hopes in another reign? Is there one clear spot in the horizon? any thing that you have left to them, but that disgust, hatred, and despair, which, breaking out into wild eloquence, and acting upon a wild people, are preparing every day a mass of treason and disaffection, which may shake this empire to its very centre? and you may laugh at Daniel O'Connell, and treat him with contempt, and turn his metaphors into ridicule; but Daniel has, after all, a great deal of real and powerful eloquence; and a strange sort of misgiving sometimes comes across me, that Daniel and the Doctor are not quite so great fools as many most respectable country clergymen believe them to be.

You talk of their abuse of the Reformation — but is there any end to the obloquy and abuse with which the Catholics are upon every point, and from every quarter, assailed? Is there any one folly, vice, or crime, which the blind fury of Protestants does not lavish upon them? and do you suppose all this is to be heard in silence, and without retaliation? Abuse as much as you please, if you are going to emancipate; but if you intend to do nothing for the Catholics but to call them names, you must not be out of temper if you receive a few ugly appellations in return.

The great object of men who love party better than truth, is to have it believed that the Catholics alone have been persecutors; but what can be more flagrantly unjust than to take our notions of history only from the conquering and triumphant party? If you think the Catholics have not their Book of Martyrs as well as the

Protestants, take the following enumeration of some of their most learned and careful writers:—

The whole number of Catholics who have suffered death in England for the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion since the Reformation:

Henry VIII. - -	59
Elizabeth - -	204
James I. - -	25
Charles I. and Commonwealth - -	23
Charles II. - -	8
Total - -	319

Henry VIII., with consummate impartiality, burnt three Protestants and hanged four Catholics for different errors in religion on the same day, and at the same place. Elizabeth burnt two Dutch Anabaptists for some theological tenets, July 22. 1575, Fox the martyrologist vainly pleading with the queen in their favour. In 1579, the same Protestant queen cut off the hand of Stubbs, the author of a tract against popish connection, of Singleton, the printer, and Page, the disperser of the book. Camden saw it done. Warburton properly says it exceeds in cruelty any thing done by Charles I. On the 4th of June, Mr. Elias Thacker and Mr. John Capper, two ministers of the Brownist persuasion, were hanged at St. Edmund's-bury, for dispersing books against the Common Prayer. With respect to the great part of the Catholic victims, the law was fully and literally executed: after being hanged up, they were cut down alive, dismembered, ripped up, and their bowels burnt before their faces; after which they were beheaded and quartered. The time employed in this butchery was very considerable, and, in one instance, lasted more than half an hour.

The uncandid excuse for all this is, that the greater part of these men were put to death for political, not for religious crimes. That is, a law is first passed, making it high treason for a priest to exercise his function in England, and so, when he is caught and burnt, this is

not religious persecution, but an offence against the state. We are, I hope, all too busy to need any answer to such childish, uncandid reasoning as this.

The total number of those who suffered capitally in the reign of Elizabeth, is stated by Dodd, in his Church History*, to be one hundred and ninety-nine; further inquiries made their number to be two hundred and four: fifteen of these were condemned for denying the queen's supremacy; one hundred and twenty-six for the exercise of priestly functions; and the others for being reconciled to the Catholic faith, or for aiding and assisting priests. In this list, no person is included who was executed for any plot, real or imaginary, except eleven, who suffered for the pretended plot of Rheims; a plot, which, Dr. Milner justly observes, was so daring a forgery, that even Camden allows the sufferers to have been political victims. Besides these, mention is made, in the same work, of ninety Catholic priests, or laymen, who died in prison in the same reign. 'About the same time,' he says, 'I find fifty gentlemen lying prisoners in York Castle; *most of them perished there*, of vermin, famine, hunger, thirst, dirt, damp, fever, whipping, and broken hearts, the inseparable circumstances of prisons in those days. These were every week, for a twelvemonth together, dragged by main force to hear the established service performed in the Castle chapel.' The Catholics were frequently, during the reign of Elizabeth, tortured in the most dreadful manner. In order to extort answers from Father Campian, he was laid on the rack, and his limbs stretched a little, to show him, as the executioner termed it, what the rack was. He persisted in his refusal; then for several days successively, the torture was increased, and on the last two occasions, he was so cruelly rent and

* The total number of sufferers in the reign of Queen Mary, varies, I believe, from 200 in the Catholic to 280 in the Protestant accounts. I recommend all young men who wish to form some notion of what answer the Catholics have to make, to read Milner's 'Letters to a Prebendary,' and to follow the line of reading to which his references lead. They will then learn the importance of that sacred maxim, *Audi alteram partem.*

torn, that he expected to expire under the torment. While under the rack, he called continually upon God. In the reign of the Protestant Edward VI., Joan Knell was burnt to death, and the year after, George Parry was burnt also. In 1575, two Protestants, Peterson and Turwort (as before stated), were burnt to death by Elizabeth. In 1589, under the same queen, Lewes, a Protestant, was burnt to death at Norwich, where Francis Kett was also burnt for religious opinions in 1589, under the same great queen; who, in 1591, hanged the Protestant Hacket for heresy, in Cheapside, and put to death Greenwood, Barrow, and Penry, for being *Brownists*. Southwell, a Catholic, was racked ten times during the reign of this sister of bloody Queen Mary. In 1592, Mrs. Ward was hanged, drawn and quartered, for assisting a Catholic priest to escape in a box. Mrs. Lyne suffered the same punishment for harbouring a priest; and in 1586, Mrs. Clitheroe, who was accused of relieving a priest, and refused to plead, was pressed to death in York Castle; a sharp stone being placed underneath her back.

Have not Protestants persecuted both Catholics and their fellow Protestants in Germany, Switzerland, Geneva, France, Holland, Sweden, and England? Look to the atrocious punishment of Leighton, under Laud, for writing against prelacy: first his ear was cut off, then his nose slit; then the other ear cut off, then whipped, then whipped again. Look to the horrible cruelties exercised by the Protestant Episcopalians on the Scottish Presbyterians, in the reign of Charles II., of whom 8000 are said to have perished in that persecution. Persecutions of Protestants by Protestants, are amply detailed by Chandler, in his History of Persecution; by Neale, in his History of the Puritans; by Laing, in his History of Scotland; by Penn, in his Life of Fox; and in Brandt's History of the Reformation in the Low Countries; which furnishes many very terrible cases of the sufferings of the Anabaptists and Remonstrants. In 1560, the parliament of Scotland decreed, at one and the same time, the establishment

of Calvinism, and the punishment of death against the ancient religion: "With such indecent haste (says Robertson) did the very persons who had just escaped ecclesiastical tyranny, proceed to imitate their example." Nothing can be so absurd as to suppose, that in barbarous ages the excesses were all committed by one religious party, and none by the other. The Huguenots of France burnt churches, and hung priests wherever they found them. Froumenteau, one of their own writers, confesses, that in the single province of Dauphiny they killed two hundred and twenty priests, and one hundred and twelve friars. In the Low Countries, wherever Vandemerk, and Sonoi, lieutenants of the Prince of Orange, carried their arms, they uniformly put to death, and in cold blood, all the priests and religious they could lay their hands on. The Protestant Servetus was put to death by the Protestants of Geneva, for denying the doctrine of the Trinity, as the Protestant Gentilis was, on the same score, by those of Berne; add to these, Felix Mans, Rotman, and Barnevald. Of Servetus, Melancthon, the mildest of men, declared that he deserved to have his bowels pulled out, and his body torn to pieces. The last fires of persecution which were lighted in England, were by Protestants. Bartholomew Legate, an Arian, was burnt by order of King James in Smithfield, on the 18th of March, 1612; on the 11th of April, in the same year, Edward Weightman was burnt at Lichfield, by order of the Protestant Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry; and this man was, *I believe*, the last person who was burnt in England for heresy. There was another condemned to the fire for the same heresy, but, as pity was excited by the constancy of these sufferers, it was thought better to allow him to linger on a miserable life in Newgate. Fuller, who wrote in the reign of Charles II., and was a zealous Church of England man, speaking of the burnings in question, says, 'It may appear that God was well pleased with them.'

There are, however, grievous faults on both sides:

and as there are a set of men, who, not content with retaliating upon Protestants, deny the persecuting spirit of the Catholics, I would ask them what they think of the following code, drawn up by the French Catholics against the French Protestants, and carried into execution for one hundred years, and as late as the year 1765, and not repealed till 1782.

'Any Protestant clergyman remaining in France three days, without coming to the Catholic worship, to be punished with death. If a Protestant sends his son to a Protestant schoolmaster for education, he is to forfeit 250 livres a month, and the schoolmaster who receives him, 50 livres. If they sent their children to any seminary abroad, they were to forfeit 2000 livres, and the child so sent became incapable of possessing property in France. To celebrate Protestant worship, exposed the clergyman to a fine of 2800 livres. The fine for a Protestant for hearing it, was 1300 livres. If any Protestant denied the authority of the Pope in France, his goods were seized for the first offence, and he was hanged for the second. If any Common Prayer-book, or book of Protestant worship, be found in the possession of any Protestant, he shall forfeit 20 livres for the first offence, 40 livres for the second, and shall be imprisoned at pleasure for the third. Any person bringing from beyond sea, or selling, any Protestant books of worship, to forfeit 100 livres. Any magistrates may search Protestant houses for such articles. Any person, required by a magistrate to take an oath against the Protestant religion, and refusing, to be committed to prison, and if he afterwards refuse again, to suffer forfeiture of goods. Any person, sending any money over sea to the support of a Protestant seminary, to forfeit his goods, and be imprisoned at the king's pleasure. Any person going over sea, for Protestant education, to forfeit goods and lands for life. The vessel to be forfeited which conveyed any Protestant woman or child over sea, without the king's licence. Any person converting another to the Protestant religion, to be put to death. Death to any Protestant priest

With such facts as these, the cry of persecution will not do: it is unwise to make it, because it can be so very easily, and so very justly retorted. The business is to forget and forgive, to kiss and be friends, and to say nothing of what has passed; which is to the credit of neither party. There have been atrocious cruelties, and abominable acts of injustice, on both sides. It is not worth while to contend who shed the most blood, or whether (as Dr. Sturgess objects to Dr. Milner) death by fire is worse than hanging or starving in prison. As far as England itself is concerned, the balance may be better preserved. Cruelties exercised upon the Irish go for nothing in English reasoning; but if it were not uncandid and vexatious to consider Irish persecutions* as part of the case, I firmly believe there have been two Catholics put to death for religious causes in Great Britain for one Protestant who has suffered: not that this proves much, because the Catholics have enjoyed the sovereign power for so few years between this period and the Reformation; and certainly it must be allowed that they were not inactive, during that period, in the great work of pious combustion.

It is however some extenuation of the Catholic excesses, that their religion was the religion of the whole of Europe when the innovation began. They were the ancient lords and masters of faith, before men introduced the practice of thinking for themselves in these matters. The Protestants have less excuse, who claimed the right of innovation, and then turned round upon other Protestants who acted upon the same principle, or upon Catholics who remained as they were, and visited them with all the cruelties from which they had themselves so recently escaped.

---

* Thurloe writes to Henry Cromwell to *catch* up some thousand Irish boys, to send to the colonies. Henry writes back he has done so; and desires to know whether his Highness would choose as many girls to be caught up: and he adds, 'doubtless it is a business in which God will appear.' Suppose *bloody Queen Mary* had caught up and transported three or four thousand Protestant boys and girls from the three Ridings of Yorkshire!!!!!!

Both sides, as they acquired power, abused it; and both learnt, from their sufferings, the great secret of toleration and forbearance. If you wish to do good in the times in which you live, contribute your efforts to perfect this grand work. I have not the most distant intention to interfere in local politics; but I advise you never to give a vote to any man whose only title for asking it is, that he means to continue the punishments, privations, and incapacities of any human beings, merely because they worship God in the way they think best: the man who asks for your vote upon such a plea, is, *probably*, a very weak man, who believes in his own bad reasoning, or a very artful man, who is laughing at you for your credulity: at all events, he is a man who knowingly or unknowingly exposes his country to the greatest dangers, and hands down to posterity all the foolish opinions and all the bad passions which prevail in those times in which he happens to live. Such a man is so far from being that friend to the Church, which he pretends to be, that he declares its safety cannot be reconciled with the franchises of the people; for what worse can be said of the Church of England than this, what wherever it is judged necessary to give it a legal establishment, it becomes necessary to deprive the body of the people, if they adhere to their old opinions, of their liberties, and of all their free customs, and to reduce them to a state of civil servitude?

SYDNEY SMITH.

With such facts as these, the cry of persecution will not do; it is unwise to make it, because it can be so very easily, and so very justly retorted. The business is, to forget and forgive, to kiss and be friends, and to say nothing of what has passed; which is to the credit of neither party. There have been atrocious cruelties, and abominable acts of injustice, on both sides. It is not worth while to contend who shed the most blood, or whether (as Dr. Sturgess objects to Dr. Milner) death by fire is worse than hanging or starving in prison. As far as England itself is concerned, the balance may be better preserved. Cruelties exercised upon the Irish go for nothing in English reasoning; but if it were not uncandid and vexatious to consider Irish persecutions* as part of the case, I firmly believe there have been two Catholics put to death for religious causes in Great Britain for one Protestant who has suffered: not that this proves much, because the Catholics have enjoyed the sovereign power for so few years between this period and the Reformation; and certainly it must be allowed that they were not inactive, during that period, in the great work of pious combustion.

It is however some extenuation of the Catholic excesses, that their religion was the religion of the whole of Europe when the innovation began. They were the ancient lords and masters of faith, before men introduced the practice of thinking for themselves in these matters. The Protestants have less excuse, who claimed the right of innovation, and then turned round upon other Protestants who acted upon the same principle, or upon Catholics who remained as they were, and visited them with all the cruelties from which they had themselves so recently escaped.

---

* Thurloe writes to Henry Cromwell to *catch* up some thousand Irish boys, to send to the colonies. Henry writes back he has done so; and desires to know whether his Highness would choose as many girls to be caught up: and he adds, 'doubtless it is a business in which God will appear.' Suppose *bloody Queen Mary* had caught up and transported three or four thousand Protestant boys and girls from the three Ridings of Yorkshire!!!!!!

Both sides, as they acquired power, abused it; and both learnt, from their sufferings, the great secret of toleration and forbearance. If you wish to do good in the times in which you live, contribute your efforts to perfect this grand work. I have not the most distant intention to interfere in local politics; but I advise you never to give a vote to any man whose only title for asking it is, that he means to continue the punishments, privations, and incapacities of any human beings, merely because they worship God in the way they think best: the man who asks for your vote upon such a plea, is, *probably*, a very weak man, who believes in his own bad reasoning, or a very artful man, who is laughing at you for your credulity: at all events, he is a man who knowingly or unknowingly exposes his country to the greatest dangers, and hands down to posterity all the foolish opinions and all the bad passions which prevail in those times in which he happens to live. Such a man is so far from being that friend to the Church, which he pretends to be, that he declares its safety cannot be reconciled with the franchises of the people; for what worse can be said of the Church of England than this, what wherever it is judged necessary to give it a legal establishment, it becomes necessary to deprive the body of the people, if they adhere to their old opinions, of their liberties, and of all their free customs, and to reduce them to a state of civil servitude?

SYDNEY SMITH.

A SERMON

ON THOSE

RULES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY,

BY WHICH

OUR OPINIONS OF OTHER SECTS SHOULD BE FORMED:

PREACHED BEFORE THE

MAYOR AND CORPORATION,

IN

The Cathedral Church of Bristol,

On Wednesday, Nov. 5. 1828.

I PUBLISH this Sermon (or rather allow others to publish it), because many persons, who know the city of Bristol better than I do, have earnestly solicited me to do so, and are convinced it will do good. It is not without reluctance (as far as I myself am concerned) that I send to the Press such plain rudiments of common charity and common sense.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Nov. 8. 1828.

A SERMON,

&c.

COL. III. 12, 13.

"PUT ON, AS THE ELECT OF GOD, KINDNESS, HUMBLENESS OF MIND, MEEKNESS, LONG-SUFFERING; FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER, AND FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER."

THE Church of England, in its wisdom and piety, has very properly ordained that a day of thanksgiving should be set apart, in which we may return thanks to Almighty God, for the mercies vouchsafed to this nation in their escape from the dreadful plot planned for the destruction of the Sovereign and his Parliament,—the forerunner, no doubt, of such sanguinary scenes as were suited to the manners of that age, and must have proved the inevitable consequence of such enormous wickedness and cruelty. Such an escape is a fair and lawful foundation for national piety. And it is a comely and Christian sight to see the magistrates and high authorities of the land obedient to the ordinances of the Church, and holding forth to their fellow subjects a wise example of national gratitude and serious devotion. This use of this day is deserving of every commendation. The idea that Almighty God does sometimes exercise a special providence for the preservation of a whole people is justified by Scripture, is not repugnant to reason, and can produce nothing but feelings and opinions favourable to virtue and religion.

Another wise and lawful use of this day is an honest self-congratulation that we have burst through those bands which the Roman Catholic priesthood would im-

pose upon human judgment; that the Protestant Church not only permits, but exhorts, every man to appeal from human authority to the Scriptures; that it makes of the clergy guides and advisers, not masters and oracles; that it discourages vain and idle ceremonies, unmeaning observances, and hypocritical pomp; and encourages freedom in thinking upon religion, and simplicity in religious forms. It is impossible that any candid man should not observe the marked superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic faith in these particulars; and difficult that any pious man should not feel grateful to Almighty Providence for escape from danger which would have plunged this country afresh into so many errors and so many absurdities.

I hope, in this condemnation of the Catholic religion (in which I most sincerely join its bitterest enemies), I shall not be so far mistaken as to have it supposed that I would convey the slightest approbation of any laws which disqualify or incapacitate any class of men from civil offices on account of religious opinions. I regard all such laws as fatal and lamentable mistakes in legislation; they are mistakes of troubled times, and half-barbarous ages. All Europe is gradually emerging from their influence. This country has lately, with the entire consent of its Prelates, made a noble and successful effort, by the abolition of some of the most obnoxious laws of this class. In proportion as such example is followed, the enemies of Church and State will be diminished, and the foundation of peace, order, and happiness be strengthened. These are my opinions, which I mention, not to convert you, but to guard myself from misrepresentation. It is my duty,—it is my wish,—it is the subject of this day to point out those evils of the Catholic religion from which we have escaped; but I should be to the last degree concerned, if a condemnation of theological errors were to be construed into an approbation of laws which I cannot but consider as deeply marked by a spirit of intolerance. I therefore beg you to remember, that I record these opinions, not for the purpose of converting any one to them, which

would be an abuse of the privilege of addressing you from the pulpit; not that I attach the slightest degree of importance to them because they are mine; but merely to guard myself from misrepresentation upon a point on which all men's passions are, at this moment, so powerfully excited.

I have said that, at this moment, all men's passions are powerfully excited on this subject. If this be true, it points out to me my line of duty. I must use my endeavours to guard against the abuse of this day; to take care that the principles of sound reason are not lost sight of; and that such excitement, instead of rising into dangerous vehemence, is calmed into active and useful investigation on the subject.

I shall, therefore, on the present occasion, not investigate generally the duties of charity and forbearance, but of charity and forbearance in religious matters; of that Christian meekness and humility which prevent the intrusion of bad passions into religious concerns, and keep calm and pure the mind intent upon eternity. And remember, I beg of you, that the rules I shall offer you for the observation of Christian charity are general, and of universal application. What you choose to do, and which way you incline upon any particular question, are, and can be, no concern of mine. It would be the height of arrogance and presumption in me, or in any other minister of God's word, to interfere on such points; I only endeavour to teach that spirit of forbearance and charity, which (though it cannot always prevent differences upon religious points) will ensure that these differences are carried on with Christian gentleness. I have endeavoured to lay down these rules for difference with care and moderation; and if you will attend to them patiently I think you will agree with me, that however the practice of them may be forgotten, the propriety of them cannot be denied.

It would always be easier to fall in with human passions than to resist them; but the ministers of God must do their duty through evil report, and through good report; neither prevented nor excited by the

interests of the present day. They must teach those general truths which the Christian religion has committed to their care, and upon which the happiness and peace of the world depend.

In pressing upon you the great duty of religious charity, the inutility of the opposite defect of religious violence first offers itself to, and indeed obtrudes itself upon, my notice. The evil of difference of opinion must exist; it admits of no cure. The wildest visionary does not now hope he can bring his fellow-creatures to one standard of faith. If history has taught us any one thing, it is that mankind, on such sort of subjects, will form their own opinions. Therefore to want charity in religious matters is at least useless; it hardens error, and provokes recrimination: but it does not enlighten those whom we wish to reclaim, nor does it extend doctrines which to us appear so clear and indisputable. But to do wrong, and to gain nothing by it, is surely to add folly to fault, and to proclaim an understanding not led by the rule of reason, as well as a disposition unregulated by the Christian faith.

Religious charity requires that we should not judge any sect of Christians by the representations of their enemies alone, without hearing and reading what they have to say in their own defence; it requires only, of course, to state such a rule to procure for it general admission. No man can pretend to say that such a rule is not founded upon the plainest principles of justice — upon those plain principles of justice which no one thinks of violating in the ordinary concerns of life; and yet I fear that rule is not always very strictly adhered to in religious animosities. Religious hatred is often founded on tradition, often on hearsay, often on the misrepresentations of notorious enemies; without inquiry, without the slightest examination of opposite reasons and authorities, or consideration of that which the accused party has to offer for defence or explanation. It is impossible, I admit, to examine every thing; many have not talents, many have not leisure, for such pur-

suits; many must be contented with the faith in which they have been brought up, and must think it the best modification of the Christian faith, because they are told it is so. But this imperfect acquaintance with religious controversy, though not blameable when it proceeds from want of power, and want of opportunity, can be no possible justification of violent and acrimonious opinions. I would say to the ignorant man, "It is not your ignorance I blame; you have had no means perhaps of acquiring knowledge: the circumstances of your life have not led to it—may have prevented it; but then I must tell you, if you have not had leisure to inquire, you have no right to accuse. If you are unacquainted with the opposite arguments,—or, knowing, cannot balance them, it is not upon you the task devolves of exposing the errors, and impugning the opinions of other sects." If charity be ever necessary, it is in those who know accurately neither the accusation nor the defence. If invectives,—if rooted antipathy, in religious opinions be ever a breach of Christian rules, it is so in those who, not being able to become wise, are not willing to become charitable and modest.

Any candid man acquainted with religious controversy, will, I think, admit that he has frequently, in the course of his studies, been astonished by the force of arguments with which that cause has been defended which he at first thought to be incapable of any defence at all. Some accusations he has found to be utterly groundless; in others the facts and arguments have been mis-stated; in other instances the accusation has been retorted: in many cases the tenets have been defended by strong arguments and honest appeal to Scripture, in many with consummate acuteness and deep learning. So that religious studies often teach to opponents a greater respect for each other's talents, motives, and acquirements; exhibit the real difficulties of the subject; lessen the surprise and anger which are apt to be excited by opposition; and by these means, promote that forgiving one another, and forbearing one

another, which are so powerfully recommended by the words of my text.

A great deal of mischief is done by not attending to the limits of interference with each other's religious opinions,—by not leaving to the power and wisdom of God, that which belongs to God alone. Our holy religion consists of some doctrines which influence practice, and of others which are purely speculative. If religious errors be of the former description, they may perhaps, be fair objects of human interference; but if the opinion be merely theological and speculative, there, the right of human interference seems to end, because the necessity for such interference does not exist. Any error of this nature is between the Creator and the creature,—between the Redeemer and the redeemed. If such opinions are not the best opinions which can be found, God Almighty will punish the error, if mere error seemeth to the Almighty a fit object of punishment. Why may not man wait if God waits? Where are we called upon in Scripture to pursue men for errors purely speculative?—to assist Heaven in punishing those offences which belong only to Heaven?—in fighting unasked for what we deem to be the battles of God,—of that patient and merciful God, who pities the frailties we do not pity—who forgives the errors we do not forgive,—who sends rain upon the just and the unjust, and maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and the good.

Another canon of religious charity is to revise, at long intervals, the bad opinions we have been compelled, or rather our forefathers have been compelled, to form of other Christian sects; to see whether the different bias of the age, the more general diffusion of intelligence, do not render those tenets less pernicious: that which might prove a very great evil under other circumstances, and in other times, may, perhaps, however weak and erroneous, be harmless in these times, and under these circumstances. We must be aware, too, that we do not mistake recollections for apprehensions, and confound together what has passed with what is to come,—his-

tory with futurity. For instance, it would be the most enormous abuse of this religious institution to imagine that such dreadful scenes of wickedness are to be apprehended from the Catholics of the present day, because the annals of this country were disgraced by such an event two hundred years ago. It would be an enormous abuse of this day to extend the crimes of a few desperate wretches to a whole sect; to fix the passions of dark ages upon times of refinement and civilisation. All these are mistakes and abuses of this day, which violate every principle of Christian charity, endanger the peace of society, and give life and perpetuity to hatreds, which must perish at one time or another, and had better, for the peace of society, perish now.

It would be religiously charitable, also, to consider whether the objectionable tenets, which different sects profess, are in their hearts as well as in their books. There is unfortunately so much pride where there ought to be so much humility, that it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to make religious sects abjure or recant the doctrines they have once professed. It is not in this manner, I fear, that the best and purest churches are ever reformed. But the doctrine gradually becomes obsolete; and, though not disowned, ceases in fact to be a distinguishing characteristic of the sect which professes it. These modes of reformation,—this silent antiquation of doctrines,—this real improvement, which the parties themselves are too wise not to feel, though not wise enough to own, must, I am afraid, be generally conceded to human infirmity. They are indulgences not unnecessary to many sects of Christians. The more generous method would be to admit error where error exists, to say these were the tenets and interpretations of dark and ignorant ages; wider inquiry, fresh discussion, superior intelligence have convinced us we are wrong; we will act in future upon better and wiser principles. This is what men do in laws, arts, and sciences; and happy for them would it be if they used the same modest docility in the highest of all concerns.

But it is, I fear, more than experience will allow us to expect; and therefore the kindest and most charitable method is to allow religious sects silently to improve without reminding them of, and taunting them with, the improvement; without bringing them to the humiliation of formal disavowal, or the still more pernicious practice of defending what they know to be indefensible. The triumphs which proceed from the neglect of these principles are not (what they pretend to be) the triumphs of religion, but the triumphs of personal vanity. The object is not to extinguish dangerous error with as little pain and degradation as possible to him who has fallen into the error: but the object is to exalt ourselves, and to depreciate our theological opponents, as much as possible, at any expense to God's service, and to the real interests of truth and religion.

There is another practice not less common than this, and equally uncharitable; and that is, to represent the opinions of the most violent and eager persons who can be met with, as the common and received opinions of the whole sect. There are, in every donomination of Christians, individuals, by whose opinion or by whose conduct the great body would very reluctantly be judged. Some men aim at attracting notice by singularity; some are deficient in temper; some in learning; some push every principle to the extreme; distort, overstate, pervert; fill every one to whom their cause is dear with concern that it should have been committed to such rash and intemperate advocates. If you wish to gain a victory over your antagonists, these are the men whose writings you should study, whose opinions you should dwell on, and should carefully bring forward to notice; but if you wish, as the elect of God, to put on kindness and humbleness, meekness and long-suffering,—if you wish to forbear and to forgive, it will then occur to you that you should seek the true opinions of any sect from those only who are approved of, and reverenced by that sect; to whose authority that sect

defer, and by whose arguments they consider their tenets to be properly defended. This may not suit your purpose if you are combating for victory; but it is your duty if you are combating for truth; it is the safe, honest, and splendid conduct of him, who never writes nor speaks on religious subjects, but that he may diffuse the real blessings of religion among his fellow-creatures, and restrain the bitterness of controversy by the feelings of Christian charity and forbearance.

Let us also ask ourselves, when we are sitting in severe judgment upon the faults, follies, and errors of other Christian sects, whether it be not barely possible that we have fallen into some mistakes and misrepresentations? Let us ask ourselves, honestly and fairly, whether we are wholly exempt from prejudice, from pride, from obstinate adhesion to what candour calls upon us to alter, and to yield? Are there no violent and mistaken members of our own community, by whose conduct we should be loath to be guided,—by whose tenets we should not choose our faith should be judged? Has time, that improves all, found nothing in us to change for the better? Amid all the manifold divisions of the Christian world, are we the only Christians who, without having any thing to learn from the knowledge and civilisation of the last three centuries, have started up, without infancy, and without error, into consummate wisdom and spotless perfection?

To listen to enemies as well as friends is a rule which not only increases sense in common life, but is highly favourable to the increase of religious candour. You find that you are not so free from faults as your friends suppose, nor so full of faults as your enemies suppose. You begin to think it not impossible that you may be as unjust to others as they are to you; and that the wisest and most Christian scheme is that of mutual indulgence; that it is better to put on, as the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another.

Some men cannot understand how they are to be

zealous if they are candid in religious matters; how the energy, necessary for the one virtue, is compatible with the calmness which the other requires. But remember that the Scriptures carefully distinguish between laudable zeal and indiscreet zeal; that the apostles and epistolary writers knew they had as much to fear from the over-excitement of some men, as from the supineness of others; and in nothing have they laboured more than in preventing religion from arming human passions, instead of allaying them, and rendering those principles a source of mutual jealousy and hatred which were intended for universal peace. I admit that indifference sometimes puts on the appearance of candour; but though there is a counterfeit, yet there is a reality; and the imitation proves the value of the original, because men only attempt to multiply the appearances of useful and important things. The object is to be at the same time pious to God and charitable to man; to render your own faith as pure and perfect as possible, not only without hatred of those who differ from you, but with a constant recollection that it is possible, in spite of thought and study, that you may have been mistaken,—that other sects may be right,—and that a zeal in his service, which God does not want, is a very bad excuse for those bad passions which his sacred word condemns.

Lastly, I would suggest that many differences between sects are of less importance than the furious zeal of many men would make them. Are the tenets of any sect of such a description that we believe they will be saved under the Christian faith? Do they fulfil the common duties of life? Do they respect property? Are they obedient to the laws? Do they speak the truth? If all these things be right, the violence of hostility may surely submit to some little softness and relaxation; honest difference of opinion cannot call for such entire separation and complete antipathy; such zeal as this, if it *be* zeal, and not something worse, is not surely zeal according to discretion.

The arguments, then, which I have adduced in support

of the great principles of religious charity are, that violence upon such subjects is rarely or ever found to be useful; but generally to produce effects opposite to those which are intended. I have observed that religious sects are not to be judged from the representations of their enemies; but that they are to be heard for themselves, in the pleadings of their best writers, not in the representations of those whose intemperate zeal is a misfortune to the sect to which they belong. If you will study the principles of your religious opponents, you will often find your contempt and hatred lessened in proportion as you are better acquainted with what you despise. Many religious opinions, which are purely speculative, are without the limits of human interference. In the numerous sects of Christianity, interpreting our religion in very opposite manners, all cannot be right. Imitate the forbearance and long-suffering of God, who throws the mantle of his mercy over all, and who will probably save, on the last day, the piously right and the piously wrong, seeking Jesus in humbleness of mind. Do not drive religious sects to the disgrace (or to what they foolishly think the disgrace) of formally disavowing tenets they once professed, but concede something to human weakness; and when the tenet is virtually given up, treat it as if it were actually given up; and always consider it to be very possible that you yourself may have made mistakes, and fallen into erroneous opinions, as well as any other sect to which you are opposed. If you put on these dispositions, and this tenor of mind, you cannot be guilty of any religious fault, take what part you will in the religious disputes which appear to be coming on the world. If you choose to perpetuate the restrictions upon your fellow creatures, no one has a right to call you bigoted; if you choose to do them away, no one has any right to call you lax and indifferent: you have done your utmost to do right, and whether you err, or do not err, in your mode of interpreting the Christian religion, you show at least that you have caught its heavenly spirit,—that you have put on, as the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meek-

ness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another.

I have thus endeavoured to lay before you the uses and abuses of this day; and, having stated the great mercy of God's interference, and the blessings this country has secured to itself in resisting the errors and follies, and superstitions of the Catholic Church, I have endeavoured that this just sense of our own superiority should not militate against the sacred principles of Christian charity. That charity which I ask of others, I ask also for myself. I am sure I am preaching before those who will think (whether they agree with me or not) that I have spoken conscientiously, and from good motives, and from honest feelings, on a very difficult subject,—not sought for by me, but devolving upon me in the course of duty;—in which I should have been heartily ashamed of myself (as you would have been ashamed of me), if I had thought only how to flatter and please, or thought of any thing but what I hope I always do think of in the pulpit,—that I am placed here by God to tell truth, and to do good.

I shall conclude my sermon, (extended, I am afraid, already to an unreasonable length,) by reciting to you a very short and beautiful apologue, taken from the Rabbinical writers. It is, I believe, quoted by Bishop Taylor in his "Holy Living and Dying." I have not now access to that book, but I quote it to you from memory, and should be made truly happy if you would quote it to others from memory also.

"As Abraham was sitting in the door of his tent, there came unto him a wayfaring man; and Abraham gave him water for his feet, and set bread before him. And Abraham said unto him, 'Let us now worship the Lord our God before we eat of this bread.' And the wayfaring man said unto Abraham, 'I will not worship the Lord thy God, for thy God is not my God; but I will worship my God, even the God of my fathers. But Abraham was exceeding wroth; and he rose up to put the wayfaring man forth from the door of his tent. And the voice of the Lord was heard in the tent,—Abraham!

Abraham! have I borne with this man for three score and ten years, and canst not thou bear with him for one hour?"*

* This beautiful Apologue is introduced by Bishop Taylor in the second edition of his Liberty of Prophesying. (See Bishop Heber's Life of Bishop Taylor, vol. viii. p. 232.)

Bishop Taylor says, "I end with a story which I find in the *Jews' Books.*" [The story is almost word for word a translation from the Persian poet, Saadi, in his poem of the Büstan; translated into Latin by George Gentius, a *Jew*, and published by him at Amsterdam in 1651. Taylor's *first* edition of the Liberty of Prophesying was previous to that date; his *second* edition was soon *after* it.]

Bishop Taylor adds, "Upon this (saith the story) Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction." "Go thou," says Bishop Taylor, "and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham!" The original of Saadi ends with the reprimand of the Almighty. Gentius has added the subsequent sentence.

The Persian poet, Saadi, was born at Shiraz, A. H. 571 (A. D. 1195). He died at Shiraz, A. H. 691 (A. D. 1313), aged 120 years.

SERMON

ON THE

DUTIES OF THE QUEEN.

SERMON.

[Preached at St. Paul's Cathedral.]

DANIEL, IV. 31.

"O KING, THY KINGDOM IS DEPARTED FROM THEE."

I DO not think I am getting out of the fair line of duty of a Minister of the Gospel, if, at the beginning of a new reign, I take a short review of the moral and religious state of the country; and point out what those topics are which deserve the most serious consideration of a wise and a Christian people.

The death of a King is always an awful lesson to mankind; and it produces a more solemn pause, and creates more profound reflection, than the best lessons of the best teachers.

From the throne to the tomb—wealth, splendour, flattery, all gone! The look of favour—the voice of power, no more;—the deserted palace—the wretched monarch on his funeral bier—the mourners ready—the dismal march of death prepared. Who are we, and what are we? and for what has God made us? and why are we doomed to this frail and unquiet existence? Who does not feel all this? in whose heart does it not provoke appeal to, and dependence on God? before whose eyes does it not bring the folly and the nothingness of all things human?

But a good King must not go to his grave without that reverence from the people which his virtues deserved. And I will state to you what those virtues were,—state it to you honestly and fairly; for I should

heartily despise myself, if from this chair of truth I could utter one word of panegyric of the great men of the earth, which I could not aver before the throne of God.

The late Monarch, whose loss we have to deplore, was sincere and honest in his political relations; he put his trust really where he put his trust ostensibly—and did not attempt to undermine, by secret means, those to whom he trusted publicly the conduct of affairs; and I must beg to remind you that no vice and no virtue are indifferent in a Monarch: human beings are very imitative; there is a fashion in the higher qualities of our minds, as there is in the lesser considerations of life. It is by no means indifferent to the morals of the people at large, whether a tricking perfidious king is placed on the throne of these realms, or whether the sceptre is swayed by one of plain and manly character, walking ever in a straight line, on the firm ground of truth, under the searching eye of God.

The late King was of a sweet and Christian disposition: he did not treasure up little animosities, and indulge in vindictive feelings: he had no enemies but the enemies of the country; he did not make the memory of a King a fountain of wrath; the feelings of the individual (where they required any control) were in perfect subjection to the just conception he had formed of his high duties; and every one near him found it was a government of principle, and not of temper; not of caprice, not of malice couching in high places, and watching an opportunity of springing on its victim.

Our late Monarch had the good nature of Christianity; he loved the happiness of all the individuals about him, and never lost an opportunity of promoting it; and where the heart is good, and the mind active, and the means ample, this makes a luminous and beautiful life, which gladdens the nations, and leads them, and turns men to the exercise of virtue, and the great work of salvation.

We may honestly say of our late Sovereign that he loved his country, and was sensibly alive to its glory

and its happiness. When he entered into his palaces he did not say, "All this is my birthright: I am entitled to it—it is my due—how can I gain more splendour? how can I increase all the pleasures of the senses?" but he looked upon it all as a memorial that he was to repay by example, by attention, and by watchfulness over the public interests, the affectionate and lavish expenditure of his subjects; and this was not a decision of reason, but a feeling which hurried him away. Whenever it was pointed out to him that England could be made more rich, or more happy, or rise higher in the scale of nations, or be better guided in the straight path of the Christian faith, on all such occasions he rose above himself; there was a warmth, and a truth, and an honesty, which it was impossible to mistake; the gates of his heart were flung open, and that heart throbbed and beat for the land which his ancestors had rescued from slavery, and governed with justice:—but he is gone—and let fools praise conquerors, and say the great Napoleon pulled down this kingdom, and destroyed that army; *we* will thank God for a King who has derived his quiet glory from the peace of his realm, and who has founded his own happiness upon the happiness of his people.

But the world passes on, and a new order of things arises. Let us take a short view of those duties which devolve upon the young Queen whom Providence has placed over us—what ideas she ought to form of her duties—and on what points she should endeavour to place the glories of her reign.

First and foremost, I think, the new Queen should bend her mind to the very serious consideration of educating the people. Of the importance of this I think no reasonable doubt can exist; it does not in its effects keep pace with the exaggerated expectations of its injudicious advocates; but it presents the best chance of national improvement.

Reading and writing are mere increase of power. They may be turned, I admit, to a good or a bad purpose; but for several years of his life the child is in your hands, and you may give to that power what bias

you please: thou shalt not kill—thou shalt not steal—thou shalt not bear false witness: by how many fables, by how much poetry, by how many beautiful aids of imagination, may not the fine morality of the Sacred Scriptures be engraven on the minds of the young? I believe the arm of the assassin may be often stayed by the lessons of his early life. When I see the village school, and the tattered scholars, and the aged master or mistress teaching the mechanical art of reading or writing, and thinking that they are teaching that alone, I feel that the aged instructor is protecting life, insuring property, fencing the altar, guarding the throne, giving space and liberty to all the fine powers of man, and lifting him up to his own place in the order of Creation.

There are, I am sorry to say, many countries in Europe which have taken the lead of England in the great business of education, and it is a thoroughly commendable and legitimate object of ambition in a Sovereign to overtake them. The names, too, of malefactors, and the nature of their crimes, are subjected to the Sovereign;—how is it possible that a Sovereign, with the fine feelings of youth, and with all the gentleness of her sex, should not ask herself, whether the human being whom she dooms to death, or at least does not rescue from death, has been properly warned in early youth of the horrors of that crime, for which his life is forfeited —"Did he ever receive any education at all?—did a father and mother watch over him—was he brought to places of worship?—was the Word of God explained to him?—was the Book of Knowledge opened to him? —Or am I, the fountain of mercy, the nursing-mother of my people, to send a forsaken wretch from the streets to the scaffold, and to prevent by unprincipled cruelty the evils of unprincipled neglect?"

Many of the objections found against the general education of the people are utterly untenable; where all are educated, education cannot be a source of distinction, and a subject for pride. The great source of labour is want; and as long as the necessities of life call for labour, labour is sure to be supplied. All these fears

are foolish and imaginary; the great use and the great importance of education properly conducted is, that it creates a great bias in favour of virtue and religion, at a period of life when the mind is open to all the impressions which superior wisdom may choose to affix upon it; the sum and mass of these tendencies and inclinations make a good and virtuous people, and draw down upon us the blessing and protection of Almighty God.

A second great object, which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this Royal Lady, is a rooted horror of war—an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace—all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions, or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war—every principle of Christian charity trampled upon—human labour destroyed—human industry extinguished—you see the son, and the husband, and the brother, dying miserably in distant lands—you see the waste of human affections—you see the breaking of human hearts—you hear the shrieks of widows and children after the battle—and you walk over the mangled bodies of the wounded calling for death. I would say to that Royal child, Worship God by loving peace—it is not *your* humanity to pity a beggar by giving him food or raiment—*I* can do that; that is the charity of the humble and the unknown—widen you your heart for the more expanded miseries of mankind—pity the mothers of the peasantry who see their sons torn away from their families—pity your poor subjects crowded into hospitals, and calling in their last breath upon their distant country and their young Queen—pity the stupid, frantic folly of human beings who are always ready to tear each other to pieces, and to deluge the earth with each other's blood; this is your extended humanity—and this the great field of your compassion. Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military

glory, from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge you. Say upon your death-bed, "I have made few orphans in my reign—I have made few widows—my object has been peace. I have used all the weight of my character, and all the power of my situation, to check the irascible passions of mankind, and to turn them to the arts of honest industry: this has been the Christianity of my throne, and this the gospel of my sceptre; in this way I have striven to worship my Redeemer and my Judge."

I would add (if any addition were wanted as a part of the lesson to youthful royalty), the utter folly of all wars of ambition, where the object sought for—if attained at all—is commonly attained at manifold its real value, and often wrested, after short enjoyment, from its possessor, by the combined indignation and just vengeance of the other nations of the world. It is all misery, and folly, and impiety and cruelty. The atrocities, and horrors, and disgusts of war, have never been half enough insisted upon by the teachers of the people; but the worst of evils and the greatest of follies have been varnished over with specious names, and the gigantic robbers and murderers of the world have been holden up, for their imitation, to the weak eyes of youth. May honest counsellors keep this poison from the mind of the young Queen! May she love what God bids, and do what makes men happy!

I hope the Queen will love the National Church, and protect it; but it must be impressed upon her mind, that every sect of Christians have as perfect right to the free exercise of their worship as the Church itself—that there must be no invasion of the privileges of other sects, and no contemptuous disrespect of their feelings—that the altar is the very ark and citadel of freedom.

Some persons represent old age as miserable, because it brings with it the pains and infirmities of the body; but what gratification to the mind may not old age bring with it in this country of wise and rational improvement? I have lived to see the immense improve-

ments of the Church of England—all its powers of persecution destroyed—its monopoly of civil offices expunged from the book of the law, and all its unjust and exclusive immunities levelled to the ground. The Church of England is now a rational object of love and admiration—it is perfectly compatible with civil freedom—it is an institution for worshipping God, and not a cover for gratifying secular insolence, and ministering to secular ambition. It will be the duty of those to whom the sacred trust of instructing our youthful Queen is intrusted, to lead her attention to these great improvements in our religious establishments; and to show to her how possible, and how wise it is, to render the solid advantages of a national Church compatible with the civil rights of those who cannot assent to its doctrines.

Then again, our youthful Ruler must be very slow to believe all the exaggerated and violent abuse which religious sects indulge in against each other. She will find, for instance, that the Catholics, the great object of our horror and aversion, have (mistaken as they are) a great deal more to say in defence of their tenets than those imagine who indulge more in the luxury of invective than in the labour of inquiry—she will find in that sect, men as enlightened, talents as splendid, and probity as firm, as in our own Church: and she will soon learn to appreciate, at its just value, that exaggerated hatred of sects which paints the Catholic faith (the religion of two-thirds of Europe) as utterly incompatible with the safety, peace, and order of the world.

It will be a serious vexation to all loyal hearts, and to all rationally pious minds, if our Sovereign should fall into the common error of mistaking fanaticism for religion; and in this way fling an air of discredit upon real devotion. It is, I am afraid, unquestionably the fault of the age, her youth and her sex do not make it more improbable, and the warmest efforts of that description of persons will not be wanting to gain over a convert so illustrious, and so important. Should this take place,

the consequences will be serious and distressing—the land will be inundated with hypocrisy—absurdity will be heaped upon absurdity—there will be a race of folly and extravagance for royal favour, and he who is furthest removed from reason will make the nearest approach to distinction: and then follow the usual consequences; a weariness and disgust of religion itself, and the foundation laid for an age of impiety and infidelity. Those, then, to whom these matters are delegated, will watch carefully over every sign of this excess, and guard from the mischievous intemperance of enthusiasm those feelings, and that understanding, the healthy state of which bears so strongly and intimately upon the happiness of a whole people.

Though I deprecate the bad effects of fanaticism, I earnestly pray that our young Sovereign may evince herself to be a person of deep religious feeling: what other cure has she for all the arrogance and vanity which her exalted position must engender? for all the flattery and falsehood with which she must be surrounded? for all the soul-corrupting homage with which she is met at every moment of her existence? what other cure than to cast herself down in darkness and solitude before God—to say that she is dust and ashes—and to call down the pity of the Almighty upon her difficult and dangerous life? This is the antidote of kings against the slavery and the baseness which surround them: they should think often of death—and the folly and nothingness of the world, and they should humble their souls before the Master of masters, and the King of kings; praying to Heaven for wisdom and calm reflection, and for that spirit of Christian gentleness which exalts command into an empire of justice, and turns obedience into a service of love.

A wise man struggling with adversity is said by some heathen writer to be a spectacle on which the gods might look down with pleasure: but where is there a finer moral and religious picture, or one more deserving of Divine favour, than that of which, perhaps, we are now beginning to enjoy the blessed reality?

A young Queen at that period of life which is commonly given up to frivolous amusement, sees at once the great principles by which she should be guided, and steps at once into the great duties of her station. The importance of educating the lower orders of the people is never absent from her mind; she takes up this principle at the beginning of her life, and in all the change of servants, and in all the struggle of parties, looks to it as a source of permanent improvement. A great object of her affections is the preservation of peace; she regards a state of war as the greatest of all human evils; thinks that the lust of conquest is not a glory, but a bad crime; despises the folly and miscalculations of war, and is willing to sacrifice every thing to peace but the clear honour of her land.

The patriot Queen, whom I am painting, reverences the National Church — frequents its worship, and regulates her faith by its precepts; but she withstands the encroachments, and keeps down the ambition natural to establishments, and by rendering the privileges of the Church compatible with the civil freedom of all sects, confers strength upon, and adds duration to, that wise and magnificent institution. And then this youthful Monarch, profoundly but wisely religious, disdaining hypocrisy, and far above the childish follies of false piety, casts herself upon God, and seeks from the Gospel of his blessed Son a path for her steps, and a comfort for her soul. Here is a picture which warms every English heart, and would bring all this congregation upon their bended knees before Almighty God to pray it may be realised. What limits to the glory and happiness of our native land, if the Creator should in his mercy have placed in the heart of this Royal Woman the rudiments of wisdom and mercy; and if giving them time to expand, and to bless our children's children with her goodness, He should grant to her a long sojourning upon earth, and leave her to reign over us till she is well stricken in years! What glory! what happiness! what joy! what bounty of God! I of

course can only expect to see the beginning of such a splendid period; but when I do see it, I shall exclaim with the pious Simeon,—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

A PRAYER.

On the Sunday after the Birth of the then Duke of Cornwall, Mr. Sydney Smith introduced the following into the Prayer used at St. Paul's Cathedral before the Sermon.

"We pray also for that Infant of the Royal Race whom in thy good Providence thou hast given us for our future King. We beseech Thee so to mould his heart and fashion his spirit, that he may be a blessing and not an evil to the land of his birth. May he grow in favour with man, by leaving to its own force and direction the energy of a free People! May he grow in favour with God, by holding the Faith in Christ fervently and feelingly, without feebleness, without fanaticism, without folly! As he will be the first man in these realms, so may he be the best;—disdaining to hide bad actions by high station, and endeavouring always, by the example of a strict and moral life, to repay those gifts which a loyal people are so willing to spare from their own necessities to a good King."

FIRST LETTER

TO

ARCHDEACON SINGLETON,

ON THE

Ecclesiastical Commission.

1837.

A LETTER,

&c.

My dear Sir,

As you do me the honour to ask my opinion respecting the constitution and proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and of their conduct to the Dignitaries of the Church, I shall write to you without any reserve upon this subject.

The first thing which excited my surprise, was the Constitution of the Commission. As the reform was to comprehend every branch of Churchmen, Bishops, Dignitaries and Parochial Clergymen, I cannot but think it would have been much more advisable to have added to the Commission some members of the two lower orders of the Church — they would have supplied that partial knowledge which appears in so many of the proceedings of the Commissioners to have been wanting — they would have attended to those interests (not episcopal) which appear to have been so completely overlooked — and they would have screened the Commission from those charges of injustice and partiality which are now so generally brought against it. There can be no charm in the name of Bishop — the man who was a Curate yesterday is a Bishop to-day. There are many Prebendaries, many Rectors, and many Vicars, who would have come to the Reform of the Church with as much integrity, wisdom, and vigour, as any Bishop on the Bench; and, I believe, with a much stronger recollection that all the orders of the Church were not to be sacrificed to the highest; and that to make their work respectable, and lasting, it should, in all (even its minutest provisions), be founded upon justice.

All the interests of the Church in the Commutation of Tithes are entrusted to one parochial clergyman*; and I have no doubt, from what I hear of him, that they will be well protected. Why could not one or two such men have been added to the Commission, and a general impression been created, that Government in this momentous change had a parental feeling for all orders of men whose interests might be affected by it? A Ministry may laugh at this, and think if they cultivate Bishops, that they may treat the other orders of the Church with contempt and neglect; but I say, that to create a general impression of justice, if it be not what common honesty requires from any Ministry, is what common sense points out to them. It is strength and duration — it is the only power which is worth having — in the struggle of parties it gives victory, and is remembered, and goes down to other times.

A mixture of different orders of Clergy in the Commission would at least have secured a decent attention to the representations of all; for of seven communications made to the Commission by Cathedrals, and involving very serious representations respecting high interests, six were totally disregarded, and the receipt of the papers not even acknowledged.

I cannot help thinking that the Commissioners have done a great deal too much. Reform of the Church was absolutely necessary — it cannot be avoided, and ought not to be postponed; but I would have found out what really gave offence, have applied a remedy, removed the nuisance, and done no more. I would not have operated so largely on an old, and (I fear) a decaying building. I would not, in days of such strong political excitement, and amidst such a disposition to universal change, have done one thing more than was absolutely necessary, to remove the odium against the Establishment, the only sensible reason for issuing any Commission at all; and the means which I took to effect this, should have agreed as much as possible with in-

* The Rev. Mr. Jones is the Commissioner appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to watch over the interests of the Church.

stitutions already established. For instance, the public were disgusted with the spectacle of rich Prebendaries enjoying large incomes, and doing little or nothing for them. The real remedy for this would have been to have combined wealth and labour; and as each of the present Prebendaries fell off, to have annexed the stall to some large and populous parish. A Prebendary of Canterbury or of St. Paul's, in his present state, may make the Church unpopular; but place him as Rector of a Parish, with 8000 or 9000 people, and in a Benefice of little or no value, he works for his wealth, and the odium is removed. In like manner the Prebends, which are not the property of the Residentiaries, might have been annexed to the smallest livings of the neighbourhood where the Prebendal estate was situated. The interval which has elapsed since the first furious demand for Reform would have enabled the Commissioners to adopt a scheme of much greater moderation than might perhaps have been possible at the first outbreak of popular indignation against the Church; and this sort of distribution would have given much more general satisfaction than the plan adopted by Commissioners; for though money, in the estimation of philosophers, has no ear mark, it has a very deep one in the opinion of the multitude. The riches of the Church of Durham were most hated in the neighbourhood of Durham; and there such changes as I have pointed out would have been most gladly received, and would have conciliated the greatest favour to the Church. The people of Kent cannot see why their Kentish Estates, given to the Cathedral of Canterbury, are to augment livings in Cornwall. The citizens of London see some of their ministers starving in the city, and the profits of the extinguished Prebends sent into Northumberland. These feelings may be very unphilosophical, but they are the feelings of the mass; and to the feelings of the mass the Reforms of the Church ought to be directed. In this way the evil would have been corrected where it was most seen and noticed. All patronage would have been left as it was. One order of the Church would not have

and Members of Canterbury is not obedience to an Act of Parliament, but the very Act of Parliament, which takes away, is recommended, drawn up, and signed by the person who has sworn he will never take away; and this little apparent inconsistency is not confined to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but is shared equally by all the Bishop Commissioners, who have all (unless I am grievously mistaken) taken similar oaths for the preservation of their respective Chapters. It would be more easy to see our way out of this little embarrassment, if some of the embarrassed had not unfortunately, in the parliamentary debates on the Catholic Question, laid the greatest stress upon the King's oath, applauded the sanctity of the monarch to the skies, rejected all comments, called for the oath in its plain meaning, and attributed the safety of the English Church to the solemn vow made by the King at the altar to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the other Bishops. I should be very sorry if this were not placed on a clear footing, as fools will be imputing to our Church the *pia et religiosa Calliditas*, which is so commonly brought against the Catholics.

> Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
> Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.

The words of Henry VIII., in endowing the Cathedral of Canterbury, are thus given in the translation:—"We therefore, dedicating the aforesaid close, site, circle, and precinct to the honour and glory of the Holy and undivided Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, have decreed that a certain Cathedral and Metropolitan Church, with one Dean, Presbyter, and Twelve Prebendaries Presbyters; these verily and for ever to serve Almighty God shall be created, set up, settled, and established; and the same aforesaid Cathedral and Metropolitan Church, with one Dean, Presbyter, and Twelve Prebendaries Presbyters, with other Ministers necessary for divine worship, by the tenor of these presents in reality, and plenitude of force, we do create, set up, settle, and establish, and do command to be established and to be in perpetuity, and inviolably maintained and upheld by

these presents." And this is the Church, the rights and liberties of which the Archbishop at his consecration swears to maintain. Nothing can be more ill-natured among politicians, than to look back into Hansard's Debates, to see what has been said by particular men upon particular occasions, and to contrast such speeches with present opinions—and therefore I forbear to introduce some inviting passages upon taking oaths in their plain and obvious sense, both in debates on the Catholic Question and upon that fatal and *Mezentian* oath which binds the Irish to the English Church.

It is quite absurd to see how all the Cathedrals are to be trimmed to an exact *Procrustes* pattern;—*quieta movere* is the motto of the Commission:—there is to be every where a Dean and four Residentiaries; but St. Paul and Lincoln have at present only three Residentiaries, and a Dean, who officiates in his turn as a Canon:—a fourth must be added to each. Why? nobody wants more Prebendaries; St. Paul's and Lincoln go on very well as they are. It is not for the lack of Prebendaries, it is for idleness, that the Church of England is unpopular; but in the lust of reforming, the Commission cut and patch property as they would cut figures in pasteboard. This little piece of wanton change, however, gives to two of the Bishops, who are commissioners as well as Bishops, patronage of a thousand a year each; and though I am willing not to consider this as the cause of the recommendation, yet I must observe it is not very common that the same persons should bring in the verdict and receive the profits of the suit. No other Archdeacons are paid in such a manner, and no other Bishops out of the Commission have received such a bonus.*

I must express my surprise that nothing in this Commission of Bishops, either in the Bill which has passed, or in the Report which preceded it, is said of the duties of Bishops. A Bishop is not now forced by law to be in his diocese, or to attend his duty in Parliament—he may

* This extravagant pay of Archdeacons is taken, remember, from that fund for the augmentation of small Livings, for the establishment of which all the divisions and confiscations have been made.

be entirely absent from both; nor are there wanting instances within these six years where such has been the case. It would have been very easy to have placed the repairs of Episcopal Palaces (as the concurrent leases of Bishops are placed) under the superintendence of Deans and Chapters; but though the Bishops' bill was accompanied by another bill, containing the strictest enactments for the residence of the Clergy, and some very arbitrary and unjust rules for the repair of their houses, it did not appear upon the face of the law that the Bishops had any such duties to perform; and yet I remember the case of a Bishop, dead not six years ago, who was scarcely ever seen in the House of Lords, or in his diocese; and I remember well also the indignation with which the inhabitants of a great Cathedral town spoke of the conduct of another Bishop (now also deceased), who not only never entered his palace, but turned his horses into the garden. When I mention these instances, I am not setting myself up as the satirist of Bishops. I think, upon the whole, they do their duty in a very exemplary manner; but they are not, as the late bills would have us to suppose, *impeccable*. The Church Commissioners should not have suffered their reports and recommendations to paint the other branches of the Church as such slippery transgredient mortals, and to leave the world to imagine that Bishops may be safely trusted to their own goodness without enactment or control.

This squabble about patronage is said to be disgraceful. Those who mean to be idle, and insolent, because they are at peace, may look out of the window and say, "This is a disgraceful squabble between Bishops and Chapters;" but those who mean to be just should ask, *Who begins?* the *real* disgrace of the squabble is in the attack, and not in the defence. If any man put his hand into my pocket to take my property, am I disgraced if I prevent him? Churchmen are ready enough to be submissive to their superiors; but were they to submit to a spoliation so gross, accompanied with ignominy, and degradation, and to bear all this in submissive silence;—to be accused of Nepotism by Nepotists, who

were praising themselves indirectly by the accusation, and benefiting themselves directly by the confiscation founded on it;—the real disgrace would have been to have submitted to this: and men are to be honoured, not disgraced, who come forth contrary to their usual habits, to oppose those masters, whom, in common seasons, they would willingly obey; but who, in this matter, have tarnished their dignity, and forgotten what they owe to themselves and to us.

It is a very singular thing that the law always suspects Judges, and never suspects Bishops. If there be any way in which the partialities of the Judge may injure laymen, the subject is fenced round with all sorts of jealousies, and enactments, and prohibitions—all partialities are guarded against, and all propensities watched. Where Bishops are concerned, acts of Parliament are drawn up for beings who can never possibly be polluted by pride, prejudice, passion, or interest. Not otherwise would be the case with Judges, if they, like the heads of the Church, legislated for themselves.

Then comes the question of patronage: can any thing be more flagrantly unjust, than that the patronage of Cathedrals should be taken away and conferred upon the Bishops? I do not want to go into a long and tiresome history of Episcopal Nepotism; but it is notorious to all, that Bishops confer their patronage upon their sons, and sons-in-law, and all their relations; and it is really quite monstrous in the face of the world, who see this every day, and every hour, to turn round upon Deans and Chapters, and to say to them, "We are credibly informed that there are instances in your Chapters where preferment has not been given to the most learned men you can find, but to the sons and brothers of some of the Prebendaries. These things must not be—we must take these Benefices into our own keeping;" and this is the language of men swarming themselves with sons and daughters, and who, in enumerating the advantages of their stations, have always spoken of the opportunities of providing for their families as the greatest and most important. It is, I admit, the duty of every man, and

of every body, to present the best man that can be found to any living of which he is the Patron; but if this duty has been neglected, it has been neglected by Bishops quite as much as by Chapters; and no man can open the "Clerical Guide," and read two pages of it, without seeing that the Bench of Bishops are the last persons from whom any remedy of this evil is to be expected.

The legislature has not always taken the same view of the comparative trust-worthiness of Bishops and Chapters as is taken by the Commission. Bishops' leases for years are for twenty-one years, renewable every seven. When seven years are expired, if the present tenant will not renew, the Bishop may grant a concurrent lease. How does his Lordship act on such occasions? He generally asks two years' income for the renewal, when Chapters, not having the privilege of granting such concurring leases, ask only a year and a half; and if the Bishop's price is not given, he puts a son, or a daughter, or a trustee, into the estate, and the price of the lease deferred is money saved for his family. But unfair and exorbitant terms may be asked by his Lordship, and the tenant may be unfairly dispossessed; therefore, the legislature enacts that all those concurrent leases must be countersigned by the Dean and Chapter of the diocese — making them the safeguards against Episcopal rapacity; and, as I hear from others, not making them so in vain. These sort of laws do not exactly correspond with the relative views taken of both parties by the Ecclesiastical Commission. This view of Chapters is of course overlooked by a Commission of Bishops, just as all mention of bridles would be omitted in a meeting of horses; but in this view Chapters might be made eminently useful. In what profession, too, are there no gradations? Why is the Church of England to be nothing but a collection of Beggars and Bishops—the Right Reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus in orders at the gate, doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs?

But to take away the patronage of existing Prebendaries is objectionable for another class of reasons. If it

is right to take away the patronage of my Cathedral and to give it to the Bishop, it is at least unjust to do so with my share of it during my life. Society have a right to improve, or to do what they think an improvement, but then they have no right to do so suddenly, and hastily to my prejudice! After securing to me certain possessions by one hundred statutes past in six hundred years—after having clothed me in fine garments, and conferred upon me pompous names, they have no right to turn round upon me all of a sudden, and to say, You are not a Dean nor a Canon-Residentiary, but a vagabond and an outcast, and a morbid excrescence upon society. This would not be a reform, but the grossest tyranny and oppression. If a man cannot live under the canopy of ancient law, where is he safe? how can he see his way, or lay out his plan of life?

Dubitant homines serere atque impendere curas.

You tolerated for a century the wicked traffic in slaves, legislated for that species of property, encouraged it by premiums, defended it in your Courts of Justice—West Indians bought, and sold, trusting (as Englishmen always ought to trust) in Parliaments. Women went to the altar, promised that they should be supported by that property; and children were born to it, and young men were educated with it: but God touched the hearts of the English people, and they would have no slaves. The scales fell from their eyes, and they saw the monstrous wickedness of the traffic; but then they said, and said magnificently, to the West Indians, "We mean to become wiser and better, but not at your expense; the loss shall be ours, and we will not involve you in ruin, because we are ashamed of our former cruelties, and have learnt a better lesson of humanity and wisdom." And this is the way in which improving nations ought to act, and this is the distinction between reform and revolution.

Justice is not changed by the magnitude or minuteness of the subject. The old Cathedrals have enjoyed their patronage for seven hundred years, and the new

ones since the time of Henry VIII.; which latter period even gives a much longer possession than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the legislators, who are called upon to plunder us, can boast of for their own estates. And these rights, thus sanctioned, and hallowed by time, are torn from their present possessors without the least warning or preparation, in the midst of all that fever of change which has seized upon the people, and which frightens men to the core of their hearts; and this spoliation is made, not by low men rushing into the plunder of the Church and State, but by men of admirable and unimpeached character in all the relations of life—not by rash men of new politics, but by the ancient conservators of ancient law—by the Archbishops and Bishops of the land, high official men, invented and created, and put in palaces to curb the lawless changes and the mutations, and the madness of mankind; and, to crown the whole, the ludicrous is added to the unjust, and what they take from the other branches of the Church they confer upon *themselves*.

Never dreaming of such sudden revolutions as these, a Prebendary brings up his son to the Church, and spends a large sum of money in his education, which perhaps he can ill afford. His hope is (wicked wretch!) that according to the established custom of the body to which he (immoral man!) belongs, the chapter will (when his turn arrives), if his son be of fair attainments and good character, attend to his nefarious recommendation, and confer the living upon the young man; and in an instant all his hopes are destroyed, and he finds his preferment seized upon, under the plea of public good, by a stronger churchman than himself. I can call this by no other name than that of tyranny and oppression. I know very well that this is not the theory of patronage; but who does better?—do individual patrons?—do Colleges who give in succession?—and as for Bishops, lives there the man so weak, and foolish, so little observant of the past, as to believe (when this tempest of purity and perfection has blown over) that the name of Blomfield will not figure in those benefices

from which the names of Copleston, Blomberg, Tate, and Smith, have been so virtuously excluded? I have no desire to make odious comparisons between the purity of one set of patrons and another, but they are forced upon me by the injustice of the Commissioners. I must either make such comparisons, or yield up, without remonstrance, those rights to which I am fairly entitled.

It may be said that the bishops will do better in future; that now the *public eye* is upon them, they will be shamed into a more lofty and antinepotic spirit; but, if the argument of past superiority be given up, and the hope of future amendment resorted to, why may *we* not improve as well as our masters? but the Commission say, "These excellent men (meaning themselves) have promised to do better, and we have an implicit confidence in their word: we must have the patronage of the Cathedrals." In the mean time we are ready to promise as well as the Bishops.

With regard to that common newspaper phrase *the public eye*—there's nothing (as the Bench well know) more wandering and slippery than the *public eye*. In five years hence the public eye will no more see what description of men are promoted by Bishops, than it will see what Doctors of Law are promoted by the Turkish Uhlema; and at the end of this period (such is the example set by the Commission), the *public eye* turned in every direction may not be able to see any Bishops at all.

In many instances, Chapters are better patrons than Bishops, because their preferment is not given exclusively to one species of Incumbents. I have a diocese now in my private eye which has undergone the following changes. The first of three Bishops whom I remember was a man of careless easy temper, and how patronage went in those early days may be conjectured by the following letters—which are not his, but serve to illustrate a system:—

ones since the time of Henry VIII.; which latter period even gives a much longer possession than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the legislators, who are called upon to plunder us, can boast of for their own estates. And these rights, thus sanctioned, and hallowed by time, are torn from their present possessors without the least warning or preparation, in the midst of all that fever of change which has seized upon the people, and which frightens men to the core of their hearts; and this spoliation is made, not by low men rushing into the plunder of the Church and State, but by men of admirable and unimpeached character in all the relations of life—not by rash men of new politics, but by the ancient conservators of ancient law—by the Archbishops and Bishops of the land, high official men, invented and created, and put in palaces to curb the lawless changes and the mutations, and the madness of mankind; and, to crown the whole, the ludicrous is added to the unjust, and what they take from the other branches of the Church they confer upon *themselves*.

Never dreaming of such sudden revolutions as these, a Prebendary brings up his son to the Church, and spends a large sum of money in his education, which perhaps he can ill afford. His hope is (wicked wretch!) that according to the established custom of the body to which he (immoral man!) belongs, the chapter will (when his turn arrives), if his son be of fair attainments and good character, attend to his nefarious recommendation, and confer the living upon the young man; and in an instant all his hopes are destroyed, and he finds his preferment seized upon, under the plea of public good, by a stronger churchman than himself. I can call this by no other name than that of tyranny and oppression. I know very well that this is not the theory of patronage; but who does better?—do individual patrons?—do Colleges who give in succession?—and as for Bishops, lives there the man so weak, and foolish, so little observant of the past, as to believe (when this tempest of purity and perfection has blown over) that the name of Blomfield will not figure in those benefices

from which the names of Copleston, Blomberg, Tate, and Smith, have been so virtuously excluded? I have no desire to make odious comparisons between the purity of one set of patrons and another, but they are forced upon me by the injustice of the Commissioners. I must either make such comparisons, or yield up, without remonstrance, those rights to which I am fairly entitled.

It may be said that the bishops will do better in future; that now the *public eye* is upon them, they will be shamed into a more lofty and antinepotic spirit; but, if the argument of past superiority be given up, and the hope of future amendment resorted to, why may *we* not improve as well as our masters? but the Commission say, "These excellent men (meaning themselves) have promised to do better, and we have an implicit confidence in their word: we must have the patronage of the Cathedrals." In the mean time we are ready to promise as well as the Bishops.

With regard to that common newspaper phrase *the public eye*—there's nothing (as the Bench well know) more wandering and slippery than the *public eye*. In five years hence the public eye will no more see what description of men are promoted by Bishops, than it will see what Doctors of Law are promoted by the Turkish Uhlema; and at the end of this period (such is the example set by the Commission), the *public eye* turned in every direction may not be able to see any Bishops at all.

In many instances, Chapters are better patrons than Bishops, because their preferment is not given exclusively to one species of Incumbents. I have a diocese now in my private eye which has undergone the following changes. The first of three Bishops whom I remember was a man of careless easy temper, and how patronage went in those early days may be conjectured by the following letters—which are not his, but serve to illustrate a system:—

THE BISHOP TO LORD A——.

My dear Lord,

I have noticed with great pleasure the behaviour of your Lordship's second son, and am most happy to have it in my power to offer to him the living of * * *. He will find it of considerable value; and there is, I understand, a very good house upon it, &c. &c.

This is to confer a living upon a man of real merit out of the family; into which family, apparently sacrificed to the public good, the living is brought back by the second letter:

THE SAME TO THE SAME A YEAR AFTER.

My dear Lord,

Will you excuse the liberty I take in soliciting promotion for my grandson? He is an officer of great skill and gallantry, and can bring the most ample testimonials from some of the best men in the profession: the Arethusa frigate is, I understand, about to be commissioned; and if, &c. &c.

Now I am not saying that hundreds of Prebendaries have not committed such enormous and stupendous crimes as this (a declaration which will fill the Whig Cabinet with horror); all that I mean to contend for is, that such is the practice of Bishops quite as much as it is of inferior Patrons.

The second Bishop was a decided enemy of Calvinistical doctrines, and no Clergyman so tainted had the slightest chance of preferment in his diocese.

The third Bishop could endure no man whose principles were not strictly Calvinistic, and who did not give to the Articles that kind of interpretation. Now here were a great mass of Clergy naturally alive to the emoluments of their profession, and not knowing which way to look or stir, because they depended so entirely upon the will of one person. Not otherwise is it with a very Whig Bishop, or a very Tory Bishop: but the worst case is that of a superannuated Bishop: here the preferment is given away, and must be given away by

wives and daughters, or by sons, or by butlers, perhaps, and valets, and the poor dying Patron's paralytic hand is guided to the signature of papers, the contents of which he is utterly unable to comprehend. In all such cases as these, the superiority of Bishops as Patrons will not assist that violence which the Commissioners have committed upon the patronage of Cathedrals.

I never heard that Cathedrals had sold the patronage of their preferment; such a practice, however, is not quite unknown among the higher orders of the Church. When the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrates an inferior Bishop, he marks some piece of preferment in the gift of the Bishop as his own. This is denominated an *option;* and when the preferment falls, it is not only in the gift of the Archbishop, if he is alive, but in the gift of his representatives if he is not. It is an absolute chattel, which, like any other chattel, is part of the Archbishop's assets; and if he died in debt, might be taken, and sold, for the benefit of his creditors — and within the memory of man such options have been publicly sold by auction — and if the present Archbishop of Canterbury were to die in debt to-morrow, such might be the fate of his options. What Archbishop Moore did with his options I do not know, but the late Archbishop Sutton very handsomely and properly left them to the present — a bequest, however, which would not have prevented such options from coming to the hammer, if Archbishop Sutton had not cleared off, before his death, those incumbrances which at one period of his life sat so heavily upon him.

What the present Archbishop means to do with them, I am not informed. They are not alluded to in the Church Returns, though they must be worth some thousand pounds. The Commissioners do not seem to know of their existence — at least they are profoundly silent on the subject; and the Bill which passed through Parliament in the summer for the regulation of the Emoluments of Bishops does not make the most distant allusion to them. When a parallel was drawn between two species of patrons — which ended in the confiscation

of the patronage of Cathedrals—when two Archbishops helped to draw the parallel, and profited by the parallel, I have a perfect right to state this corrupt and unabolished practise of their own sees—a practice which I never heard charged against Deans and Chapters.*

I do not mean to imply, in the most remote degree, that either of the present Archbishops have sold their options, or ever thought of it. Purer and more high-minded gentlemen do not exist, nor men more utterly incapable of doing any thing unworthy of their high station; and I am convinced the Archbishop of Canterbury† will imitate or exceed the munificence of his predecessor: but when twenty-four public bodies are to be despoiled of their patronage, we must look not only to present men, but historically, to see how it has been administered in times of old, and in times also recently past; and to remember, that at this moment, when Bishops are set up as the most admirable dispensers of patronage—as the only persons fit to be intrusted with it—as Marvels, for whom law, and justice, and ancient possessions, ought to be set aside, that this patronage (very valuable because selected from the whole diocese) of the two heads of the Church is liable to all the accidents of succession—that it may fall into the hands of a superannuated wife, of a profligate son, of a weak daughter, or a rapacious creditor,—that it may be brought to the hammer, and publicly bid for at an auction, like all the other chattels of the palace; and that such have been the indignities to which this optional patronage has been exposed, from the earliest days of the Church to this moment. Truly, men who live in houses of glass (especially where the panes are

* Can any thing be more shabby in a Government legislating upon Church abuses, than to pass over such scandals as these existing in high places? Two years have passed, and they are unnoticed.

† The options of the Archbishop of York are comparatively trifling. I never heard, at any period, that they have been sold; but they remain, like those of Canterbury, in the absolute possession of the Archbishop's representatives after his death. I will answer for it that the present Archbishop will do every thing with them which becomes his high station and high character. They ought to be abolished by act of Parliament.

so large) ought not to fling stones; or if they do, they should be especially careful at whose head they are flung.

And then the patronage which is not seized—the patronage which the Chapter is allowed to present to its own body—may be divided without their consent. Can any thing be more thoroughly lawless, or unjust, than this—that my patronage during my life shall be divided without my consent? How do my rights during my life differ from those of a lay patron, who is tenant for life? and upon what principle of justice or common sense is his patronage protected from the Commissioners' dividing power to which mine is subjected? That one can sell, and the other cannot sell, the next presentation, would be bad reasoning if it were good law; but it is not law, for an Ecclesiastical Corporation, aggregate or sole, can sell a next presentation as legally as a lay life-tenant can do. They have the same power of selling as laymen, but they never do so; that is, they dispense their patronage with greater propriety and delicacy, which, in the estimate of the Commissioners, seems to make their right weaker, and the reasons for taking it away more powerful.

Not only are laymen guarded by the same act which gives the power of dividing livings to the Commissioners, but Bishops are also guarded. The Commissioners may divide the livings of Chapters without their consent; but before they can touch the living of a Bishop, his consent must be obtained. It seems after a few of those examples, to become a little clearer, and more intelligible, why the appointment of any other Ecclesiastics than Bishops was so disagreeable to the Bench.

The reasoning then is this: If a good living be vacant in the patronage of a Chapter, they will only think of conferring it on one of their body or their friends. If such a living fall to the gift of a Bishop, he will totally overlook the interests of his sons and daughters, and divide the living into small portions for the good of the public; and with these sort of anilities, Whig leaders, whose interest it is to lull the Bishops into a reform,

of the patronage of Cathedrals—when two Archbishops helped to draw the parallel, and profited by the parallel, I have a perfect right to state this corrupt and unabolished practise of their own sees—a practice which I never heard charged against Deans and Chapters.*

I do not mean to imply, in the most remote degree, that either of the present Archbishops have sold their options, or ever thought of it. Purer and more high-minded gentlemen do not exist, nor men more utterly incapable of doing any thing unworthy of their high station; and I am convinced the Archbishop of Canterbury† will imitate or exceed the munificence of his predecessor: but when twenty-four public bodies are to be despoiled of their patronage, we must look not only to present men, but historically, to see how it has been administered in times of old, and in times also recently past; and to remember, that at this moment, when Bishops are set up as the most admirable dispensers of patronage—as the only persons fit to be intrusted with it—as Marvels, for whom law, and justice, and ancient possessions, ought to be set aside, that this patronage (very valuable because selected from the whole diocese) of the two heads of the Church is liable to all the accidents of succession—that it may fall into the hands of a superannuated wife, of a profligate son, of a weak daughter, or a rapacious creditor,—that it may be brought to the hammer, and publicly bid for at an auction, like all the other chattels of the palace; and that such have been the indignities to which this optional patronage has been exposed, from the earliest days of the Church to this moment. Truly, men who live in houses of glass (especially where the panes are

* Can any thing be more shabby in a Government legislating upon Church abuses, than to pass over such scandals as these existing in high places? Two years have passed, and they are unnoticed.

† The options of the Archbishop of York are comparatively trifling. I never heard, at any period, that they have been sold; but they remain, like those of Canterbury, in the absolute possession of the Archbishop's representatives after his death. I will answer for it that the present Archbishop will do every thing with them which becomes his high station and high character. They ought to be abolished by act of Parliament.

so large) ought not to fling stones; or if they do, they should be especially careful at whose head they are flung.

And then the patronage which is not seized—the patronage which the Chapter is allowed to present to its own body—may be divided without their consent. Can any thing be more thoroughly lawless, or unjust, than this—that my patronage during my life shall be divided without my consent? How do my rights during my life differ from those of a lay patron, who is tenant for life? and upon what principle of justice or common sense is his patronage protected from the Commissioners' dividing power to which mine is subjected? That one can sell, and the other cannot sell, the next presentation, would be bad reasoning if it were good law; but it is not law, for an Ecclesiastical Corporation, aggregate or sole, can sell a next presentation as legally as a lay life-tenant can do. They have the same power of selling as laymen, but they never do so; that is, they dispense their patronage with greater propriety and delicacy, which, in the estimate of the Commissioners, seems to make their right weaker, and the reasons for taking it away more powerful.

Not only are laymen guarded by the same act which gives the power of dividing livings to the Commissioners, but Bishops are also guarded. The Commissioners may divide the livings of Chapters without their consent; but before they can touch the living of a Bishop, his consent must be obtained. It seems after a few of those examples, to become a little clearer, and more intelligible, why the appointment of any other Ecclesiastics than Bishops was so disagreeable to the Bench.

The reasoning then is this: If a good living be vacant in the patronage of a Chapter, they will only think of conferring it on one of their body or their friends. If such a living fall to the gift of a Bishop, he will totally overlook the interests of his sons and daughters, and divide the living into small portions for the good of the public; and with these sort of anilities, Whig leaders, whose interest it is to lull the Bishops into a reform,

pretend to be satisfied; and upon this intolerable nonsense they are not ashamed to justify spoliation. *

A division is set up between public and private patronage, and it is pretended that one is holden in trust for the public, the other is private property. This is mere theory—a slight film thrown over convenient injustice. Henry VIII. gave to the Duke of Bedford much of his patronage. Roger de Hoveden gave to the Church of St. Paul's much of their patronage before the Russells were in existence. The Duke had the legal power to give his preferment to whom he pleases—so have we. We are both under the same moral and religious restraint to administer that patronage properly—the trust is precisely the same to both: and if the public good require it, the power of dividing livings without the consent of patrons should be given in all instances, and not confined as a mark of infamy to Cathedrals alone. This is not the real reason of the difference: Bishops are the active Members of the Commission—they do not choose that their own patronage should be meddled with, and they know that the Laity would not allow for a moment that their livings should be pulled to pieces by Bishops; and that if such a proposal were made, there would be more danger of the Bishop being pulled to pieces than the living. The real distinction is, between the weak and the strong—between those who have power to resist encroachments, and those who have not. This is the reason why we are selected for experiment, and so it is with all the bill from beginning to end. There is purple and fine linen in every line of it.

Another strong objection to the dividing power of the Commission is this: According to the printed bill brought forward last session, if the living be not taken by some members of the body, it lapses to the Bishop. Suppose then the same person to be Bishop and Commissioner, he breaks the living into little pieces as a Commissioner, and after it is rejected in its impoverished

* These reasonings have had their effect, and many early acts of injustice of the Commission have been subsequently corrected.

state by the Chapter, he gives it away as Bishop of the diocese. The only answer that is given to such objections is, the *impeccability of Bishops;* and upon this principle the whole bill has been constructed; and here is the great mistake about Bishops. They are, upon the whole, very good and worthy men; but they are not (as many ancient ladies suppose) wholly exempt from human infirmities: they have their malice, hatred, uncharitableness, persecution, and interest like other men; and an Administration who did not think it more magnificent to laugh at the lower Clergy, than to protect them, should suffer no Ecclesiastical Bill to pass through Parliament without seriously considering how its provisions may affect the happiness of poor Clergymen pushed into living-tombs, and pining in solitude—

> Vates procul atque in sola relegant
> Pascua, post montem oppositum, et trans flumina lata.

There is a practice among some Bishops, which may as well be mentioned here as any where else, but which I think cannot be too severely reprobated. They send for a Clergyman, and insist upon his giving evidence respecting the character and conduct of his neighbour. Does he hunt? Does he shoot? Is he in debt? Is he temperate? Does he attend to his parish? &c. &c. Now what is this but to destroy for all Clergymen the very elements of social life—to put an end to all confidence between man and man—and to disseminate among gentlemen, who are bound to live in concord, every feeling of resentment, hatred, and suspicion? but the very essence of tyranny is to act, as if the finer feelings, like the finer dishes, were delicacies only for the rich and great, and that little people have no taste for them and no right to them. A good and honest Bishop (I thank God there are many who deserve that character!) ought to suspect himself, and carefully to watch his own heart. He is all of a sudden elevated from being a tutor, dining at an early hour with his pupil, (and occasionally, it is believed, on cold meat,) to be a spiritual Lord; he is dressed in a magnificent dress, decorated with a title,

flattered by Chaplains, and surrounded by little people looking up for the things which he has to give away; and this often happens to a man who has had no opportunities of seeing the world, whose parents were in very humble life, and who has given up all his thoughts to the Frogs of Aristophanes and the Targum of Onkelos. How is it possible that such a man should not lose his head? that he should not swell? that he should not be guilty of a thousand follies, and worry and tease to death (before he recovers his common sense) a hundred men as good, and as wise, and as able as himself?*

The history of the division of Edmonton has, I understand, been repeatedly stated in the Commission—and told as it has been by a decided advocate, and with no sort of evidence called for on the other side of the question, has produced an unfair impression against Chapters. The history is shortly this:—Besides the Mother Church of Edmonton, there are two Chapels—Southgate, and Winchmore Hill Chapel. Winchmore Hill Chapel was built by the Society for building Churches, upon the same plan as the portions of Marylebone are arranged: the Clergyman was to be remunerated by the lease of the pews, and if curates with talents for preaching had been placed there, they might have gained 200*l.* per annum. Though men of perfectly respectable and honourable character, they were not endowed with this sort of talent, and they gained no more than from 90*l.* to 100*l.* per annum. The Bishop of London applied to the Cathedral of St. Paul's to consent to 250*l.* per annum, in addition to the proceeds from the letting of the pews, or that proportion of the whole of the value of the living should be allotted to the chapel of Winchmore; and at the same time we received an application from the chapel at Southgate, that another considerable portion, I forget what, but believe it to have been rather less (perhaps 200*l.*), should be allotted to them, and the whole living

* Since writing this, and after declining the living for myself, I have had the pleasure of seeing it presented in an undivided state to my amiable and excellent friend, Mr. Tate, who, after a long life of moods and tenses, has acquired (as he has deserved) ease and opulence in his old age.

severed into three parishes. Now the living of Edmonton is about 1350*l.* per annum, besides surplice fees; but this 1350*l.* depends upon a Corn Rent of 10*s.* 3*d.* per bushel, present valuation, which at the next valuation would, in the opinion of eminent land surveyors, whom we consulted, be reduced to about 6*s.* per bushel, so that the living, considering the reduction also of all voluntary offerings to the Church, would be reduced one half, and this half was to be divided into three, and one or two Curates (two Curates by the present bill) to be kept by the Vicar of the old Church; and thus three clerical beggars were, by the activity of the Bishop of London, to be establishsd in a district where the extreme dearness of all provisions is the plea for making the See of London double in value to that of any Bishopric in the country. To this we declined to agree; and this, heard only on one side, with the total omission of the changing value of the Benefice from the price of corn, has most probably been the parent of the clause in question. The right cure for this and all similar cases would be, to give the Bishop a power of allotting to such Chapels as high a salary as to any other Curate in the diocese, taking, as part of that salary, whatever was received from the lease of the pews, and to this no reasonable man could or would object: but this is not enough—all must bow to one man—"Chapters must be taught submission. No pamphlets, no meeting of independent Prebendaries, to remonstrate against the proceedings of their superiors —no opulence and ease but mine."

Some effect was produced also upon the Commission, by the evidence of a Prelate who is both Dean and Bishop *, and who gave it as his opinion, that the patronage of Bishops was given upon better principles than that of Chapters, which, translated into fair English, is no more than this—that the said witness, not meaning to mislead, but himself deceived, has his own

* This Prelate stated it as his opinion to the Commission, that in future all Prelates ought to declare that they held their patronage in trust for the public.

way entirely in his diocese, and can only have it partially in his chapter.

There is a rumour that these reasonings, with which they were assailed from so many quarters in the last Session of Parliament, have not been without their effect, and that it is the intention of the Commissioners only to take away the patronage from the Cathedrals exactly in proportion as the numbers of their Members are reduced. Such may be the intention of the Commissioners; but as that intention has not been publicly notified, it depends only upon report; and the Commissioners have changed their minds so often, that they may alter their intentions twenty times again before the meeting of Parliament. The whole of my observations in this letter are grounded upon their *bills of last year* —which Lord John Russell stated his intention of reintroducing at the beginning of this Session. If they have any new plans, they ought to have published them three months ago—and to have given to the Clergy an ample opportunity of considering them; but this they take the greatest care never to do. The policy of the Government and of the Commissioners is to hurry their Bills through with such rapidity, that very little time is given to those who suffer by them for consideration and remonstrance, and we must be prepared for the worst beforehand. You are cashiered and confiscated before you can look about you—if you leave home for six weeks, in these times, you find a Commissioner in possession of your house and office.

A report has reached my ears, that though all other Cathedrals are to retain patronage exactly equal to their reduced numbers, a separate measure of justice is to be used for St. Paul's; that our numbers are to be augmented by a fifth; and our patronage reduced by a third; and this immediately on the passing of the Bill. That the Bishop of Exeter, for instance, is to receive his augmentation of patronage only in proportion as the Prebendaries die off, and the Prebendaries themselves will, as long as they live, remain in the same proportional state as to patronage; and that when they are re-

duced to four (their stationary number), they will retain one third of all the patronage the twelve now possess. Whether this be wise or not, is a separate question, but at least it is just; the four who remain cannot with any colour of justice complain that they do not retain all the patronage which was divided among twelve; but at St. Paul's not only are our numbers to be augmented by a fifth, but the patronage of fifteen of our best livings is to be instantly conferred upon the Bishop of London. This little *episode of plunder* involves three separate acts of gross injustice: in the first place, if only our numbers had been augmented by a fifth (in itself a mere bonus to Commissioners), our patronage would have been reduced one fifth in value. Secondly, one third of the preferment is to be taken away immediately, and these two added together make eight fifteenths, or more than one half of our whole patronage. So that when all the Cathedrals are reduced to their reformed numbers, each Cathedral will enjoy precisely the same proportion of patronage as it now does, and each member of every other Cathedral will have precisely the same means of promoting men of merit or men of his own family, as is now possessed; while less than half of these advantages will remain to St. Paul's. Thirdly, if the Bishop of London were to wait (as all the other Bishops by this arrangement must wait) till the present patrons die off, the injustice would be to the future body; but by this scheme, every present Incumbent of St. Paul's is instantly deprived of eight fifteenths of his patronage; while every other member of every other Cathedral (as far as patronage is concerned) remains precisely in the same state in which he was before. Why this blow is levelled against St. Paul's I cannot conceive; still less can I imagine why the Bishop of London is not to wait, as all other Bishops are forced to wait, for the death of the present Patrons. There is a reason, indeed, for not waiting, by which (had I to do with a person of less elevated character than the Bishop of London) I would endeavour to explain this precipitate seizure of patronage—and that is, that the livings assigned to him in

this remarkable scheme are all very valuable, and the incumbents all very old. But I shall pass over this scheme, as a mere supposition, invented to bring the Commission into disrepute, a scheme to which it is utterly impossible the Commissioners should ever affix their names.

I should have thought, if the love of what is just had not excited the Commissioner Bishops, that the ridicule of men voting such comfortable things to themselves as the Prebendal patronage, would have alarmed them; but they want to sacrifice with other men's hecatombs, and to enjoy, at the same time, the character of great disinterestedness, and the luxury of unjust spoliation. It was thought necessary to make a fund; and the Prebends in the gift of the Bishops* were appropriated to that purpose. The Bishops who consented to this have then made a great sacrifice:—true, but they have taken more out of our pockets than they have disbursed from their own. Where then is the sacrifice? They must either give back the patronage or the martyrdom: if they choose to be martyrs—which I hope they will do—let them give us back our patronage: if they prefer the patronage, they must not talk of being martyrs—they cannot effect this double sensuality and combine the sweet flavour of rapine with the aromatic odour of sanctity.

We are told, If you agitate these questions among yourselves, you will have the democratic Philistines come down upon you, and sweep you all away together. Be it so; I am quite ready to be swept away when the time comes. Every body has their favourite death: some delight in apoplexy, and others prefer marasmus. I would infinitely rather be crushed by democrats, than,

---

* The Bishops have, however, secured for themselves all the Livings which were in the separate gifts of Prebendaries and Deans, and they have received from the Crown a very large contribution of valuable patronage; why or wherefore is known only to the unfathomable wisdom of Ministers. The glory of martyrdom can be confined only at best to the Bishops of the old Cathedrals, for there are scarcely any separate Prebends in the new Cathedrals.

under the plea of the public good, be mildly and blandly absorbed by Bishops.

I met the other day, in an old Dutch Chronicle, with a passage so apposite to this subject, that, though it is somewhat too light for the occasion, I cannot abstain from quoting it. There was a great meeting of all the Clergy at Dordrecht, and the Chronicler thus describes it, which I give in the language of the translation:—"And there was great store of Bishops in the town, in their robes goodly to behold, and all the great men of the State were there, and folks poured in in boats on the Meuse, the Merve, the Rhine, and the Linge, coming from the Isle of Beverlandt and Isselmond, and from all quarters in the Bailiwick of Dort; Arminians and Gomarists, with the friends of John Barneveldt and of Hugh Grote. And before my Lords the Bishops, Simon of Gloucester, who was a Bishop in those parts, disputed with Vorstius and Leoline the Monk, and many texts of Scripture were bandied to and fro; and when this was done, and many propositions made, and it waxed towards twelve of the clock, my Lords the Bishops prepared to set them down to a fair repast, in which was great store of good things—and among the rest a roasted peacock, having in lieu of a tail the arms and banners of the Archbishop, which was a goodly sight to all who favoured the Church—and then the Archbishop would say a grace, as was seemly to do, he being a very holy man; but ere he had finished, a great mob of townspeople and folks from the country, who were gathered under the window, cried out *Bread! bread!* for there was a great famine, and wheat had risen to three times the ordinary price of the *sleich**; and when they had done crying *Bread! bread!* they called out *No Bishops!*—and began to cast up stones at the windows. Whereat my Lords the Bishops were in a great fright, and cast their dinner out of the window to appease the mob, and so the men of that town were well pleased, and did devour the meats with a great appetite; and then

* A measure in the Bailiwick of Dort, containing two gallons one pint English dry measure.

you might have seen my Lords standing with empty plates, and looking wistfully at each other, till Simon of Gloucester, he who disputed with Leoline the Monk, stood up among them and said, '*Good my Lords, is it your pleasure to stand here fasting, and that those who count lower in the Church than you do should feast and fluster? Let us order to us the dinner of the Deans and Canons, which is making ready for them in the chamber below.*' And this speech of Simon of Gloucester pleased the Bishops much; and so they sent for the host, one William of Ypres, and told him it was for the public good, and he, much fearing the Bishops, brought them the dinner of the Deans and Canons; and so the Deans and Canons went away without dinner, and were pelted by the men of the town, because they had not put any meat out of the window like the Bishops; and when the Count came to hear of it, he said it was a pleasant conceit, *and that the Bishops were right cunning men, and had ding'd the Canons well.*"

When I talk of sacrifices, I mean the sacrifices of the Bishop Commissioners, for we are given to understand that the great mass of Bishops were never consulted at all about these proceedings; that they are contrary to every thing which consultations at Lambeth, previous to the Commission, had led them to expect; and that they are totally disapproved of by them. The voluntary sacrifice, then (for it is no sacrifice if it be not voluntary), is in the Bishop Commissioners only; and besides the indemnification which they have voted to themselves out of the patronage of the Cathedrals, they will have all that never-ending patronage which is to proceed from the working of the Commission, and the endowments bestowed upon different livings. So much for episcopal sacrifices!

And who does not see the end and meaning of all this? The Lay Commissioners, who are members of the Government, cannot and will not attend—the Archbishops of York and Canterbury are quiet and amiable men, going fast down in the vale of life—some of the members of the Commission are expletives—some must

be absent in their dioceses—the Bishop of London is passionately fond of labour, has certainly no aversion to power, is of quick temper, great ability, thoroughly versant in ecclesiastical law, and always in London. He will become the Commission, and when the Church of England is mentioned, it will only mean *Charles James, of London*, who will enjoy a greater power than has ever been possessed by any Churchman since the days of Laud, and will become the *Church of England here upon earth.* As for the Commission itself, there is scarcely any power which is not given to it. They may call for every paper in the world, and every human creature who possesses it, and do what they like to one or the other. It is hopeless to contend with such a body; and most painful to think that it has been established under a Whig Government.* A Commission of Tory Churchmen, established for such purposes, should have been framed with the utmost jealousy, and with the most cautious circumspection of its powers, and with the most earnest wish for its extinction when the purposes of its creation were answered. The Government have done every thing in their power to make it vexatious, omnipotent, and everlasting. This immense power, flung into the hands of an individual, is one of the many foolish consequences which proceed from the centralisation of the Bill, and the unwillingness to employ the local knowledge of the Bishops in the process of annexing dignified to parochial preferment.

There is a third Bill concocted by the Commission-Bishops, in which the great principle of increasing the power of the Bench has certainly not been lost sight of:—A brother Clergyman falls ill suddenly in the country, and he begs his clerical neighbour to do duty for him in the afternoon, thinking it better that there should be single service in two churches, than two services in one, and none in the other. The Clergyman who accedes to this request is liable to a penalty of 5*l.*

* I am speaking here of the permanent Commission established by Act of Parliament in 1835. The Commission for reporting had come to an end six months before this letter was written.

There is a harshness and ill nature in this — a gross ignorance of the state of the poorer Clergy — a hard-heartedness produced by the long enjoyment of wealth and power, which makes it quite intolerable. I speak of it as it stands in the Bill of last year.*

If a Clergyman has a living of 400*l.* per annum, and a population of two thousand persons, the Bishop can compel him to keep a Curate to whom he can allot any salary which he may allot to any other Curate; in other words, he may take away half the income of the clergyman, and instantly ruin him — and this without any complaint from the Vestry; with every testimonial of the most perfect satisfaction of the Parish in the labours of a Minister, who may, perhaps, be dedicating his whole life to their improvement. I think I remember that the Bishop of London once attempted this before he was a Commissioner, and was defeated. I had no manner of doubt that it would speedily become the law, after the Commission had begun to operate. The Bishop of London is said to have declared, after this trial, that *if it was not law it should soon be law* †: and *law* you will see it will become. In fact, he can slip into any Ecclesiastical Act of Parliament any thing he pleases. There is nobody to heed, or to contradict him; provided the power of Bishops is extended by it, no Bishop is so ungenteel as to oppose the Act of his Right Reverend Brother; and there are not many men who have knowledge, eloquence or force of character to stand up against the Bishop of London, and, above all, of industry to watch him. The Ministry, and the Lay Lords, and the House of Commons, care nothing about the matter; and the Clergy themselves, in a state of the greatest ignorance as to what is passing in the world, find their chains heavier and heavier, without knowing who or what has produced the additional encumbrance. A good honest

* This is also given up.

† The Bishop of London denies that he ever said this; but the Bishop of London affects short sharp sayings, seasoned, I am afraid, sometimes with a little indiscretion; and these sayings are not necessarily forgotten because he forgets them.

Whig Minister should have two or three stout-hearted parish priests in his train to watch the Bishops' bills, and to see that they were constructed on other principles than that *Bishops can do no wrong, and cannot have too much power.* The Whigs do nothing of this, and yet they complain that they are hated by the Clergy, and that in all elections the Clergy are their bitterest enemies. Suppose they were to try a little justice, a little notice, and a little protection. It would take more time than quizzing, and contempt, but it might do some good.

The Bishop puts a great number of questions to his Clergy, which they are to be compelled, by this new law of the Commission, to answer, under a penalty, and if they do answer them, they incur, perhaps, a still heavier penalty. "Have you had two services in your Church all the year?" — "I decline to answer." — "Then I fine you 20*l.*" — "I have only had one service." — "Then I fine you 250*l.*" In what other profession are men placed between this double fire of penalties, and compelled to criminate themselves? It has been disused in England, I believe, ever since the time of Laud and the Star Chamber.*

By the same Bill, as it first emanated from the Commission, a Bishop could compel a Clergyman to expend three years' income upon a house in which he had resided perhaps fifty years, and in which he had brought up a large family. With great difficulty, some slight modification of this enormous power was obtained, and it was a little improved in the amended Bill.† In the

* This attempt upon the happiness and independence of the Clergy has been abandoned.

† I perceive that the Archbishop of Canterbury borrows money for the improvement of his palace, and pays the principal off in forty years. This is quite as soon as a debt incurred for such public purposes ought to be paid off, and the Archbishop has done rightly to take that period. In process of time I think it very likely that this indulgence will be extended to country Clergymen, who are compelled to pay off the debts for buildings (which they are compelled to undertake) in twenty years; and by the new Bill, not yet passed, this indulgence is extended to thirty years. Why poor Clergymen have been compelled for the last five years to pay off the encumbrances at the rate of one twentieth per annum, and are now compelled to pay them off, or will, when the Bill passes, be so compelled, at the rate of one thirtieth

same way an attempt was made to try delinquent Clergymen, by a jury of Clergymen, nominated by the Bishop; but this was too bad, and was not endured for an instant; still it showed the same love of power and the same principle of *impeccability*, for the Bill is expressly confined to all suits and complaints against persons *below the dignity and degree of Bishops*. The truth is, that there are very few men in either House of Parliament (Ministers or any one else), who ever think of the happiness and comfort of the working Clergy, or bestow one thought upon guarding them from the increased and increasing power of their encroaching masters. What is called taking care of the Church is taking care of the Bishops; and all Bills for the management of the Clergy are left to the concoction of men who very naturally believe they are improving the Church when they are increasing their own power. There are many Bishops too generous, too humane, and too Christian, to oppress a poor Clergyman; but I have seen (I am sorry to say) many grievous instances of partiality, rudeness, and oppression.* I have seen Clergymen treated by them with a violence and contempt which the lowest servant in the Bishop's establishment would not have endured for a single moment; and if there be a helpless, friendless, wretched being in the community, it is a poor Clergyman in the country, with a large family. If there be an object of compassion, he is one. If there be any occasion in life where a great man should lay aside his office, and put on those kind looks, and use those kind words which raise the humble from the dust, these are the occasions when those best parts of the Christian character ought to be displayed.

I would instance the unlimited power which a Bishop possesses over a Curate, as a very unfair degree of power for any man to possess. Take the following dialogue, which represents a real event.

---

per annum, when the Archbishop takes forty years to do the same thing, and has made that bargain in the year 1831, I really cannot tell. A Clergyman who does not reside is forced to pay off his building debt in ten years.

* What Bishops like best in their Clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner.

Bishop. — Sir, I understand you frequent the Meetings of the Bible Society?

Curate. — Yes, my Lord, I do.

Bishop. — Sir, I tell you plainly, if you continue to do so, I shall silence you from preaching in my diocese.

Curate. — My Lord, I am very sorry to incur your indignation, but I frequent that Society upon principle, because I think it eminently serviceable to the cause of the Gospel.

Bishop. — Sir, I do not enter into your reasons, but tell you plainly, if you continue to go there you shall be silenced.

The young man did go, and was silenced; — and as Bishops have always a great deal of clever machinery at work of testimonials and *bene-decessits*, and always a lawyer at their elbow, under the name of a secretary, a Curate excluded from one diocese is excluded from all. His remedy is an appeal to the Archbishop from the Bishop: his worldly goods, however, amount to ten pounds: he never was in London: he dreads such a tribunal as an Archbishop: he thinks, perhaps, in time the Bishop may be softened: if he is compelled to restore him, the enmity will be immortal. It would be just as rational to give to a frog or a rabbit, upon which the physician is about to experiment, an appeal to the Zoological Society, as to give to a country Curate an appeal to the Archbishop against his purple oppressor.

The errors of the Bill are a public concern — the injustice of the Bill is a private concern. Give us our patronage for life.* Treat the Cathedrals all alike, with the same measure of justice. Don't divide livings in the patronage of present Incumbents without their consent — or do the same with all livings. If these points be attended to in the forthcoming Bill, *all complaint of unfairness and injustice will be at an end.* I shall still think, that the Commissioners have been very rash and indiscreet, that they have evinced a contempt for existing institutions, and a spirit of destruction which

* This has now been given to us.

will be copied to the life hereafter, by Commissioners of a very different description. Bishops live in high places with high people, or with little people who depend upon them. They walk delicately, like Agag. They hear only one sort of conversation, and avoid bold reckless men, as a lady veils herself from rough breezes. I am half inclined to think sometimes, that the Bishop-Commissioners really think that they are finally settling the Church; that the House of Lords will be open to the Bench for ages; and that many Archbishops in succession will enjoy their fifteen thousand pounds a year in Lambeth. I wish I could do for the Bishop-Commissioners what his mother did for Æneas, in the last days of Troy:—

> Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
> Mortalem hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
> Caligat, nubem eripiam.
> Apparent diræ facies, &c. &c.

It is ominous for liberty when Sydney and Russell cannot agree; but when Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, said, that we showed no disposition to make any sacrifices for the good of the Church, I took the liberty to remind that excellent person that he must first of all *prove* it to be for the good of the Church that our patronage should be taken away by the Bishops, and then he might find fault with us for not consenting to the sacrifice.

I have little or no personal nor pecuniary interest in these things, and have made all possible exertion (as two or three persons in power well know) that they should not come before the public. I have no son nor son-in-law in the Church, for whom I want any patronage. If I were young enough to survive any incumbent of St. Paul's, my own preferment is too agreeably circumstanced to make it at all probable I should avail myself of the opportunity. I am a sincere advocate for Church Reform; but I think it very possible, and even very easy, to have removed all odium from the Establishment in a much less violent, and revolutionary manner, without committing or attempting such flagrant

acts of injustice, and without leaving behind an odious Court of Inquisition, which will inevitably fall into the hands of a single individual, and will be an eternal source of vexation, jealousy, and change. I give sincere credit to the Commissioners for good intentions. How can such men have intended any thing but good? And I firmly believe that they are hardly conscious of the extraordinary predilection they have shown for Bishops in all their proceedings: it is like those errors in tradesmen's bills of which the retail arithmetician is really unconscious, but which somehow or another always happens to be in his own favour. Such men as the Commissioners do not say this patronage belongs justly to the Cathedrals, and we will take it away unjustly for ourselves; but after the manner of human nature a thousand weak reasons prevail, which would have no effect, if self-interest were not concerned: they are practising a deception on themselves, and sincerely believe they are doing right. When I talk of spoil and plunder, I do not speak of the intention, but of the effect, and the precedent.

Still the Commissioners are on the eve of entailing an immense evil upon the country, and unfortunately they have gone so far, that it is necessary they should ruin the Cathedrals to preserve their character for consistency. They themselves have been frightened a great deal too much by the mob; have overlooked the chances in their favour produced by delay; have been afraid of being suspected (as Tories) of not doing enough; and have allowed themselves to be hurried on by the constitutional impetuosity of one man, who cannot be brought to believe that wisdom often consists in leaving alone, standing still and doing nothing. From the joint operation of all these causes, all the Cathedrals of England will in a few weeks be knocked about our ears. You, Mr. Archdeacon Singleton, will sit like Caius Marius on the ruins, and we shall lose for ever the wisest scheme for securing a well-educated Clergy upon the most economical terms, and for preventing that low fanaticism which is the greatest curse upon human

happiness, and the greatest enemy of true religion. We shall have all the evils of an Establishment, and none of its good.

You tell me I shall be laughed at as a rich and overgrown Churchman. Be it so. I have been laughed at a hundred times in my life, and care little or nothing about it. If I am well provided for now — I have had my full share of the blanks in the lottery as well as the prizes. Till thirty years of age I never received a farthing from the Church; then 50*l.* per annum for two years — then nothing for ten years — then 500*l.* per annum, increased for two or three years to 800*l.*, till, in my grand climacteric, I was made Canon of St. Paul's; and before that period, I had built a Parsonage-house with farm offices for a large farm, which cost me 4000*l.*, and had reclaimed another from ruins at the expense of 2000*l.* A Lawyer, or a Physician in good practice, would smile at this picture of great Ecclesiastical wealth; and yet I am considered as a perfect monster of Ecclesiastical prosperity.

I should be very sorry to give offence to the dignified Ecclesiastics who are in the Commission: I hope they will allow for the provocation, if I have been a little too warm in the defence of St. Paul's, which I have taken a solemn oath to defend. I was at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury: fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with the chess-board for checkmating him — and now he is attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life: the interval has been one of gentleness, kindness, and the most amiable and high-principled courtesy to his Clergy. For the Archbishop of York I feel an affectionate respect — the result of that invariable kindness I have received from him: and who can see the Bishop of London without admiring his superior talents — being pleased with his society — without admitting that, *upon the whole**, the

* I have heard that the Bishop of London employs eight hours per day in the government of his diocese — in which no part of Asia, Africa, or

public is benefited by his ungovernable passion for business; and without receiving the constant workings of a really good heart, as an atonement for the occasional excesses of an impetuous disposition? I am quite sure if the tables had been turned, and if it had been his lot, as a Canon, to fight against the encroachments of Bishops, that he would have made as stout a defence as I have done—the only difference is, that he would have done it with much greater talent.

As for my friends the Whigs, I neither wish to offend them nor any body else. I consider myself to be as good a Whig as any amongst them. I was a Whig before many of them were born—and while some of them were Tories and Waverers. I have always turned out to fight their battles, and when I saw no other Clergyman turn out but myself—and this in times before liberality was well recompensed, and therefore in fashion, and when the smallest appearance of it seemed to condemn a Churchman to the grossest obloquy, and the most hopeless poverty. It may suit the purpose of the Ministers to flatter the Bench; it does not suit mine. I do not choose in my old age to be tossed as a prey to the Bishop; I have not deserved this of my Whig friends. I know very well there can be no justice for Deans and Chapters, and that the momentary Lords of the earth will receive our statement with derision and *persiflage*—the great principle which is now called in for the government of mankind. Nobody admires the general conduct of the Whig Administration more than I do. They have conferred, in their domestic policy, the most striking benefits on the country. To say that there is no risk in what they have done is mere nonsense: there is great risk; and all honest men must balance to counteract it—holding back as firmly down hill as they pulled vigorously up hill. Still, great as the risk is, it was worth while to incur it in the Poor Law Bill, in the Tithe Bill, in the Corporation Bill, and in the circumscrip-

---

America is included. The world is, I believe, taking one day with another, governed in about a third of that time.

tion of the Irish Protestant Church. In all these matters, the Whig Ministry, after the heat of party is over, and when Joseph Hume and Wilson Croker* are powdered into the dust of death, will gain great and deserved fame. In the question of the Church Commission they have behaved with the grossest injustice; delighted to see this temporary delirium of Archbishops and Bishops, scarcely believing their eyes, and carefully suppressing their laughter, when they saw these eminent Conservatives laying about them with the fury of Mr. Tyler or Mr. Straw; they have taken the greatest care not to disturb them, and to give them no offence: "Do as you like, my Lords, with the Chapters and the Parochial Clergy; you will find some pleasing morsels in the ruins of the Cathedrals. Keep for yourselves any thing you like — whatever is agreeable to you cannot be unpleasant to us." In the mean time, the old friends of, and the old sufferers for, liberty, do not understand this new meanness, and are not a little astonished to find their leaders prostrate on their knees before the Lords of the Church, and to receive no other answer from them than that, if they are disturbed in their adulation, they will immediately resign!

I remain,
My dear Sir,
With sincere good will and respect,
Yours,
SYDNEY SMITH.

---

* I meant no harm by the comparison, but I have made two bitter enemies by it.

SECOND LETTER

TO

ARCHDEACON SINGLETON.

SECOND LETTER,

&c.

My dear Sir,

It is a long time since you have heard from me, and in the mean time the poor Church of England has been trembling, from the Bishop who sitteth upon the throne, to the Curate who rideth upon the hackney horse. I began writing on the subject to avoid bursting from indignation; and as it is not my habit to recede, I will go on till the Church of England is either up or down — semianimous on its back, or vigorous on its legs.

Two or three persons have said to me — "Why, after writing an entertaining and successful letter to Archdeacon Singleton, do you venture upon another, in which you may probably fail, and be weak or stupid?" All this I utterly despise: I write upon these matters not to be entertaining, but because the subjects are very important, and because I have strong opinions upon them. If what I write is liked, so much the better; but liked or not liked, sold or not sold, Wilson Crokered or not Wilson Crokered, I will write. If you ask me who excites me — I answer you, it is that Judge who stirs good thoughts in honest hearts — under whose warrant I impeach the wrong, and by whose help I hope to chastise it.

There are in most Cathedrals two sorts of Prebendaries — the one resident, the other non-resident. It is proposed by the Church Commission to abolish all the Prebendaries of the latter and many of the former class; and it is the Prebendaries of the former class, the Resident Prebendaries, whom I wish to save.

The Non-resident Prebendaries never come near the Cathedral; they are just like so many country gentlemen: the difference is, that their appointments are elective, not hereditary. They have houses, manors, lands, and every appendage of territorial wealth and importance. Their value is very different. I have one, Neasdon, near Willesdon, which consists of a quarter of an acre of land, worth a few shillings per annum, but animated by the burden of repairing a bridge, which sometimes costs the unfortunate Prebendary fifty or sixty pounds. There are other Non-resident Prebendaries, however, of great value; and one, I believe, which would be worth, if the years or lives were run out, from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* per annum.

Not only do these Prebendaries do nothing, and are never seen, but the existence of the preferment is hardly known; and the abolition of the preferment, therefore, would not in any degree lessen the temptation to enter into the Church, while the mass of these preferments would make an important fund for the improvement of small livings. The Residentiary Prebendaries, on the contrary, perform all the services of the Cathedral Church; their existence is known, their preferment coveted, and to get a stall, and to be preceded by men with silver rods, is the bait which the ambitious squire is perpetually holding out to his second son. What Prebendary is next to come into residence is as important a topic to the Cathedral town, and ten miles round it, as what the evening or morning star may be to the astronomer. I will venture to say, that there is not a man of good humour, sense, and worth, within ten miles of Worcester, who does hail the rising of Archdeacon Singleton in the horizon as one of the most agreeable events of the year. If such sort of preferments are extinguished, a very serious evil (as I have often said before) is done to the Church — the service becomes unpopular, further spoliation is dreaded, the whole system is considered to be altered and degraded, capital is withdrawn from the Church, and

Whig Minister should have two or three stout-hearted parish priests in his train to watch the Bishops' bills, and to see that they were constructed on other principles than that *Bishops can do no wrong, and cannot have too much power*. The Whigs do nothing of this, and yet they complain that they are hated by the Clergy, and that in all elections the Clergy are their bitterest enemies. Suppose they were to try a little justice, a little notice, and a little protection. It would take more time than quizzing, and contempt, but it might do some good.

The Bishop puts a great number of questions to his Clergy, which they are to be compelled, by this new law of the Commission, to answer, under a penalty, and if they do answer them, they incur, perhaps, a still heavier penalty. "Have you had two services in your Church all the year?" — "I decline to answer." — "Then I fine you 20*l*." — "I have only had one service." — "Then I fine you 250*l*." In what other profession are men placed between this double fire of penalties, and compelled to criminate themselves? It has been disused in England, I believe, ever since the time of Laud and the Star Chamber.*

By the same Bill, as it first emanated from the Commission, a Bishop could compel a Clergyman to expend three years' income upon a house in which he had resided perhaps fifty years, and in which he had brought up a large family. With great difficulty, some slight modification of this enormous power was obtained, and it was a little improved in the amended Bill.† In the

* This attempt upon the happiness and independence of the Clergy has been abandoned.

† I perceive that the Archbishop of Canterbury borrows money for the improvement of his palace, and pays the principal off in forty years. This is quite as soon as a debt incurred for such public purposes ought to be paid off, and the Archbishop has done rightly to take that period. In process of time I think it very likely that this indulgence will be extended to country Clergymen, who are compelled to pay off the debts for buildings (which they are compelled to undertake) in twenty years; and by the new Bill, not yet passed, this indulgence is extended to thirty years. Why poor Clergymen have been compelled for the last five years to pay off the encumbrances at the rate of one twentieth per annum, and are now compelled to pay them off, or will, when the Bill passes, be so compelled, at the rate of one thirtieth

same way an attempt was made to try delinquent Clergymen, by a jury of Clergymen, nominated by the Bishop; but this was too bad, and was not endured for an instant; still it showed the same love of power and the same principle of *impeccability*, for the Bill is expressly confined to all suits and complaints against persons *below the dignity and degree of Bishops*. The truth is, that there are very few men in either House of Parliament (Ministers or any one else), who ever think of the happiness and comfort of the working Clergy, or bestow one thought upon guarding them from the increased and increasing power of their encroaching masters. What is called taking care of the Church is taking care of the Bishops; and all Bills for the management of the Clergy are left to the concoction of men who very naturally believe they are improving the Church when they are increasing their own power. There are many Bishops too generous, too humane, and too Christian, to oppress a poor Clergyman; but I have seen (I am sorry to say) many grievous instances of partiality, rudeness, and oppression.* I have seen Clergymen treated by them with a violence and contempt which the lowest servant in the Bishop's establishment would not have endured for a single moment; and if there be a helpless, friendless, wretched being in the community, it is a poor Clergyman in the country, with a large family. If there be an object of compassion, he is one. If there be any occasion in life where a great man should lay aside his office, and put on those kind looks, and use those kind words which raise the humble from the dust, these are the occasions when those best parts of the Christian character ought to be displayed.

I would instance the unlimited power which a Bishop possesses over a Curate, as a very unfair degree of power for any man to possess. Take the following dialogue, which represents a real event.

---

per annum, when the Archbishop takes forty years to do the same thing, and has made that bargain in the year 1831, I really cannot tell. A Clergyman who does not reside is forced to pay off his building debt in ten years.

* What Bishops like best in their Clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner.

Bishop. — Sir, I understand you frequent the Meetings of the Bible Society?

Curate. — Yes, my Lord, I do.

Bishop. — Sir, I tell you plainly, if you continue to do so, I shall silence you from preaching in my diocese.

Curate. — My Lord, I am very sorry to incur your indignation, but I frequent that Society upon principle, because I think it eminently serviceable to the cause of the Gospel.

Bishop. — Sir, I do not enter into your reasons, but tell you plainly, if you continue to go there you shall be silenced.

The young man did go, and was silenced; — and as Bishops have always a great deal of clever machinery at work of testimonials and *bene-decessits*, and always a lawyer at their elbow, under the name of a secretary, a Curate excluded from one diocese is excluded from all. His remedy is an appeal to the Archbishop from the Bishop: his worldly goods, however, amount to ten pounds: he never was in London: he dreads such a tribunal as an Archbishop: he thinks, perhaps, in time the Bishop may be softened: if he is compelled to restore him, the enmity will be immortal. It would be just as rational to give to a frog or a rabbit, upon which the physician is about to experiment, an appeal to the Zoological Society, as to give to a country Curate an appeal to the Archbishop against his purple oppressor.

The errors of the Bill are a public concern — the injustice of the Bill is a private concern. Give us our patronage for life.* Treat the Cathedrals all alike, with the same measure of justice. Don't divide livings in the patronage of present Incumbents without their consent — or do the same with all livings. If these points be attended to in the forthcoming Bill, *all complaint of unfairness and injustice will be at an end.* I shall still think, that the Commissioners have been very rash and indiscreet, that they have evinced a contempt for existing institutions, and a spirit of destruction which

* This has now been given to us.

There is a harshness and ill nature in this — a gross ignorance of the state of the poorer Clergy — a hard-heartedness produced by the long enjoyment of wealth and power, which makes it quite intolerable. I speak of it as it stands in the Bill of last year.*

If a Clergyman has a living of 400*l.* per annum, and a population of two thousand persons, the Bishop can compel him to keep a Curate to whom he can allot any salary which he may allot to any other Curate; in other words, he may take away half the income of the clergyman, and instantly ruin him — and this without any complaint from the Vestry; with every testimonial of the most perfect satisfaction of the Parish in the labours of a Minister, who may, perhaps, be dedicating his whole life to their improvement. I think I remember that the Bishop of London once attempted this before he was a Commissioner, and was defeated. I had no manner of doubt that it would speedily become the law, after the Commission had begun to operate. The Bishop of London is said to have declared, after this trial, that *if it was not law it should soon be law* †: and *law* you will see it will become. In fact, he can slip into any Ecclesiastical Act of Parliament any thing he pleases. There is nobody to heed, or to contradict him; provided the power of Bishops is extended by it, no Bishop is so ungenteel as to oppose the Act of his Right Reverend Brother; and there are not many men who have knowledge, eloquence or force of character to stand up against the Bishop of London, and, above all, of industry to watch him. The Ministry, and the Lay Lords, and the House of Commons, care nothing about the matter; and the Clergy themselves, in a state of the greatest ignorance as to what is passing in the world, find their chains heavier and heavier, without knowing who or what has produced the additional encumbrance. A good honest

* This is also given up.

† The Bishop of London denies that he ever said this; but the Bishop of London affects short sharp sayings, seasoned, I am afraid, sometimes with a little indiscretion; and these sayings are not necessarily forgotten because he forgets them.

Whig Minister should have two or three stout-hearted parish priests in his train to watch the Bishops' bills, and to see that they were constructed on other principles than that *Bishops can do no wrong, and cannot have too much power.* The Whigs do nothing of this, and yet they complain that they are hated by the Clergy, and that in all elections the Clergy are their bitterest enemies. Suppose they were to try a little justice, a little notice, and a little protection. It would take more time than quizzing, and contempt, but it might do some good.

The Bishop puts a great number of questions to his Clergy, which they are to be compelled, by this new law of the Commission, to answer, under a penalty, and if they do answer them, they incur, perhaps, a still heavier penalty. "Have you had two services in your Church all the year?" — "I decline to answer." — "Then I fine you 20*l.*" — "I have only had one service." — "Then I fine you 250*l.*" In what other profession are men placed between this double fire of penalties, and compelled to criminate themselves? It has been disused in England, I believe, ever since the time of Laud and the Star Chamber.*

By the same Bill, as it first emanated from the Commission, a Bishop could compel a Clergyman to expend three years' income upon a house in which he had resided perhaps fifty years, and in which he had brought up a large family. With great difficulty, some slight modification of this enormous power was obtained, and it was a little improved in the amended Bill.† In the

* This attempt upon the happiness and independence of the Clergy has been abandoned.

† I perceive that the Archbishop of Canterbury borrows money for the improvement of his palace, and pays the principal off in forty years. This is quite as soon as a debt incurred for such public purposes ought to be paid off, and the Archbishop has done rightly to take that period. In process of time I think it very likely that this indulgence will be extended to country Clergymen, who are compelled to pay off the debts for buildings (which they are compelled to undertake) in twenty years; and by the new Bill, not yet passed, this indulgence is extended to thirty years. Why poor Clergymen have been compelled for the last five years to pay off the encumbrances at the rate of one twentieth per annum, and are now compelled to pay them off, or will, when the Bill passes, be so compelled, at the rate of one thirtieth

same way an attempt was made to try delinquent Clergymen, by a jury of Clergymen, nominated by the Bishop; but this was too bad, and was not endured for an instant; still it showed the same love of power and the same principle of *impeccability*, for the Bill is expressly confined to all suits and complaints against persons *below the dignity and degree of Bishops*. The truth is, that there are very few men in either House of Parliament (Ministers or any one else), who ever think of the happiness and comfort of the working Clergy, or bestow one thought upon guarding them from the increased and increasing power of their encroaching masters. What is called taking care of the Church is taking care of the Bishops; and all Bills for the management of the Clergy are left to the concoction of men who very naturally believe they are improving the Church when they are increasing their own power. There are many Bishops too generous, too humane, and too Christian, to oppress a poor Clergyman; but I have seen (I am sorry to say) many grievous instances of partiality, rudeness, and oppression.* I have seen Clergymen treated by them with a violence and contempt which the lowest servant in the Bishop's establishment would not have endured for a single moment; and if there be a helpless, friendless, wretched being in the community, it is a poor Clergyman in the country, with a large family. If there be an object of compassion, he is one. If there be any occasion in life where a great man should lay aside his office, and put on those kind looks, and use those kind words which raise the humble from the dust, these are the occasions when those best parts of the Christian character ought to be displayed.

I would instance the unlimited power which a Bishop possesses over a Curate, as a very unfair degree of power for any man to possess. Take the following dialogue, which represents a real event.

---

per annum, when the Archbishop takes forty years to do the same thing, and has made that bargain in the year 1831, I really cannot tell. A Clergyman who does not reside is forced to pay off his building debt in ten years.

* What Bishops like best in their Clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner.

Bishop. — Sir, I understand you frequent the Meetings of the Bible Society?

Curate. — Yes, my Lord, I do.

Bishop. — Sir, I tell you plainly, if you continue to do so, I shall silence you from preaching in my diocese.

Curate. — My Lord, I am very sorry to incur your indignation, but I frequent that Society upon principle, because I think it eminently serviceable to the cause of the Gospel.

Bishop. — Sir, I do not enter into your reasons, but tell you plainly, if you continue to go there you shall be silenced.

The young man did go, and was silenced; — and as Bishops have always a great deal of clever machinery at work of testimonials and *bene-decessits*, and always a lawyer at their elbow, under the name of a secretary, a Curate excluded from one diocese is excluded from all. His remedy is an appeal to the Archbishop from the Bishop: his worldly goods, however, amount to ten pounds: he never was in London: he dreads such a tribunal as an Archbishop: he thinks, perhaps, in time the Bishop may be softened: if he is compelled to restore him, the enmity will be immortal. It would be just as rational to give to a frog or a rabbit, upon which the physician is about to experiment, an appeal to the Zoological Society, as to give to a country Curate an appeal to the Archbishop against his purple oppressor.

The errors of the Bill are a public concern — the injustice of the Bill is a private concern. Give us our patronage for life.* Treat the Cathedrals all alike, with the same measure of justice. Don't divide livings in the patronage of present Incumbents without their consent — or do the same with all livings. If these points be attended to in the forthcoming Bill, *all complaint of unfairness and injustice will be at an end.* I shall still think, that the Commissioners have been very rash and indiscreet, that they have evinced a contempt for existing institutions, and a spirit of destruction which

* This has now been given to us.

will be copied to the life hereafter, by Commissioners of a very different description. Bishops live in high places with high people, or with little people who depend upon them. They walk delicately, like Agag. They hear only one sort of conversation, and avoid bold reckless men, as a lady veils herself from rough breezes. I am half inclined to think sometimes, that the Bishop-Commissioners really think that they are finally settling the Church; that the House of Lords will be open to the Bench for ages; and that many Archbishops in succession will enjoy their fifteen thousand pounds a year in Lambeth. I wish I could do for the Bishop-Commissioners what his mother did for Æneas, in the last days of Troy:—

> Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
> Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
> Caligat, nubem eripiam.
> Apparent diræ facies, &c. &c.

It is ominous for liberty when Sydney and Russell cannot agree; but when Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, said, that we showed no disposition to make any sacrifices for the good of the Church, I took the liberty to remind that excellent person that he must first of all *prove* it to be for the good of the Church that our patronage should be taken away by the Bishops, and then he might find fault with us for not consenting to the sacrifice.

I have little or no personal nor pecuniary interest in these things, and have made all possible exertion (as two or three persons in power well know) that they should not come before the public. I have no son nor son-in-law in the Church, for whom I want any patronage. If I were young enough to survive any incumbent of St. Paul's, my own preferment is too agreeably circumstanced to make it at all probable I should avail myself of the opportunity. I am a sincere advocate for Church Reform; but I think it very possible, and even very easy, to have removed all odium from the Establishment in a much less violent, and revolutionary manner, without committing or attempting such flagrant

acts of injustice, and without leaving behind an odious Court of Inquisition, which will inevitably fall into the hands of a single individual, and will be an eternal source of vexation, jealousy, and change. I give sincere credit to the Commissioners for good intentions. How can such men have intended any thing but good? And I firmly believe that they are hardly conscious of the extraordinary predilection they have shown for Bishops in all their proceedings: it is like those errors in tradesmen's bills of which the retail arithmetician is really unconscious, but which somehow or another always happens to be in his own favour. Such men as the Commissioners do not say this patronage belongs justly to the Cathedrals, and we will take it away unjustly for ourselves; but after the manner of human nature a thousand weak reasons prevail, which would have no effect, if self-interest were not concerned: they are practising a deception on themselves, and sincerely believe they are doing right. When I talk of spoil and plunder, I do not speak of the intention, but of the effect, and the precedent.

Still the Commissioners are on the eve of entailing an immense evil upon the country, and unfortunately they have gone so far, that it is necessary they should ruin the Cathedrals to preserve their character for consistency. They themselves have been frightened a great deal too much by the mob; have overlooked the chances in their favour produced by delay; have been afraid of being suspected (as Tories) of not doing enough; and have allowed themselves to be hurried on by the constitutional impetuosity of one man, who cannot be brought to believe that wisdom often consists in leaving alone, standing still and doing nothing. From the joint operation of all these causes, all the Cathedrals of England will in a few weeks be knocked about our ears. You, Mr. Archdeacon Singleton, will sit like Caius Marius on the ruins, and we shall lose for ever the wisest scheme for securing a well-educated Clergy upon the most economical terms, and for preventing that low fanaticism which is the greatest curse upon human

same way an attempt was made to try delinquent Clergymen, by a jury of Clergymen, nominated by the Bishop; but this was too bad, and was not endured for an instant; still it showed the same love of power and the same principle of *impeccability*, for the Bill is expressly confined to all suits and complaints against persons *below the dignity and degree of Bishops*. The truth is, that there are very few men in either House of Parliament (Ministers or any one else), who ever think of the happiness and comfort of the working Clergy, or bestow one thought upon guarding them from the increased and increasing power of their encroaching masters. What is called taking care of the Church is taking care of the Bishops; and all Bills for the management of the Clergy are left to the concoction of men who very naturally believe they are improving the Church when they are increasing their own power. There are many Bishops too generous, too humane, and too Christian, to oppress a poor Clergyman; but I have seen (I am sorry to say) many grievous instances of partiality, rudeness, and oppression.* I have seen Clergymen treated by them with a violence and contempt which the lowest servant in the Bishop's establishment would not have endured for a single moment; and if there be a helpless, friendless, wretched being in the community, it is a poor Clergyman in the country, with a large family. If there be an object of compassion, he is one. If there be any occasion in life where a great man should lay aside his office, and put on those kind looks, and use those kind words which raise the humble from the dust, these are the occasions when those best parts of the Christian character ought to be displayed.

I would instance the unlimited power which a Bishop possesses over a Curate, as a very unfair degree of power for any man to possess. Take the following dialogue, which represents a real event.

---

per annum, when the Archbishop takes forty years to do the same thing, and has made that bargain in the year 1831, I really cannot tell. A Clergyman who does not reside is forced to pay off his building debt in ten years.

* What Bishops like best in their Clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner.

public is benefited by his ungovernable passion for business; and without receiving the constant workings of a really good heart, as an atonement for the occasional excesses of an impetuous disposition? I am quite sure if the tables had been turned, and if it had been his lot, as a Canon, to fight against the encroachments of Bishops, that he would have made as stout a defence as I have done — the only difference is, that he would have done it with much greater talent.

As for my friends the Whigs, I neither wish to offend them nor any body else. I consider myself to be as good a Whig as any amongst them. I was a Whig before many of them were born — and while some of them were Tories and Waverers. I have always turned out to fight their battles, and when I saw no other Clergyman turn out but myself — and this in times before liberality was well recompensed, and therefore in fashion, and when the smallest appearance of it seemed to condemn a Churchman to the grossest obloquy, and the most hopeless poverty. It may suit the purpose of the Ministers to flatter the Bench; it does not suit mine. I do not choose in my old age to be tossed as a prey to the Bishop; I have not deserved this of my Whig friends. I know very well there can be no justice for Deans and Chapters, and that the momentary Lords of the earth will receive our statement with derision and *persiflage* — the great principle which is now called in for the government of mankind. Nobody admires the general conduct of the Whig Administration more than I do. They have conferred, in their domestic policy, the most striking benefits on the country. To say that there is no risk in what they have done is mere nonsense: there is great risk; and all honest men must balance to counteract it — holding back as firmly down hill as they pulled vigorously up hill. Still, great as the risk is, it was worth while to incur it in the Poor Law Bill, in the Tithe Bill, in the Corporation Bill, and in the circumscrip-

---

America is included. The world is, I believe, taking one day with another, governed in about a third of that time.

happiness, and the greatest enemy of true religion. We shall have all the evils of an Establishment, and none of its good.

You tell me I shall be laughed at as a rich and overgrown Churchman. Be it so. I have been laughed at a hundred times in my life, and care little or nothing about it. If I am well provided for now — I have had my full share of the blanks in the lottery as well as the prizes. Till thirty years of age I never received a farthing from the Church; then 50*l.* per annum for two years — then nothing for ten years — then 500*l.* per annum, increased for two or three years to 800*l.*, till, in my grand climacteric, I was made Canon of St. Paul's; and before that period, I had built a Parsonage-house with farm offices for a large farm, which cost me 4000*l.*, and had reclaimed another from ruins at the expense of 2000*l.* A Lawyer, or a Physician in good practice, would smile at this picture of great Ecclesiastical wealth; and yet I am considered as a perfect monster of Ecclesiastical prosperity.

I should be very sorry to give offence to the dignified Ecclesiastics who are in the Commission: I hope they will allow for the provocation, if I have been a little too warm in the defence of St. Paul's, which I have taken a solemn oath to defend. I was at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury: fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with the chess-board for checkmating him — and now he is attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life: the interval has been one of gentleness, kindness, and the most amiable and high-principled courtesy to his Clergy. For the Archbishop of York I feel an affectionate respect — the result of that invariable kindness I have received from him: and who can see the Bishop of London without admiring his superior talents — being pleased with his society — without admitting that, *upon the whole**, the

* I have heard that the Bishop of London employs eight hours per day in the government of his diocese — in which no part of Asia, Africa, or

public is benefited by his ungovernable passion for business; and without receiving the constant workings of a really good heart, as an atonement for the occasional excesses of an impetuous disposition? I am quite sure if the tables had been turned, and if it had been his lot, as a Canon, to fight against the encroachments of Bishops, that he would have made as stout a defence as I have done—the only difference is, that he would have done it with much greater talent.

As for my friends the Whigs, I neither wish to offend them nor any body else. I consider myself to be as good a Whig as any amongst them. I was a Whig before many of them were born — and while some of them were Tories and Waverers. I have always turned out to fight their battles, and when I saw no other Clergyman turn out but myself—and this in times before liberality was well recompensed, and therefore in fashion, and when the smallest appearance of it seemed to condemn a Churchman to the grossest obloquy, and the most hopeless poverty. It may suit the purpose of the Ministers to flatter the Bench; it does not suit mine. I do not choose in my old age to be tossed as a prey to the Bishop; I have not deserved this of my Whig friends. I know very well there can be no justice for Deans and Chapters, and that the momentary Lords of the earth will receive our statement with derision and *persiflage* —the great principle which is now called in for the government of mankind. Nobody admires the general conduct of the Whig Administration more than I do. They have conferred, in their domestic policy, the most striking benefits on the country. To say that there is no risk in what they have done is mere nonsense: there is great risk; and all honest men must balance to counteract it — holding back as firmly down hill as they pulled vigorously up hill. Still, great as the risk is, it was worth while to incur it in the Poor Law Bill, in the Tithe Bill, in the Corporation Bill, and in the circumscrip-

---

America is included. The world is, I believe, taking one day with another, governed in about a third of that time.

tion of the Irish Protestant Church. In all these matters, the Whig Ministry, after the heat of party is over, and when Joseph Hume and Wilson Croker* are powdered into the dust of death, will gain great and deserved fame. In the question of the Church Commission they have behaved with the grossest injustice; delighted to see this temporary delirium of Archbishops and Bishops, scarcely believing their eyes, and carefully suppressing their laughter, when they saw these eminent Conservatives laying about them with the fury of Mr. Tyler or Mr. Straw; they have taken the greatest care not to disturb them, and to give them no offence: "Do as you like, my Lords, with the Chapters and the Parochial Clergy; you will find some pleasing morsels in the ruins of the Cathedrals. Keep for yourselves any thing you like — whatever is agreeable to you cannot be unpleasant to us." In the mean time, the old friends of, and the old sufferers for, liberty, do not understand this new meanness, and are not a little astonished to find their leaders prostrate on their knees before the Lords of the Church, and to receive no other answer from them than that, if they are disturbed in their adulation, they will immediately resign!

I remain,
My dear Sir,
With sincere good will and respect,
Yours,
SYDNEY SMITH.

---

* I meant no harm by the comparison, but I have made two bitter enemies by it.

SECOND LETTER

TO

ARCHDEACON SINGLETON.

SECOND LETTER,

&c.

My dear Sir,

It is a long time since you have heard from me, and in the mean time the poor Church of England has been trembling, from the Bishop who sitteth upon the throne, to the Curate who rideth upon the hackney horse. I began writing on the subject to avoid bursting from indignation; and as it is not my habit to recede, I will go on till the Church of England is either up or down — semianimous on its back, or vigorous on its legs.

Two or three persons have said to me — "Why, after writing an entertaining and successful letter to Archdeacon Singleton, do you venture upon another, in which you may probably fail, and be weak or stupid?" All this I utterly despise: I write upon these matters not to be entertaining, but because the subjects are very important, and because I have strong opinions upon them. If what I write is liked, so much the better; but liked or not liked, sold or not sold, Wilson Crokered or not Wilson Crokered, I will write. If you ask me who excites me — I answer you, it is that Judge who stirs good thoughts in honest hearts — under whose warrant I impeach the wrong, and by whose help I hope to chastise it.

There are in most Cathedrals two sorts of Prebendaries — the one resident, the other non-resident. It is proposed by the Church Commission to abolish all the Prebendaries of the latter and many of the former class; and it is the Prebendaries of the former class, the Resident Prebendaries, whom I wish to save.

The Non-resident Prebendaries never come near the Cathedral; they are just like so many country gentlemen: the difference is, that their appointments are elective, not hereditary. They have houses, manors, lands, and every appendage of territorial wealth and importance. Their value is very different. I have one, Neasdon, near Willesdon, which consists of a quarter of an acre of land, worth a few shillings per annum, but animated by the burden of repairing a bridge, which sometimes costs the unfortunate Prebendary fifty or sixty pounds. There are other Non-resident Prebendaries, however, of great value; and one, I believe, which would be worth, if the years or lives were run out, from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* per annum.

Not only do these Prebendaries do nothing, and are never seen, but the existence of the preferment is hardly known; and the abolition of the preferment, therefore, would not in any degree lessen the temptation to enter into the Church, while the mass of these preferments would make an important fund for the improvement of small livings. The Residentiary Prebendaries, on the contrary, perform all the services of the Cathedral Church; their existence is known, their preferment coveted, and to get a stall, and to be preceded by men with silver rods, is the bait which the ambitious squire is perpetually holding out to his second son. What Prebendary is next to come into residence is as important a topic to the Cathedral town, and ten miles round it, as what the evening or morning star may be to the astronomer. I will venture to say, that there is not a man of good humour, sense, and worth, within ten miles of Worcester, who does hail the rising of Archdeacon Singleton in the horizon as one of the most agreeable events of the year. If such sort of preferments are extinguished, a very serious evil (as I have often said before) is done to the Church — the service becomes unpopular, further spoliation is dreaded, the whole system is considered to be altered and degraded, capital is withdrawn from the Church, and

no one enters into the profession but the sons of farmers and little tradesmen, who would be footmen if they were not vicars — or figure on the coach-box if they were not lecturing from the pulpit.

But what a practical rebuke to the Commissioners, after all their plans and consultations and carvings of Cathedral preferment, to leave it integral, and untouched! It is some comfort, however, to me, to think, that the persons of all others to whom this preservation of Cathedral property would give the greatest pleasure are the Ecclesiastical Commissioners themselves. Can any one believe that the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London really wish for the confiscation of any Cathedral property, or that they were driven to it by any thing but fear, mingled, perhaps, with a little vanity of playing the part of great Reformers? They cannot, of course, say for themselves what I say for them; but of what is really passing in the ecclesiastical minds of these great personages, I have no more doubt than I have of what passes in the mind of the prisoner when the prosecutor recommends and relents, and the Judge says he shall attend to the recommendation.

What harm does a Prebend do, in a politico-economical point of view? The alienation of the property for three lives, or twenty-one years, and the almost certainty that the tenant has of renewing, give him sufficent interest in the soil for all purposes of cultivation*, and a long series of elected clergymen is rather more likely to produce valuable members of the community than a long series of begotten squires. Take, for instance, the Cathedral of Bristol, the whole estates of which are about equal to keeping a pack of fox-hounds. If this had been in the hands of a country gentleman,

* The Church, it has been urged, do not plant — they do not extend their woods; but almost all Cathedrals possess woods, and regularly plant a succession, so as to keep them up. A single evening of dice and hazard does not doom their woods to sudden destruction; a life-tenant does not cut down all the timber to make the most of his estate; the woods of ecclesiastical bodies are managed upon a fixed and settled plan, and considering the sudden prodigalities of Laymen, I should not be afraid of a comparison.

instead of Precentor, Succentor, Dean, and Canons, and Sexton, you would have had huntsman, whipper in, dog-feeders, and stoppers of earths; the old squire, full of foolish opinions, and fermented liquids, and a young gentleman of gloves, waistcoats, and pantaloons: and how many generations might it be before the fortuitous concourse of noodles would produce such a man as Professor Lee, one of the Prebendaries of Bristol, and by far the most eminent Oriental scholar in Europe? The same argument might be applied to every Cathedral in England. How many hundred coveys of squires would it take to supply as much knowledge as is condensed in the heads of Dr. Copplestone, or Mr. Tate, of St. Paul's? and what a strange thing it is that such a man as Lord John Russell, the Whig leader, should be so squirrel-minded as to wish for a movement without object or end! Saving there can be none, for it is merely taking from one Ecclesiastic to give it to another; public clamour, to which the best men must sometimes yield, does not require it; and so far from doing any good, it would be a source of infinite mischief to the Establishment.

If you were to gather a Parliament of Curates on the hottest Sunday in the year, after all the services, sermons, burials, and baptisms of the day, were over, and to offer them such increase of salary as would be produced by the confiscation of the Cathedral property, I am convinced they would reject the measure, and prefer splendid hope, and the expectation of good fortune in advanced life, to the trifling improvement of poverty which such a fund could afford. Charles James, of London, was a Curate; the Bishop of Winchester was a Curate; almost every rose-and-shovel man has been a Curate in his time. All Curates hope to draw great prizes.

I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers how very much the great emoluments of the Church are flung open to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let

a respectable baker drive through the city from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements of Northumberland House, has his little muffin-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendour, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills? But let him drive his alum-steeped loaves a little further, till he reaches St. Paul's Churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful fabric; it is not impossible that his little penny roll may be introduced into that splendid oven. Young Crumpet is sent to school—takes to his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in crum-pet is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the University—gets a prize for an Essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a Bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes an useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of Prebendary, Dean, Prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.

It will not do to leave only four persons in each Cathedral upon the supposition that such a number will be sufficient for all the men of real merit who ought to enjoy such preferment; we ought to have a steady confidence that the men of real merit will always bear a small proportion to the whole number; and that in proportion as the whole number is lessened, the number of men of merit provided for will be lessened also. If it were quite certain that ninety persons would be selected, the most remarkable for conduct, piety, and learning, ninety offices might be sufficient; but out of these ninety are to be taken tutors to Dukes and Marquises, paid in this way by the public; Bishops' Chaplains, running tame about the palace; elegant Clergymen of small understanding, who have made themselves acceptable in the drawing-rooms of the mitre; Billingsgate controversialists, who have tossed and gored an Unitarian. So that there remain but a few rewards for men of real

merit—yet these rewards do infinite good; and in this mixed, checkered way human affairs are conducted.

No man at the beginning of the Reform could tell to what excesses the new power conferred upon the multitude would carry them; it was not safe for a Clergyman to appear in the streets. I bought a blue coat, and did not despair in time of looking like a Layman. All this is passed over. Men are returned to their senses upon the subject of the Church, and I utterly deny that there is any public feeling whatever which calls for the destruction of the resident Prebends. Lord John Russell has pruned the two luxuriant Bishoprics, and has abolished Pluralities: he has made a very material alteration in the state of the Church: not enough to please Joseph Hume, and the tribunes of the people, but enough to satisfy every reasonable and moderate man, and therefore enough to satisfy himself. What another generation may choose to do is another question: I am thoroughly convinced that enough has been done for the present.

Viscount Melbourne declared himself quite satisfied with the Church as it is; but if the public had any desire to alter it, they might do as they pleased. He might have said the same thing of the Monarchy, or of any other of our institutions; and there is in the declaration a permissiveness and good humour which in public men has seldom been exceeded. Carelessness, however, is but a poor imitation of genius, and the formation of a wise and well-reflected plan of Reform conduces more to the lasting fame of a Minister than that affected contempt of duty which every man sees to be mere vanity, and a vanity of no very high description.

But if the truth must be told, our Viscount is somewhat of an impostor. Every thing about him seems to betoken careless desolation: any one would suppose from his manner that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness; that he was always on the heel of pastime; that he would giggle away the Great Charter, and decide by the method of tee-totum whether my Lords the Bishops should or should not retain their seats

in the House of Lords. All this is the mere vanity of surprising, and making us believe that he can play with kingdoms as other men can with nine-pins. Instead of this lofty nebulo, this miracle of moral and intellectual felicities, he is nothing more than a sensible honest man, who means to do his duty to the Sovereign and to the Country: instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the deputation of Tallow-Chandlers in the morning, he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, though he has acquired knowlege enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicester tallow, he pretends next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mould. In the same way, when he has been employed in reading Acts of Parliament, he would persuade you that he has been reading *Cleghorn on the Beatitudes*, or *Pickler on the Nine Difficult Points*. Neither can I allow to this Minister (however he may be irritated by the denial) the extreme merit of indifference to the consequences of his measures. I believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or evil that he is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus of the Lower House. I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings, and to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gaiety he has reared; but I accuse our Minister of honesty and diligence: I deny that he is careless or rash: he is nothing more than a man of good understanding, and good principle, disguised in the eternal and somewhat wearisome affectation of a political Roué.

One of the most foolish circumstances attending this destruction of Cathedral property is the great sacrifice of the patronage of the Crown: the Crown gives up eight Prebends of Westminster, two at Worcester, 1500*l.* per annum at St. Paul's, two Prebends at Bristol, and a great deal of other preferment all over the kingdom; and this at a moment when such extraordinary power has been suddenly conferred upon the people, and when every atom of power and patronage ought to be husbanded for the Crown. A Prebend of

Westminster for my second son would soften the Catos of Cornhill, and lull the Gracchi of the Metropolitan Boroughs. Lives there a man so absurd, as to suppose that Government can be carried on without those gentle allurements? You may as well attempt to poultice off the humps of a camel's back as to cure mankind of these little corruptions.

I am terribly alarmed by a committee of Cathedrals now sitting in London, and planning a petition to the Legislature to be heard by counsel. They will take such high ground, and talk a language so utterly at variance with the feelings of the age about Church Property, that I am much afraid they will do more harm than good. In the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, the Guards said they did not care for the mob, if the Gentlemen Volunteers behind would be so good as not to hold their muskets in such a dangerous manner. I don't care for popular clamour, and think it might now be defied; but I confess the Gentlemen Volunteers alarm me. They have unfortunately, too, collected their addresses, and published them in a single volume!!!

I should like to know how many of our institutions at this moment, besides the Cathedrals, are under notice of destruction. I will, before I finish my letter, endeavour to procure a list: in the mean time I will give you the bill of fare with which the last Session opened, and I think that of 1838 will not be less copious. But at the opening of the Session of 1837, when I addressed my first letter to you, this was the state of our intended changes:—The Law of Copyright was to be re-created by Serjeant Talfourd; Church Rates abolished by Lord John Russell, and Imprisonment for Debt by the Attorney-General: the Archbishop of Canterbury kindly undertook to destroy all the Cathedrals, and Mr. Grote was to arrange our Voting by Ballot; the Septennial Act was to be repealed by Mr. Williams, Corn Laws abolished by Mr. Clay, and the House of Lords reformed by Mr. Ward; Mr. Hume remodelled County Rates, Mr. Ewart put an end to Primogeniture, and Mr. Tooke took away the Exclusive Privileges of Dublin, Oxford,

and Cambridge; Thomas Duncombe was to put an end to the Proxies of the Lords, and Serjeant Prime to turn the Universities topsy-turvy. Well may it be said that

"Man never continueth in one stay."

See how men accustom themselves to large and perilous changes. Ten years ago, if a cassock or a hassock had been taken from the Establishment, the current of human affairs would have been stopped till restitution had been made. In a fortnight's time, Lord John Russell is to take possession of, and to re-partition all the Cathedrals in England; and what a prelude for the young Queen's coronation! what a medal for the august ceremony! — the fallen Gothic buildings on one side of the gold, the young Protestant Queen on the other: —

Victoria Ecclesiæ Victrix.

And then, when she is full of noble devices, and of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and amid the solemn swell of music, when her heart beats happily, and her eyes look Majesty, she turns them on the degraded Ministers of the Gospel, and shudders to see she is stalking to the throne of her Protestant ancestors over the broken altars of God.

Now, remember, I hate to overstate my case. I do not say that the destruction of Cathedrals will put an end to railroads: I believe that good mustard and cress, sown after Lord John's Bill is passed, will, if duly watered, continue to grow. I do not say that the country has no *right*, after the death of individual incumbents, to do what they propose to do; — I merely say that it is inexpedient, uncalled for, and mischievous — that the lower Clergy, for whose sake it is proposed to be done, do not desire it — that the Bishop Commissioners, who proposed it, would be heartily glad if it were put an end to — that it will lower the character of those who enter into the Church, and accustom the English people to large and dangerous confiscations: and I would not have gentlemen of the money-bags, and of wheat and bean land, forget that the Church means many other

things than Thirty-nine Articles, and a discourse of five-and-twenty minutes duration on the Sabbath. It means a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners — an adhesion to old moral land-marks — an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change. The loud cry of ten thousand teachers of justice and worship — that cry which masters the *Borgias* and *Catilines* of the world, and guards from devastation the best works of God —

> Magnâ testantur voce per orbem
> Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.

In spite of his uplifted chess-board, I cannot let my old schoolfellow, the Archbishop of Canterbury, off, without harping a little upon his oath which he has taken to preserve the rights and property of the Church of Canterbury: I am quite sure so truly good a man, as from the bottom of my heart I believe him to be, has some line of argument by which he defends himself; but till I know it, I cannot of course say I am convinced by it. The common defence for breaking oaths is, that they are contracts made with another party, which the Creator is called to witness, and from which the swearer is absolved if those for whom the oath is taken choose to release him from his obligation. With whom, then, is the contract made by the Archbishop? Is it with the community at large? If so, nothing but an act of Parliament (as the community at large have no other organ) could absolve him from his oath; but three years before any act is passed, he puts his name to a pla[illegible]aking away two-thirds of the property of the Ch[illegible]Canterbury. If the contract be not made wit[illegible]nunity at large, but with the Church of Car[illegible]ery member of it is in de[illegible]ed hostility t[illegible]ne. O'Connell takes an [illegible]at he will [illegible]nor destroy the Protesta[illegible]; but in [illegible]the destruction of some [illegible]rish Bish[illegible]may plead that he is sacr[illegible]t to pres[illegible]hole, and benefiting, not [illegible]e Prote[illegible]blish-

ment. But the Archbishop does not swear to a general truth, where the principle may be preserved, though there is an apparent deviation from the words; but he swears to a very narrow and limited oath, that he will not alienate the possessions of the Church of Canterbury. A friend of mine has suggested to me that his Grace has perhaps forgotten the oath; but this cannot be, for the first Protestant in Europe of course makes a memorandum in his pocket-book of all the oaths he takes to do, or to abstain. The oath, however, may be less present to the Archbishop's memory, from the fact of his not having taken the oath in person, but by the medium of a gentleman sent down by the coach to take it for him—a practice which, though I believe it to have been long established in the Church, surprised me, I confess, not a little. A proxy to vote, if you please—a proxy to consent to arrangements of estates if wanted; but a proxy sent down in the Canterbury Fly, to take the Creator to witness that the Archbishop, detained in town by business, or pleasure, will never violate that foundation of piety over which he presides—all this seems to me an act of the most extraordinary indolence ever recorded in history. If an Ecclesiastic, not a Bishop, may express any opinion on the reforms of the Church, I recommend that Archbishops and Bishops should take no more oaths by proxy; but, as they do not wait upon the Sovereign or the Prime Minister, or even any of the Cabinet, by proxy, that they should also perform all religious acts in their own person. This practice would have been abolished in Lord John's first Bill, if other grades of Churchmen as well as Bishops had been made Commissioners. But the motto was—

"Peace to the Palaces—war to the Manses."

I have been informed, though I will not answer for the accuracy of the information, that this vicarious oath is likely to produce a scene which would have puzzled the *Ductor Dubitantium*. The attorney who took the oath for the Archbishop is, they say, seized with religious horrors at the approaching confiscation of Can-

things than Thirty-nine Articles, and a discourse of five-and-twenty minutes duration on the Sabbath. It means a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners — an adhesion to old moral land-marks — an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change. The loud cry of ten thousand teachers of justice and worship — that cry which masters the *Borgias* and *Catilines* of the world, and guards from devastation the best works of God —

> Maguâ testantur voce per orbem
> Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.

In spite of his uplifted chess-board, I cannot let my old schoolfellow, the Archbishop of Canterbury, off, without harping a little upon his oath which he has taken to preserve the rights and property of the Church of Canterbury: I am quite sure so truly good a man, as from the bottom of my heart I believe him to be, has some line of argument by which he defends himself; but till I know it, I cannot of course say I am convinced by it. The common defence for breaking oaths is, that they are contracts made with another party, which the Creator is called to witness, and from which the swearer is absolved if those for whom the oath is taken choose to release him from his obligation. With whom, then, is the contract made by the Archbishop? Is it with the community at large? If so, nothing but an act of Parliament (as the community at large have no other organ) could absolve him from his oath; but three years before any act is passed, he puts his name to a plan for taking away two-thirds of the property of the Church of Canterbury. If the contract be not made with the community at large, but with the Church of Canterbury, every member of it is in decided hostility to his scheme. O'Connell takes an oath that he will not injure nor destroy the Protestant Church; but in promoting the destruction of some of the Irish Bishoprics, he may plead that he is sacrificing a part to preserve the whole, and benefiting, not injuring, the Protestant establish-

ment. But the Archbishop does not swear to a general truth, where the principle may be preserved, though there is an apparent deviation from the words; but he swears to a very narrow and limited oath, that he will not alienate the possessions of the Church of Canterbury. A friend of mine has suggested to me that his Grace has perhaps forgotten the oath; but this cannot be, for the first Protestant in Europe of course makes a memorandum in his pocket-book of all the oaths he takes to do, or to abstain. The oath, however, may be less present to the Archbishop's memory, from the fact of his not having taken the oath in person, but by the medium of a gentleman sent down by the coach to take it for him—a practice which, though I believe it to have been long established in the Church, surprised me, I confess, not a little. A proxy to vote, if you please—a proxy to consent to arrangements of estates if wanted; but a proxy sent down in the Canterbury Fly, to take the Creator to witness that the Archbishop, detained in town by business, or pleasure, will never violate that foundation of piety over which he presides—all this seems to me an act of the most extraordinary indolence ever recorded in history. If an Ecclesiastic, not a Bishop, may express any opinion on the reforms of the Church, I recommend that Archbishops and Bishops should take no more oaths by proxy; but, as they do not wait upon the Sovereign or the Prime Minister, or even any of the Cabinet, by proxy, that they should also perform all religious acts in their own person. This practice would have been abolished in Lord John's first Bill, if other grades of Churchmen as well as Bishops had been made Commissioners. But the motto was—

"Peace to the Palaces—war to the Manses."

I have been informed, though I will not answer for the accuracy of the information, that this vicarious oath is likely to produce a scene which would have puzzled the *Ductor Dubitantium*. The attorney who took the oath for the Archbishop is, they say, seized with religious horrors at the approaching confiscation of Can-

terbury property, and has in vain tendered back his 6*s*. 8*d*. for taking the oath. The Archbishop refuses to accept it; and feeling himself light and disencumbered, wisely keeps the saddle upon the back of the writhing and agonised scrivener. I have talked it over with several Clergymen, and the general opinion is, that the scrivener will suffer.

I cannot help thinking that a great opportunity opens itself for improving the discipline of the Church, by means of those Chapters which Lord John Russell* is so anxious to destroy; divide the diocese among the members of the Chapter, and make them responsible for the superintendence and inspection of the Clergy in their various divisions under the supreme control of the Bishop; by a few additions they might be made the Bishop's Council for the trial of delinquent Clergymen. They might be made a kind of college for the general care of education in the diocese, and applied to a thousand useful purposes, which would have occurred to the Commissioners, if they had not been so dreadfully frightened, and to the Government, if their object had been, not to please the Dissenters, but to improve the Church.

The Bishop of Lincoln has lately published a pamphlet on the Church question. His Lordship is certainly

---

* I only mention Lord John Russell's name so often, because the management of the Church measures devolves upon him. He is beyond all comparison the ablest man in the whole Administration, and to such a degree is he superior, that the Government could not exist a moment without him. If the Foreign Secretary were to retire, we should no longer be nibbling ourselves into disgrace on the coast of Spain. If the amiable Lord Glenelg were to leave us, we should feel secure in our colonial possessions. If Mr. Spring Rice were to go into holy orders, great would be the joy of the three per cents. A decent good-looking head of the Government might easily enough be found in lieu of Viscount Melbourne; but in five minutes after the departure of Lord John, the whole Whig Government would be dissolved into sparks of liberality and splinters of Reform. There are six remarkable men, who, in different methods and in different degrees, are now affecting the interests of this country—the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell. Greater powers than all these are the phlegm of the English people—the great mass of good sense and intelligence diffused among them—and the number of those who have something to lose, and have not the slightest intention of losing it.

not a man full of felicities and facilities, imitating none, and inimitable of any; nor does he work with infinite agitation of wit. His creation has blood without heat, bones without marrow, eyes without speculation. He has the art of saying nothing in many words beyond any man that ever existed; and when he seems to have made a proposition, he is so dreadfully frightened at it, that he proceeds as quickly as possible, in the ensuing sentence, to disconnect the subject and the predicate, and to avert the dangers he has incurred:—but as he is a Bishop, and will be therefore more read than I am, I cannot pass him over. His Lordship tells us, that it was at one time under consideration of the Commissioners whether they should not tax all benefices above a certain value, in order to raise a fund for the improvement of smaller livings; and his Lordship adds, with the greatest innocence, that the considerations which principally weighed with the Commissioners in inducing them not to adopt the plan of taxation was that they understood the Clergy in general to be decidedly averse to it; so that the plan of the Commission was, that the greater benefices should pay to the little, while the Bishops themselves—the Archbishop of Canterbury with his 15,000*l.* a year, and the Bishop of London with his 10,000*l.* a year—were not to subscribe a single farthing for that purpose. Why does John, Bishop of Lincoln, mention these distressing schemes of the Commission, which we are certain would have been met with a general yell of indignation from one end of the kingdom to another? Surely it must have occurred to this excellent Prelate that the Bishops would have been compelled by mere shame to have contributed to the fund which they were about to put upon the backs of the more opulent parochial clergy: surely a moment's reflection must have taught them that the safer method by far was to confiscate Cathedral property.

The idea of abandoning this taxation, because it was displeasing to the Clergy at large, is not unentertaining as applied to a commission who treated the Clergy with the greatest contempt, and did not even notice the Com-

munications from Cathedral bodies upon the subject of the most serious and extensive confiscations. *

---

* Upon this subject I think it right to introduce the following letters, the first of which was published Jan. 23. 1838:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—I feel it to be consistent with my duty, as Secretary to the Church Commissioners, to notice a statement emanating from a quarter which would seem to give it authenticity—that, of seven Chapter memorials addressed to the Board, the receipt of one was only acknowledged.

"It is strictly within my province to acknowledge communications made to the Commissioners as a body, either directly or through me; and it is part of their general instructions to me that I should do so in all cases.

"To whatever extent, therefore, the statement may be true, or whatever may be its value, it is clear that it cannot attach to the Commissioners, but that I alone am responsible.

"In the execution of my office I have endeavoured, in the midst of my other duties, to conduct an extensive correspondence in accordance to what I knew to be the feelings and wishes of the Commissioners, and to treat every party in communication with them with attention and respect.

"If, at some period of more than usual pressure, any accidental omission may have occurred, or may hereafter occur, involving an appearance of discourtesy, it is for me to offer, as I now do, explanation and apology.

"I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"C. K. MURRAY.

"Whitehall Place, Jan. 21."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—A more indiscreet and extraordinary communication than that which appears in your own paper of the 23d instant, signed by Mr. C. K. Murray, I never read. '*Apparet domus intus.*' It is now clear how the Commission has been worked. Where communications from the oldest Ecclesiastical bodies, upon the most important of all subjects to them and to the kingdom, were received by the greatest prelates and noblemen of the land, acting under the King's Commission, I should have thought that answers suitable to the occasion would, in each case, have been dictated by the Commission; that such answers would have been entered on the minutes, and read on the Board-day next ensuing.

"Is Mr. C. K. Murray quite sure that this, which is done at all Boards on the most trifling subjects, was not done at his Board, in the most awful confiscations ever known in England? Is he certain that spoliation was in no instance sweetened by civility, and injustice never varnished by forms? Were all the decencies and proprieties which ought to regulate the intercourse of such great bodies left without a single inquiry from the Commissioner, to a gentleman who seems to have been seized with six distinct fits of oblivion on six separate occasions, any one of which required all that attention to decorum and that accuracy of memory for which secretaries are selected and paid?

"According to Mr. C. K. Murray's account, the only order he received from the Board was, 'If any Prebendary calls, or any Cathedral writes, desiring not to be destroyed, just say the communication has been received;'

"The plan of taxation, therefore," says the Bishop, "being abandoned, it was evident that the funds for the augmentation of poor Livings, and for the supply of the spiritual wants of populous districts, must be drawn from the Episcopal and Cathedral revenues; that is, from the revenues from which the Legislature seems to have a peculiar right to draw the funds for the general supply of the religious wants of the people; because they arise from benefices, of which the patronage is either actually in the Crown, or is derivative from the Crown. In the case of the Episcopal revenues, the Commissioners had already carried the principle of re-distribution as far as they thought that it could, with due allowance for the various demands upon the incomes of the Bishops, be carried. The only remaining source, therefore, was to be found in the Cathedral Revenues; and the Commissioners proceeded, in the execution of the duties prescribed to them, to consider in what manner those revenues might be rendered conducive to the efficiency of the Established Church."

This is very good Episcopal reasoning; but is it true? The Bishops and Commissioners wanted a fund to endow small Livings; they did not touch a farthing of their own incomes, only distributed them a little more equally; and proceeded lustily at once to confiscate Cathedral property. But why was it necessary, if the fund for small Livings was such a paramount consideration, that the future Archbishops of Canterbury should be left with two palaces, and 15,000*l.* per annum? Why is every future Bishop of London to have a palace in Fulham, a house in St. James's Square, and 10,000*l.* a year? Could not all the Episcopal functions be carried on well

---

and even this, Mr. Murray tells us, he has not done, and that no one of the King's Commissioners — Archbishops, Bishops, Marquises, Earls — ever asked him whether he had done it or not — though any one of these great people would have swooned away at the idea of not answering the most trifling communication from any other of these great people.

"Whatever else these Commissioners do, they had better not bring their Secretary forward again. They may feel wind-bound by public opinion, but they must choose, as a sacrifice, a better Iphigenia than Mr. C. K. Murray.

"SYDNEY SMITH."

and effectually with the half of these incomes? Is it necessary that the Archbishop of Canterbury should give feasts to Aristocratic London; and that the domestics of the Prelacy should stand with swords and bag-wigs round pig, and turkey, and venison, to defend, as it were, the Orthodox gastronome from the fierce Unitarian, the fell Baptist, and all the famished children of Dissent? I don't object to all this; because I am sure that the method of prizes and blanks is the best method of supporting a Church which must be considered as very slenderly endowed, if the whole were equally divided among the parishes; but if my opinion were different —if I thought the important improvement was to equalise preferment in the English Church — that such a measure was not the one thing foolish, but the one thing needful — I should take care, as a mitred Commissioner, to reduce my own species of preferment to the narrowest limits, before I proceeded to confiscate the property of any other grade of the Church. I could not, as a conscientious man, leave the Archbishop of Canterbury with 15,000*l.* a year, and make a fund by annihilating Residentiaries at Bristol of 500*l.* This comes of calling a meeting of one species of cattle only. The horned cattle say, — "If you want any meat, kill the sheep; don't meddle with us, there is no beef to spare." They said this, however, to the lion; and the cunning animal, after he had gained all the information necessary for the destruction of the muttons, and learnt how well and widely they pastured, and how they could be most conveniently eaten up, turns round and informs the cattle, who took him for their best and tenderest friend, that he means to eat them up also. Frequently did Lord John meet the destroying Bishops; much did he commend their daily heap of ruins; sweetly did they smile on each other, and much charming talk was there of meteorology and catarrh, and the particular Cathedral they were pulling down at each period *; till one fine

* "What Cathedral are we pulling down to-day?" was the standing question at the Commission.

day the Home Secretary, with a voice more bland, and a look more ardently affectionate, than that which the masculine mouse bestows on his nibbling female, informed them that the Government meant to take all the Church property into their own hands, to pay the rates out of it and deliver the residue to the rightful possessors. Such an effect, they say, was never before produced by a *coup de théâtre.* The Commission was separated in an instant: London clenched his fist; Canterbury was hurried out by his chaplains, and put into a warm bed; a solemn vacancy spread itself over the face of Gloucester; Lincoln was taken out in strong hysterics. What a noble scene Serjeant Talfourd would have made of this! Why are such talents wasted on *Ion* and the *Athenian Captive?*

But, after all, what a proposition! "You don't make the most of your money: I will take your property into my hands, and see if I cannot squeeze a penny out of it: you shall be regularly paid all you now receive, only if any thing more can be made of it, that we will put into our own pockets."—"Just pull off your neckcloth, and lay your head under the guillotine, and I will promise not to do you any harm: just get ready for confiscation; give up the managemeut of all your property; make us the ostensible managers of every thing; let us be informed of the most minute value of all, and depend upon it, we will never injure you to the extent of a single farthing."—"Let me get my arms about you," says the bear, "I have not the smallest intention of squeezing you."—"Trust your finger in my mouth," says the mastiff, "I will not fetch blood."

Where is this to end? If Government are to take into their own hands all property which is not managed with the greatest sharpness and accuracy, they may squeeze 1-8th per cent. out of the Turkey Company; Spring Rice would become Director of the Hydro-impervious Association, and clear a few hundreds for the Treasury. The British Roasted Apple Society is notoriously mismanaged, and Lord John and Brother Lister,

by a careful selection of fruit, and a judicious management of fuel, would soon get it up to par.

I think, however, I have heard at the Political Economy Club, where I have sometimes had the honour of being a guest, that no trades should be carried on by Governments. That they have enough to do of their own, without undertaking other persons' business. If any savings in the mode of managing Ecclesiastical Leases could be made, great deductions from the savings must be allowed by the jobbing and *Gaspillage* of general Boards, and all the old servants of the Church, displaced by this measure, must receive compensation.

The Whig Government, they will be vexed to hear, would find a great deal of patronage forced upon them by this measure. Their favourite human animal, the Barrister of six years' standing, would be called into action. The whole earth is, in fact, in commission, and the human race saved from the Flood are delivered over to Barristers of six years' standing. The *onus probandi* now lies upon any man who says he is not a Commissioner; the only doubt on seeing a new man among the Whigs is, not whether he is a Commissioner or not, but whether it is Tithes, Poor Laws, Boundaries of Boroughs, Church Leases, Charities, or any of the thousand human concerns which are now worked by Commissioners, to the infinite comfort and satisfaction of mankind, who seem in these days to have found out the real secret of life—the one thing wanting to sublunary happiness—the great principle of Commission, and six years' Barristration.

Then, if there be a better method of working Ecclesiastical Estates—if any thing can be gained for the Church—why is not the Church to have it? why is it not applied to Church purposes? what right has the State to seize it? If I give you an estate, I give it you not only in its present state, but I give to you all the improvements which can be made upon it—all that mechanical, botanical, and chemical knowledge, may do hereafter for its improvement—all the ameliorations which care and experience can suggest, in setting, im-

proving, and collecting your rents. Can there be such miserable equivocation as to say—I leave you your property, but I do not leave to you all the improvements which your own wisdom, or the wisdom of your fellow-creatures, will enable you to make of your property? How utterly unworthy of a Whig government is such a distinction as this!

Suppose the same sort of plan had been adopted in the reign of Henry VIII., and the Legislature had said, —You shall enjoy all you now have, but every farthing of improved revenue, after this period, shall go into the pocket of the State—it would have been impossible by this time that the Church could have existed at all: and why may not such a measure be as fatal hereafter to the existence of a Church, as it would have been to the present generation, if it had been brought forward at the time of the Reformation?

There is some safety in dignity. A Church is in danger when it is degraded. It costs mankind much less to destroy it when an institution is associated with mean, and not with elevated, ideas I should like to see the subject in the hands of H. B. I would entitle the print—

"The Bishops' Saturday Night; or, Lord John Russell at the Pay-Table."

The Bishops should be standing before the pay-table, and receiving their weekly allowance; Lord John and Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns, and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given him one which was not weight. Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing, with his hat on, and his back to the fire, delighted with the contest; and the Deans and Canons should be in the back-ground, waiting till their turn came, and the Bishops were paid; and among them a Canon, of large composition, urging them on not to give way too much to the Bench. Perhaps I should add the President of the Board of Trade, recommending the

truck principle to the Bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel-hats, sermon-cases, and such like ecclesiastical gear.

But the madness and folly of such a measure is in the revolutionary feeling which it excites. A Government taking into its hands such an immense value of property! What a lesson of violence and change to the mass of mankind! Do you want to accustom Englishmen to lose all confidence in the permanence of their institutions—to inure them to great acts of plunder—and to draw forth all the latent villanies of human nature? The Whig Leaders are honest men, and cannot mean this, but these foolish and inconsistent measures are the horn-book and infantile lessons of revolution; and remember, it requires no great time to teach mankind to rob and murder on a great scale.

I am astonished that these Ministers neglect the common precaution of a foolometer *, with which no public man should be unprovided: I mean, the acquaintance and society of three or four regular British fools as a test of public opinion. Every Cabinet Minister should judge of all his measures by his foolometer, as a navigator crowds or shortens sail by the barometer in his cabin. I have a very valuable instrument of that kind myself, which I have used for many years; and I would be bound to predict, with the utmost nicety, by the help of this machine, the precise effect which any measure would produce on public opinion. Certainly, I never saw any thing so decided as the effects produced upon my machine by the Rate Bill. No man who had been accustomed in the smallest degree to handle philosophical instruments could have doubted of

* Mr. Fox very often used to say, "I wonder what Lord B. will think of this!" Lord B. happened to be a very stupid person, and the curiosity of Mr. Fox's friends was naturally excited to know why he attached such importance to the opinion of such an ordinary common-place person. "His opinion," said Mr. Fox, "is of much more importance than you are aware of. He is an exact representative of all common-place English prejudices, and what Lord B. thinks of any measure, the great majority of English people will think of it." It would be a good thing if every Cabinet of philosophers had a Lord B. among them.

the storm which was coming on, or of the thoroughly un-English scheme, in which the Ministry had so rashly engaged themselves.

I think, also, that it is a very sound argument against this measure of Church Rates, that estates have been bought liable to these payments, and that they have been deducted from the purchase money. And, what, also, if a Dissenter were a Republican as well as a Dissenter—a case which has sometimes happened; and what if our anti-monarchical Dissenter were to object to the expenses of kingly government? Are his scruples to be respected, and his taxes diminished, and the Queen's privy purse to be subjected and exposed to the intervening and economical squeeze of Government Commissioners?

But these lucubrations upon Church Rates are an episode; I must go back to John, Bishop of Lincoln. All other Cathedrals are fixed at four Prebendaries; St. Paul's and Lincoln having only three, are increased to the regulation pattern of four. I call this useless and childish. The Bishop of Lincoln says, there were more Residentiaries before the Reformation; but if for three hundred years three Residentiaries have been found to be sufficient, what a strangely feeble excuse it is for adding another, and diverting 3000*l.* per annum from the Small Living Fund, to say, that there were more Residentiaries three hundred years ago.

Must every thing be good and right that is done by Bishops? Is there one rule of right for them, and another for the rest of the world? Now here are two Commissioners, whose express object is to constitute out of the large emoluments of the dignitaries, a Fund for the poorer Parochial Clergy; and in the very heat and fervour of confiscation, they build up two new places, utterly useless and uncalled for, take 3000*l.* from the Charity Fund to pay them, and they give the patronage of these places to themselves. Is there a single epithet in the language of invective which would not have been levelled at Lay Commissioners who had at-

tempted the same thing? If it be necessary to do so much for Archdeacons, why might not one of the three Residentiaries be Archdeacon in virtue of his Prebend? If Government make Bishops, they may surely be trusted to make Archdeacons. I am very willing to ascribe good motives to these Commissioners, who are really worthy and very sensible men, but I am perfectly astonished that they were not deterred from such a measure by appearances, and by the motives which, whether rightly or wrongly, would be imputed to them. In not acting so as to be suspected, the Bishop of London should resemble Cæsar's wife. In other respects, this excellent Prelate would not have exactly suited for the partner for that great and self-willed man; and an idea strikes me, that it is not impossible he might have been in the Senate-house instead of Cæsar.

Lord John Russell gives himself great credit for not having confiscated Church property, but merely remodelled and redivided it. I accuse him not of plunder, but I accuse him of taking the Church of England, rolling it about as a cook does a piece of dough with a rolling-pin, cutting a hundred different shapes with all the plastic fertility of a confectioner, and without the most distant suspicion that he can ever be wrong, or ever be mistaken; with a certainty that he can anticipate the consequences of every possible change in human affairs. There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone — build St. Peter's — or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died — the Church tumbled down — and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms. I believe his motives are always pure, and his measures often able; but they are endless, and never done with that pedetentous pace and pedetentous mind in which it behoves the wise and virtuous improver to walk. He

alarms the wise Liberals; and it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch.*

Do not say, my dear Lord John, that I am too severe upon you. A thousand years have scarce sufficed to make our blessed England what it is; an hour may lay it in the dust: and can you with all your talents renovate its shattered splendour—can you recall back its virtues —can you vanquish time and fate? But, alas! you want to shake the world, and be the Thunderer of the scene!

Now what is the end of what I have written? Why every body was in a great fright; and a number of Bishops, huddled together, and talking of their great sacrifices, began to destroy other people's property, and to take other people's patronage: and all the fright is over now; and all the Bishops are very sorry for what they have done, and regret extremely the destruction of the Cathedral dignitaries, but don't know how to get out of the foolish scrape. The Whig Ministry persevere to please Joseph and his brethren, and the Destroyers; and the good sense of the matter is to fling out the Dean and Chapter Bill, as it now stands, and to bring in another next year—making a fund out of all the Non-resident Prebends, annexing some of the others, and adopting many of the enactments contained in the present Bill.

---

* Another peculiarity of the Russell's is, that they never alter their opinions: they are an excellent race, but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced.

THIRD LETTER

TO

ARCHDEACON SINGLETON.

THIRD LETTER,

&c.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HOPE this is the last letter you will receive from me on Church matters. I am tired of the subject; so are you; so is every body. In spite of many Bishops' charges, I am unbroken; and remain entirely of the same opinion as I was two or three years since—that the mutilation of Deans and Chapters is a rash, foolish, and imprudent measure.

I do not think the charge of the Bishop of London successful, in combating those arguments which have been used against the impending Dean and Chapter Bill; but it is quiet, gentlemanlike, temperate, and written in a manner which entirely becomes the high office and character which he bears.

I agree with him in saying that the Plurality and Residence Bill is, upon the whole, a very good Bill;—nobody, however, knows better than the Bishop of London the various changes it has undergone, and the improvements it has received. I could point out fourteen or fifteen very material alterations for the better since it came out of the hands of the Commission, and all *bearing materially upon the happiness and comfort of the parochial Clergy*. I will mention only a few:—the Bill, as originally introduced, gave the Bishop a power, when he considered the duties of the parish to be improperly performed, to suspend the Clergymen and appoint a Curate with a salary. Some impious person thought it not impossible that occasionally such a power might be maliciously and vindictively exercised, and that some check to it should be admitted into the Bill; accordingly,

under the existing act, an Ecclesiastical Jury is to be summoned, and into that jury the defendant Clergyman may introduce a friend of his own.

If a Clergyman, from illness or any other overwhelming necessity, were prevented from having two services, he was exposed to an information, and penalty. In answering the Bishop, he was subjected to two opposite sets of penalties—the one for saying *Yes;* the other for saying *No:* he was amenable to the needless and impertinent scrutiny of a Rural Dean before he was exposed to the scrutiny of the Bishop. Curates might be forced upon him by subscribing parishioners, and the certainty of a schism established in the parish; a Curate might have been forced upon *present* incumbents by the Bishop without any complaint made; upon men who took, or, perhaps, bought, their livings under very different laws; —all these acts of injustice are done away with, but it is not to the *credit* of the framers of the Bill that they were ever admitted, and they completely justify the opposition with which the Bill was received by me and by others. I add, however, with great pleasure, that when these and other objections were made, they were heard with candour, and promised to be remedied by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London and Lord John Russell.

I have spoken of the power to issue a Commission to inquire into the wellbeing of any parish: a vindictive and malicious Bishop might, it is true, convert this, which was intended for the protection, to the oppression of the Clergy — afraid to dispossess a Clergyman of his own authority, he might attempt to do the same thing under the cover of a jury of his ecclesiastical creatures. But I can hardly conceive such baseness in the prelate, or such infamous subserviency in the agents. An honest and respectable Bishop will remember that the very issue of such a Commission is a serious slur upon the character of a Clergyman; he will do all he can to prevent it by private monition and remonstrance; and if driven to such an act of power, he will of course state to the accused Clergyman the subjects of accusation, the names

of his accusers, and give him ample time for his defence. If upon anonymous accusation he subjects a Clergyman to such an investigation, or refuses to him any advantage which the law gives to every accused person, he is an infamous, degraded, and scandalous tyrant: but I cannot believe there is such a man to be found upon the bench.

There is in this new Bill a very humane clause (though not introduced by the Commission), enabling the widow of the deceased clergyman to retain possession of the parsonage house for two months after the death of the Incumbent. It ought, in fairness, to be extended to the heirs, executors, and administrators of the Incumbent. It is a great hardship that a family settled in a parish for fifty years perhaps, should be torn up by the roots in eight or ten days; and the interval of two months, allowing time for repairs, might put to rest many questions of dilapidation.

To the Bishop's power of intruding a Curate without any complaint on the part of the parish that the duty has been inadequately performed, I retain the same objections as before. It is a power which without this condition will be unfairly and partially exercised. The first object I admit is not the provision of the Clergyman, but the care of the parish: but one way of taking care of parishes is to take care that clergymen are not treated with tyranny, partiality, and injustice: and the best way of effecting this is to remember that their superiors have the same human passions as other people; and not to trust them with a power which may be so grossly abused, and which (incredible as the Bishop of London may deem it) *has been*, in some instances, grossly abused.

I cannot imagine what the Bishop means by saying, that the members of Cathedrals do not in virtue of their office bear any part in the parochial instruction of the people. This is a fine deceitful word, the word *parochial*, and eminently calculated to coax the public. If he means simply that Cathedrals do not belong to parishes, that St. Paul's is not the parish church of Upper Puddicomb, and that the Vicar of St. Fiddlefrid

of Lincoln have left to Lincoln Cathedral, and men of Hereford, to Hereford, the Commissioners seize it all, melt it into a common mass, and disperse it over the kingdom. Surely the Bishop of London cannot contend that this is not a greater deviation from the will of the founder than if the same people remaining in the same place, receiving all the founder gave them, and doing all things not forbidden by the law, which the founder ordered, were to do something more than the founder ordered, were to become the guardians of education, the counsel to the Bishop, and the Curators of the Diocese in his old age and decay.

The public are greater robbers and plunderers than any one in the public; look at the whole transaction, it is a mixture of meanness and violence. The country choose to have an established religion, and a resident parochial Clergy, but they do not choose to build houses for their parochial Clergy, or to pay them in many instances more than a butler or a coachman receives. How is this deficiency to be supplied? The heads of the Church propose to this public to seize upon estates which never belonged to the public, and which were left for another purpose; and by the seizure of these estates to save that which ought to come out of the public purse.

Suppose Parliament were to seize upon all the almshouses in England, and apply them to the diminution of the poor-rate, what a number of ingenious arguments might be pressed into the service of this robbery: "Can any thing be more revolting than that the poor of Northumberland should be starving, while the poor of the suburban hamlets are dividing the benefactions of the pious dead? '*We want for these purposes all that we can obtain from whatever sources derived.*'" I do not deny the right of Parliament to do this, or any thing else; but I deny that it would be expedient; because I think it better to make any sacrifices, and to endure any evil, than to gratify this rapacious spirit of plunder and confiscation. Suppose these Commissioner P[illegible] firm and unmoved, when we were

all alarmed, had told the public that the parochial Clergy were badly provided for, and that it was the duty of that public to provide a proper support for their Ministers; — suppose the Commissioners, instead of leading them on to confiscation, had warned their fellow subjects against the base economy, and the perilous injustice of seizing on that which was not their own; — suppose they had called for water and washed their hands, and said, "We call you all to witness that we are innocent of this great ruin;" — does the Bishop of London imagine that the Prelates who made such a stand would have gone down to posterity less respected and less revered than those men upon whose tombs it must (after all the enumeration of their virtues) be written, *that under their auspices and by their counsels the destruction of the English Church began?* Pity that the Archbishop of Canterbury had not retained those feelings, when, at the first meeting of Bishops, the Bishop of London proposed this *holy innovation* upon Cathedrals, and the head of our Church declared with vehemence and indignation that nothing in the earth would induce him to consent to it.

Si mens non læva fuisset,
Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.

"But," says the Lord Bishop of London, "you admit the principle of confiscation by proposing the confiscation and partition of Prebends in the possession of non-residents." I am thinking of something else, and I see all of a sudden a great blaze of light: I behold a great number of gentlemen in short aprons, neat purple coats, and gold buckles, rushing about with torches in their hands, calling each other "My Lord," and setting fire to all the rooms in the house, and the people below delighted with the combustion: finding it impossible to turn them from their purpose, and finding that they are all what they are, by divine permission; I endeavour to direct their *holy innovations* into another channel; and I say to them, "My Lords, had not you better set fire to the out of door offices, to the barns and stables, and

spare this fine library and this noble drawing-room? Yonder are several cow-houses of which no use is made; pray direct your fury against them, and leave this beautiful and venerable mansion as you found it." If I address the divinely permitted in this manner, has the Bishop of London any right to call me a brother incendiary?

Our *holy innovator*, the Bishop of London, has drawn a very affecting picture of *sheep having no shepherd*, and of millions who have no *spiritual food:* our wants, he says, are most imperious; even if we were to tax large Livings we must still have the money of the Cathedrals: no plea will exempt you, nothing can stop us, for the formation of benefices, and the endowment of new ones. We want (and he prints it in italics) for these purposes "*all that we can obtain from whatever sources derived.*" I never remember to have been more alarmed in my life than by this passage. I said to myself, the necessities of the Church have got such complete hold of the imagination of this energetic Prelate, who is so captivated by the holiness of his innovations, that all grades and orders of the Church and all present and future interests will be sacrificed to it. I immediately rushed to the acts of Parliament which I always have under my pillow to see at once the worst of what had happened. I found present revenues of the Bishops all safe; that is some comfort, I said to myself: Canterbury, 24,000*l.* or 25,000*l.* per annum; London, 18,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* I began to feel some comfort: "things are not so bad; the Bishops do not mean to sacrifice to *sheep and shepherd's money* their present revenues; the Bishop of London is less violent and headstrong than I thought he would be." I looked a little further, and found that 15,000*l.* per annum is allotted to the future Archbishop of Canterbury, 10,000*l.* to the Bishop of London, 8000*l.* to Durham, and 8000*l.* each to Winchester and Ely. "Nothing of *sheep and shepherd* in all this," I exclaimed, and felt still more comforted. It was not till after the Bishops were taken care of, and the revenues of the Cathredrals came into full view, that I saw the perfect

development of the *sheep and shepherd principle*, the deep and heartfelt compassion for spiritual labourers, and that inward groaning for the destitute state of the Church, and that firm purpose, printed in italics, of taking *for these purposes all that could be obtained from whatever source derived;* and even in this delicious rummage of Cathedral property, where all the fine church feelings of the Bishop's heart could be indulged without costing the poor sufferer a penny, stalls for Archdeacons in Lincoln and St. Paul's are, to the amount of 2000*l.* per annum, taken from the *sheep and shepherd fund*, and the patronage of them divided between two commissioners, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Lincoln, instead of being paid to additional *labourers in the Vineyard.*

Has there been any difficulty, I would ask, in procuring Archdeacons upon the very moderate pay they now receive? Can any Clergyman be more thoroughly respectable than the present Archdeacons in the see of London? but men bearing such an office in the Church, it may be said, should be highly paid, and Archbishops who could very well keep up their dignity upon 7000*l.* per annum, are to be allowed 15,000*l.* I make no objection to all this; but then what becomes of all these heart-rending phrases of *sheep and shepherd, and drooping vineyards, and flocks without spiritual consolation?* The Bishop's argument is, that the superfluous must give way to the necessary; but in fighting, the Bishop should take great care that his cannons are not seized, and turned against himself. He has awarded to the Bishops of England a superfluity as great as that which he intends to take from the Cathedrals; and then, when he legislates for an order to which he does not belong, begins to remember the distresses of the lower Clergy, paints them with all the colours of impassioned eloquence, and informs the Cathedral institutions that he must have *every farthing he can lay his hand upon.* Is not this as if one affected powerfully by a charity sermon were to put his hands in another man's pocket, and

cast, from what he had extracted, a liberal contribution into the plate?

I beg not to be mistaken; I am very far from considering the Bishop of London as a sordid and interested person; but this is a complete instance of how the best of men deceive themselves, where their interests are concerned. I have no doubt the Bishop firmly imagined he was doing his duty; but there should have been men of all grades in the Commission, some one to say a word for Cathedrals and against Bishops.

The Bishop says, "his antagonists have allowed three Canons to be sufficient for St. Paul's, and therefore four must be sufficient for other Cathedrals." Sufficient to read the prayers and preach the sermons, certainly, and so would *one* be; but not sufficient to excite by the hope of increased rank and wealth eleven thousand parochial Clergy.

The most important and cogent arguments against the Dean and Chapter confiscations are past over in silence in the Bishop's Charge. This, in reasoning, is always the wisest and most convenient plan, and which all young Bishops should imitate after the manner of this wary polemic. I object to the confiscation *because it will throw a great deal more of capital out of the parochial Church than it will bring into it.* I am very sorry to come forward with so homely an argument, which shocks so many Clergymen, and particularly those with the largest incomes, and the best Bishoprics; but the truth is, the greater number of Clergymen go into the Church in order that they may derive a comfortable income *from* the Church. Such men intend to do their duty, and they do it; but the duty is, however, not the motive, but the adjunct. If I were writing in gala and parade, I would not hold this language; but we are in earnest, and on business; and as very rash and hasty changes are founded upon contrary suppositions of the pure disinterestedness and perfect inattention to temporals in the Clergy, we must get down at once to the solid rock, without heeding how we disturb the turf and the flowers above. The parochial Clergy maintain their present

decent appearance quite as much by their own capital as by the income they derive from the Church. I will now state the income and capital of seven Clergymen, taken promiscuously in this neighbourhood: — No. 1. Living 200*l.*, Capital 12,000*l.*; No. 2. Living 800*l.*, Capital 15,000*l.*; No. 3. Living 500*l.*, Capital 12,000*l.*; No. 4. Living 150*l.*, Capital 10,000*l.*; No. 5. Living 800*l.*, Capital 12,000*l.*; No. 6. Living 150*l.*, Capital 1000*l.*; No. 7. Living 600*l.*, Capital 16,000*l.* I have diligently inquired into the circumstances of seven Unitarian and Wesleyan ministers, and I question much if the whole seven could make up 6000*l.* between them; and the zeal of enthusiasm of this last division is certainly not inferior to that of the former. Now here is a capital of 72,000*l.* carried into the Church, which the confiscations of the Commissioners would force out of it, by taking away the good things which were the temptation to its introduction. So that by the old plan of paying by lottery, instead of giving a proper competence to each, not only do you obtain a parochial Clergy upon much cheaper terms; but from the gambling propensities of human nature, and the irresistible tendency to hope that they shall gain the great prizes, you tempt men into your service who keep up their credit, and yours, not by your allowance, but by their own capital; and to destroy this wise and well-working arrangement, a great number of Bishops, Marquises, and John Russells, are huddled into a chamber, and after proposing a scheme which will turn the English Church into a collection of consecrated beggars, we are informed by the Bishop of London that it is a *Holy Innovation.*

I have no manner of doubt, that the immediate effect of passing the Dean and Chapter Bill will be, that a great number of fathers and uncles, judging, and properly judging, that the Church is a very altered and deteriorated profession, will turn the industry and capital of their *élèves* into another channel. My friend, Robert Eden, says, "This is of the earth earthy:" be it so; I cannot help it, I paint mankind as I find them, and am not answerable for their defects. When an

argument taken from real life, and the actual condition of the world, is brought among the shadowy discussions of Ecclesiastics, it always occasions terror and dismay; it is like Æneas stepping into Charon's boat, which carried only ghosts and spirits.

Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis.

The whole plan of the Bishop of London is a ptochogony — a generation of beggars. He purposes, out of the spoils of the Cathedral, to create a thousand livings, and to give to the thousand Clergymen 130*l.* per annum each: a Christian Bishop proposing, in cold blood, to create a thousand livings of 130*l.* per annum each;—to call into existence a thousand of the most unhappy men on the face of the earth, — the sons of the poor, without hope, without the assistance of private fortune, chained to the soil, ashamed to live with their inferiors, unfit for the society of the better classes, and dragging about the English curse of poverty, without the smallest hope that they can ever shake it off. At present such livings are filled by young men who have better hopes — who have reason to expect good property — who look forward to a college or a family living — who are the sons of men of some substance, and hope so to pass on to something better — who exist under the delusion of being hereafter Deans and Prebendaries — who are paid once by money, and three times by hope. Will the Bishop of London promise to the progeny of any of these thousand victims of the *Holy Innovation* that, if they behave well, one of them shall have his butler's place; another take care of the cedars and hyssops of his garden? Will he take their daughters for his nursery-maids? and may some of the sons of these "labourers of the vineyard" hope one day to ride the leaders from St. James's to Fulham? Here is hope — here is room for ambition — a field for genius, and a ray of amelioration! If these beautiful feelings of compassion are throbbing under the cassock of the Bishop, he ought in common justice to himself to make them known.

If it were a scheme for giving ease and independence to any large bodies of Clergymen, it might be listened to; but the revenues of the English Church are such as to render this wholly and entirely out of the question. If you place a man in a village in the country, require that he should be of good manners and well educated; that his habits and appearance should be above those of the farmers to whom he preaches, if he has nothing else to expect (as would be the case in a Church of equal division); and if upon his village income he is to support a wife and educate a family without any power of making himself known in a remote and solitary situation, such a person ought to receive 500*l.* per annum, and be furnished with a house. There are about 10,700 parishes in England and Wales, whose average income is 285*l.* per annum. Now, to provide these incumbents with decent houses, to keep them in repair, and to raise the income of the incumbent to 500*l.* per annum, would require (if all the incomes of the Bishops, Deans and Chapters of separate dignitaries, of sinecure rectories, were confiscated, and if the excess of all the livings in England above 500*l.* per annum were added to them,) a sum of two millions and a half in addition to the present income of the whole Church; and no power on earth could persuade the present Parliament of Great Britain to grant a single shilling for that purpose. Now, is it possible to pay such a Church upon any other principle than that of unequal division? The proposed pillage of the Cathedral and College Churches (omitting all consideration of the separate estate of dignitaries) would amount, divided among all the Benefices in England, to about 5*l.* 12*s.* 6½*d.* per man: and this, which would not stop an hiatus in a cassock, and would drive out of the parochial Church ten times as much as it brought into it, is the panacea for pauperism recommended by Her Majesty's Commissioners.

But if this plan were to drive men of capital out of the Church, and to pauperise the English Clergy, where would the harm be? Could not all the duties of religion be performed as well by poor Clergymen as by men of

good substance? My great and serious apprehension is, that such would not be the case. There would be the greatest risk that your Clergy would be fanatical, and ignorant; that their habits would be low and mean, and that they would be despised.

Then a picture is drawn of a Clergyman with 130*l.* per annum, who combines all moral, physical, and intellectual advantages, a learned man, dedicating himself intensely to the care of his parish — of charming manners and dignified deportment — six feet two inches high, beautifully proportioned, with a magnificent countenance, expressive of all the cardinal virtues and the Ten Commandments, — and it is asked with an air of triumph if such a man as this will fall into contempt on account of his poverty? But substitute for him an average, ordinary, uninteresting Minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured; neither learned, nor ignorant, striding over the stiles to Church, with a second-rate wife — dusty and deliquescent — and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter; or let him be seen in one of those Shem-Ham-and-Japhet buggies — made on Mount Ararat soon after the subsidence of the waters, driving in the High Street of Edmonton*; — among all his pecuniary, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners. Can any man of common sense say that all these outward circumstances of the Ministers of religion have no bearing on religion itself?

I ask the Bishop of London, a man of honour and conscience, as he is, if he thinks five years will elapse before a second attack is made upon Deans and Chapters? Does he think, after Reformers have tasted the flesh of the Church, that they will put up with any other diet? Does he forget that Deans and Chapters are but mock turtle — that more delicious delicacies remain behind? Five years hence he will attempt to make a stand, and he will be laughed at and eaten up.

---

* A parish which the Bishop of London has the greatest desire to divide into little bits; but which appears quite as fit to preserve its integrity as St. James's, St. George's, or Kensington, all in the patronage of the Bishop.

In this very charge the Bishop accuses the Lay Commissioners of another intended attack upon the property of the Church, contrary to the clearest and most explicit stipulations (as he says) with the heads of the Establishment.

Much is said of the conduct of the Commissioners, but that is of the least possible consequence. They may have acted for the best, according to the then existing circumstances; they may seriously have intended to do their duty to the country; and I am far from saying or thinking they did not; but without the least reference to the Commissioners, the question is, Is it wise to pass this bill, and to justify such an open and tremendous sacrifice of Church property? Does public opinion *now* call for any such measure? is it a wise distribution of the funds of an ill-paid Church? and will it not force more capital out of the parochial part of the Church than it brings into it? If the bill be bad, it is surely not to pass out of compliment to the feelings of the Archbishop of Canterbury. If the project be hasty, it is not to be adopted to gratify the Bishop of London. The mischief to the Church is surely a greater evil than the stultification of the Commissioners, &c. If the physician have prescribed hastily, is the medicine to be taken to the death or disease of the patient? If the judge have condemned improperly, is the criminal to be hung, that the wisdom of the magistrate may not be impugned?*

But, why are the Commissioners to be stultified by the rejection of the measure? The measure may have been very good when it was recommended, and very objectionable now. I thought, and many men thought, that the Church was going to pieces—that the affections of the common people were lost to the Establishment; and that large sacrifices must be instantly made, to avert the effects of this temporary madness; but those days are gone by — and with them ought to be put

* "After the trouble the Commissioners have taken (says Sir Robert), after the obloquy they have incurred," &c. &c. &c.

aside measures which might have been wise in those days, but are wise no longer.

After all, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London are good and placable men; and will ere long forget and forgive the successful efforts of their enemies in defeating this mis-ecclesiastic law.

Suppose the Commission were now beginning to sit for the first time, will any man living say that they would make such reports as they have made? and that they would seriously propose such a tremendous revolution in Church property? And if they would not, the inference is irresistible, that to consult the feelings of two or three churchmen, we are complimenting away the safety of the Church. Milton asked where the nymphs were when Lycidas perished? I ask where the Bishops are when the remorseless deep is closing over the head of their beloved Establishment?*

You must have read an attack upon me by the Bishop of Gloucester, in the course of which he says that I have not been appointed to my situation as Canon of St. Paul's for my piety and learning, but because I am a scoffer and a jester. Is not this rather strong for a Bishop, and does it not appear to you, Mr. Archdeacon, as rather too close an imitation of that language which is used in the apostolic occupation of trafficking in fish? Whether I have been appointed for my piety or not, must depend upon what this poor man means by piety. He means by that word, of course, a defence of all the tyrannical and oppressive abuses of the Church which have been swept away within the last fifteen or twenty years of my life; the Corporation and Test Acts; the Penal Laws against the Catholics; the Compulsory Marriages of Dissenters, and all those disabling and disqualifying laws which were the disgrace of our Church, and which he has always looked up to as the

* What is the use of publishing separate charges, as the Bishops of Winchester, Oxford, and Rochester have done? Why do not the dissentient Bishops form into a firm phalanx to save the Church and fling out the Bill?

consummation of human wisdom. If piety consisted in the defence of these — if it was impious to struggle for their abrogation, I have indeed led an ungodly life.

There is nothing pompous gentlemen are so much afraid of as a little humour. It is like the objection of certain cephalic animalculæ to the use of small-tooth combs, "Finger and thumb, precipitate powder, or any thing else you please; but for heaven's sake no small-tooth combs!" After all, I believe, Bishop Monk has been the cause of much more laughter than ever I have been; I cannot account for it, but I never see him enter a room without exciting a smile on every countenance within it.

Dr. Monk is furious at my attacking the heads of the Church; but how can I help it? If the heads of the Church are at the head of the Mob; if I find the best of men doing that, which has in all times drawn upon the worst enemies of the human race the bitterest curses of History, am I to stop because the motives of these men are pure, and their lives blameless? I wish I could find a blot in their lives, or a vice in their motives. The whole power of the motion is in the character of the movers: feeble friends, false friends, and foolish friends, all cease to look into the measure, and say, Would such a measure have been recommended by such men as the Prelates of Canterbury and London, if it were not for the public advantage? And in this way, the great good of a religious establishment, now rendered moderate and compatible with all men's liberties and rights, is sacrificed to names; and the Church destroyed from good breeding and Etiquette! the real truth is, that Canterbury and London have been frightened — they have overlooked the effect of time and delay — they have been betrayed into a fearful and ruinous mistake. Painful as it is to teach men who ought to teach us, the legislature ought, while there is yet time, to awake and read them this lesson.

It is dangerous for a Prelate to write; and whoever does it, ought to be a very wise one. He has speculated why I was made a Canon of St. Paul's. Suppose I were

to follow his example, and, going through the bench of Bishops, were to ask for what reason each man had been made a Bishop; suppose I were to go into the county of Gloucester, &c. &c. &c. ! ! ! ! !

I was afraid the Bishop would attribute my promotion to the Edinburgh Review; but upon the subject of Promotion by Reviews he preserves an impenetrable silence. If my excellent patron Earl Grey had any reasons of this kind, he may at least be sure that the Reviews commonly attributed to me were really written *by* me. I should have considered myself as the lowest of created beings to have disguised myself in another man's wit, and to have received a reward to which I was not entitled.*

I presume that what has drawn upon me the indignation of this Prelate, is the observations I have from time to time made on the conduct of the Commissioners; of which he positively asserts himself to have been a member; but whether he was, or was not a member, I utterly acquit him of all possible blame, and of every species of imputation which may attach to the conduct of the Commission. In using that word, I have always meant the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Lord John Russell; and have, honestly speaking, given no more heed to the Bishop of Gloucester, than if he had been sitting in a Commission of Bonzes in the Court of Pekin.

To read, however, his Lordship a lesson of good manners, I had prepared for him a chastisement which would have been echoed from the *Seagrave* who banqueteth in the castle, to the idiot who spitteth over the bridge at Gloucester; but the following appeal struck my eye, and stopped my pen: — "Since that time my

* I understand that the Bishop bursts into tears every now and then, and says that I have set him the name of Simon, and that all the Bishops now call him Simon. Simon of Gloucester, however, after all, is a real writer, and how could I know that Dr. Monk's name was Simon? When tutor in Lord Carrington's family, he was called by the endearing though somewhat unmajestic name of *Dick;* and if I had thought about his name at all, I should have called him Richard of Gloucester.

inadequate qualifications have sustained an appalling diminution by the affection of my eyes, which have impaired my vision, and the progress of which threatens to consign me to darkness: I beg the benefit of your prayers to the Father of all mercies, that he will restore to me the better use of the visual organs, to be employed on his service; or that he will inwardly illumine the intellectual vision, with a particle of that Divine ray, which his Holy Spirit can alone impart."

It might have been better taste, perhaps, if a mitred invalid, in describing his bodily infirmities before a church full of Clergymen, whose prayers he asked, had been a little more sparing in the abuse of his enemies; but a good deal must be forgiven to the sick. I wish that every Christian was as well aware as this poor Bishop of what he needed from Divine assistance; and in the supplication for the restoration of his sight and the improvement of his understanding, I most fervently and cordially join.

I was much amused with what old Hermann * says of the Bishop of London's Æschylus. "We find," he says, "*a great arbitrariness of proceeding, and much boldness of innovation, guided by no sure principle;*" here it is: *qualis ab incepto*. He begins with Æschylus, and ends with the Church of England; begins with profane, and ends with holy innovations — scratching out old readings which every commentator had sanctioned; abolishing ecclesiastical dignities which every reformer had spared; thrusting an anapæst into a verse, which will not bear it; and intruding a Canon into a Cathedral, which does not want it; and this is the Prelate by whom the proposed reform of the Church has been principally planned, and to whose practical wisdom the Legislature is called upon to defer. The Bishop of London is a man of very great ability, humane, placable, generous, munificent; very agreeable, but not to be trusted with great interests where calmness and judgment are

* Ueber die Behandlung der Griechischen Dichter bei den Engländern. Von Gottfried Hermann. Wiemar Jahrbucher, vol. liv. 1831.

to follow his example, and, going through ...nool-
Bishops, were to ask for what reason eac... away
made a Bishop; suppose I were to ... we all
of Gloucester, &c. &c. &c. ! ! ! ! !

I was afraid the Bishop would ... tiresome;
to the Edinburgh Review; h... living in the
Promotion by Reviews he ... clusions which
silence. If my excellent ... world. This bill
reasons of this kind, he ... with human affairs
Reviews commonly at... ch is concerned, the
by me. I should b... Lord John Russell, the
of created beings ... Church, we shall descend to
man's wit, and ... to Roebuck, and after Roebuck we
not entitled.*

I presur... *receive our* last improvements from Dr. Wade:
nation of ... *plunder will follow* after plunder, degradation after de-
time to ... *gradation.* The Church is gone, and what remains is not
of w... *life, but sick*ness, spasm, and struggle.
m... Whatever happens, I am not to blame; I have fought
... *my fight.* — Farewell.

SYDNEY SMITH.

DEACON SINGLE

A LETTER

TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

required; unfortunately, my old and amiable schoolfellow, the Archbishop of Canterbury, has melted away before him, and sacrificed that wisdom on which we all founded our security.

Much writing and much talking are very tiresome; and, above all, they are so to men who, living in the world, arrive at those rapid and just conclusions which are only to be made by living in the world. This bill past, every man of sense acquainted with human affairs must see, that as far as the Church is concerned, the thing is at an end. From Lord John Russell, the present improver of the Church, we shall descend to Hume, from Hume to Roebuck, and after Roebuck we shall receive our last improvements from Dr. Wade: plunder will follow after plunder, degradation after degradation. The Church is gone, and what remains is not life, but sickness, spasm, and struggle.

Whatever happens, I am not to blame; I have fought my fight. — Farewell.

SYDNEY SMITH.

A LETTER

TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A LETTER,

&c.

My Lord,

Though, upon the whole, your Residence and Plurality Bill is a good Bill, and although I think it (thanks to your kind attention to the suggestions of various Clergymen) a much better Bill than that of last year, there are still some important defects in it, which deserve amendment and correction.

Page 13. *Sect.* 31. — It would seem, from this Section, that the repairs are to depend upon the will of the Bishop and not upon the present law of the land. A Bishop enters into the house of a non-resident Clergyman, and finds it neither papered, nor painted — he orders these decorative repairs. In the mean time the Court of Queen's Bench have decided that substantial repairs only, and not decorative repairs, can be recovered by an Incumbent from his predecessor: the following words should be added: — "Provided always, that no other repairs shall be required by the Bishop, than such as any Incumbent could recover as dilapidations from the person preceding him in the said Benefice."

Page 19. *Sect.* 42. — Imcumbents are to answer questions transmitted by the Bishop, and these are to be countersigned by the rural Dean. This is another vexation to the numerous catalogue of vexations entailed upon the rural Clergy. Is every man to go before the rural Dean, twenty or thirty miles off, perhaps? Is he to go through a cross-examination by the rural Dean, as to the minute circumstances of twenty or thirty questions, to enter into reasonings upon them, and to produce witnesses? This is a most degrading and vex-

atious enactment, if all this be intended; but if the rural Dean is to believe the assertion of every Clergyman upon his word only, why may not a Bishop do so? and what is gained by the enactment? But the Commissioners seem to have been a set of Noblemen and Gentlemen, who met once a week to see how they could harass the working Clergy, and how they could make every thing smooth and pleasing to the Bishops.

The clause for holding two Livings, at the interval of ten miles, is perfectly ridiculous. If you are to abolish Pluralities, do it at once, or leave a man only in possession of such Benefices as he can serve himself; and then the distance should be two miles, and not a yard more.

But common justice requires that there should be exceptions to your rules. For two hundred years Pluralities, within certain distances, have been allowed: acting under the faith of these laws, Livings have been bought and bequeathed to Clergymen, tenable with other preferments in their possession — upon faith in these laws, men and women have married — educated their children — laid down a certain plan of life, and adopted a certain rate of expense, and ruin comes upon them in a moment, from this thoughtless inattention to existing interests. I know a man whose father dedicated all he had saved in a long life of retail trade, to purchase the next presentation to a living of 800*l.* per annum, tenable under the old law, with another of 500*l.* given to the son by his college. The whole of this Clergyman's life and prospects (and he has an immense family of children) are cut to pieces by your Bill. It is a wrong thing, you will say, to hold two Livings; I think it is, but why did not you, the Legislature, find this out fifty years ago? Why did you entice this man into the purchase of Pluralities, by a venerable laxity of two hundred years, and then clap him into gaol from the new virtue of yesterday? Such reforms as these make wisdom and carefulness useless, and turn human life into a mere scramble.

Page 32. *Sect.* 69. — There are the strongest possible

objections to this clause. The Living is 410*l.* per annum, the population above 2000 — perhaps, as is often the case, one third of them Dissenters. A Clergyman does his duty in the most exemplary manner — dedicates his life to his parish, from whence he derives his whole support — there is not the shadow of a complaint against him. The Bishop has, by this clause, acquired a right of thrusting a Curate upon the Rector at the expense of a fifth part of his whole fortune. This, I think, an abominable piece of tyranny; and it will turn out to be an inexhaustible source of favouritism and malice. In the Bishops' Bill I have in vain looked for a similar clause, — "That if the population is above 800,000, and the income amounts to 10,000*l.*, an Assistant to the Bishop may be appointed by the Commissioners, and a salary of 2000*l.* per annum allotted to him." This would have been honest and manly, to have begun with the great people.

But mere tyranny and episcopal malice is not the only evil of this clause, nor the greatest evil. Everybody knows the extreme activity of that part of the English Church which is denominated Evangelical, and their industry in bringing over every body to their habits of thinking and acting; now see what will happen from the following clause: — "And whenever the population of any Benefice shall amount to 2000, and it shall be made appear to the satisfaction of the Bishop, that a stipend can be provided for the payment of a Curate, by voluntary contribution or otherwise, without charge to the Incumbent, it shall be lawful for the Bishop to require the spiritual person holding the same to nominate a fit person to be licensed as such Curate, whatever may be the annual value of such Benefice; and if in either of the said cases, a fit person shall not be nominated to the Bishop within two months after his requisition for that purpose shall have been delivered to the Incumbent, it shall be lawful for the Bishop to appoint and license a Curate." A clause worthy of the Vicar of Wrexhill himself. Now what will happen? The Bishop is a Calvinistic Bishop; wife, children, chaplains, Cal-

vinized up to the teeth. The *serious* people of the parish meet together, and agree to give a hundred pounds per annum, if Mr. Wilkinson is appointed. It requires very little knowledge of human nature to predict, that at the expiration of two months Mr. Wilkinson will be the man; and then the whole parish is torn to pieces with jealousies, quarrels, and comparisons, between the Rector and the delightful Wilkinson. The same scene is acted (*mutatis mutandis*), where the Bishop sets his face against Calvinistic principles. The absurdity consists in suffering the appointment of a Curate by private subscription; in other words, one Clergyman in a parish by *nomination*, the other by *election;* and, in this way, religion is brought into contempt by their jealousies and quarrels. Little do you know, my dear Lord, of the state of that country you govern, if you suppose this will not happen. I have now a diocese in my eye where I am positively certain, that in less than six months after the passing of this Bill, there will not be a single parish of 2000 persons, in which you will not find a Subscription Curate, of Evangelical habits, canting and crowing over the regular and established Clergyman of the parish.

In the draft of the Fifth Report, upon which I presume your Dean and Chapter Bill is to be founded, I see the rights of patronage are to be conceded to present incumbents. This is very high, and honourable conduct in the Commissioners, and such as deserves the warmest thanks of the Clergy; it is always difficult to retract, much more difficult to retract to inferiors; but it is very virtuous to do so when there can be no motive for it but a love of justice.

Your whole Bill is to be one of retrenchment, and amputation; why add fresh Canons to St. Paul's and Lincoln? Nobody wants them; the Cathedrals go on perfectly well without them, they take away each of them 1500*l.* or 1600*l.* per annum, from the fund for the improvement of small Livings; they give, to be sure, a considerable piece of patronage to the Bishops of London and Lincoln, who are Commissioners, and they preserve

a childish and pattern-like uniformity in Cathedrals. But the first of these motives is corrupt, and the last silly; and therefore they cannot be your motives.

You cannot plead the recommendation of the Commission for the creation of these new Canons, for you have flung the Commission overboard; and the Reformers of the Church are no longer Archbishops and Bishops, but Lord John Russell; — not those persons to whom the Crown has entrusted the task, but Lord Martin Luther, bred and born in our own island, and nourished by the Woburn spoils and confiscations of the Church. The Church is not without friends, but those friends have said there can be no danger of measures which are sanctioned by the highest Prelates of the Church; but you have chased away the bearers, and taken the Ark into your own possession. Do not forget, however, if you have deviated from the plan of your brother Commissioners, that you have given to them a perfect right to oppose you.

This unfair and wasteful creation of new Canons produces a great and scandalous injustice to St. Paul's and Lincoln, in the distribution of their patronage. The old members of all other Cathedrals will enjoy the benefit of survivorship, till they subside into the magic number of four: up to that point, then, every fresh death will add to the patronage of the remaining old members; but in the Churches of Lincoln and St. Paul's, the old members will immediately have one fifth of their patronage taken away by the creation of a fifth Canon to share it. This injustice and partiality is so monstrous, that the two Prelates in question will see that it is necessary to their own character to apply a remedy. Nothing is more easy than to do so. Let the Bishop's Canon have no share in the distribution of the patronage, till after the death of all those who were Residentiaries at the passing of the Bill.*

Your Dean and Chapter Bill will, I am afraid, cut down the great preferments of the Church too much.

* All objected to in this paragraph has been granted.

Take for your fund only the Non-Resident Prebends, and leave the number of Resident Prebends as they are, annexing some of them to poor Livings with large populations. I am sure this is all (besides the abolition of Pluralities) which ought to be done, and all that would be done, if the Commissioners were to begin *de novo* from this period, when Bishops have recovered from their fright, Dissenters shrunk into their just dimensions, and the foolish and exaggerated expectations from Reform have vanished away. The great prizes of the Church induce men to carry, and fathers and uncles to send into the Church considerable capitals, and in this way, enable the Clergy to associate with gentlemen, and to command that respect which, in all countries, and above all in this, depends so much on appearances. Your Bill, abolishing Pluralities, and taking away, at the same time, so many dignities, leaves the Church of England so destitute of great prizes, that, as far as mere emolument has any influence, it will be better to dispense cheese and butter in small quantities to the public, than to enter into the Church.

There are admirable men, whose honest and beautiful zeal carries them into the Church without a moment's thought of its emoluments. Such a man combining the manners of a gentleman with the acquirements of a scholar, and the zeal of an Apostle, would overawe mercantile grossness, and extort respect from insolent opulence; but I am talking of average Vicars, mixed natures, and eleven thousand parish Priests. If you divide the great emoluments of the Church into little portions, such as butlers and head game keepers receive, you will very soon degrade materially the style and character of the English Clergy. If I were dictator of the Church, as Lord Durham is to be of Canada, I would preserve the Resident, and abolish, for the purposes of a fund, the Non-Resident Prebends. This is the principal and most important alteration in your Dean and Chapter Bill, which it is not too late to make, and for which every temperate and rational man ought to strive.

You will, of course, consider me as a defender of

abuses. I have all my life been just the contrary, and I remember, with pleasure, thirty years ago, old Lord Stowell saying to me, "Mr. Smith, you would have been a much richer man if you had joined us." I like, my dear Lord, the road you are travelling, but I don't like the pace you are driving; too similar to that of the son of Nimshi. I always feel myself inclined to cry out, Gently, John, gently down hill. Put on the drag. We shall be over, if you go so quick—you'll do us a mischief.

Remember, as a philosopher, that the Church of England now is a very different Institution from what it was twenty years ago. It then oppressed every sect, they are now all free—all exempt from the tyranny of an Establishment; and the only real cause of complaint for Dissenters is, that they can no longer find a grievance, and enjoy the distinction of being persecuted. I have always tried to reduce them to this state, and I do not pity them.

You have expressed your intention of going beyond the Fifth Report, and limiting Deans to 2000*l.* per annum, Canons to 1000*l.* This is, I presume, in conformity with the treatment of the Bishops, who are limited to from 4500*l.*, to 5000*l.* per annum; and it wears a fine appearance of impartial justice: but for the Dean and Canon the sum is a maximum — in Bishops it is a maximum and minimum too; a Bishop cannot have less than 4500*l.*, a Canon may have as little as the poverty of his Church dooms him to, but he cannot have more than 1000*l.*; but there are many Canonries of 500*l.*, or 600*l.*, or 700*l.* per annum, and a few only of 1000*l.*; many Deaneries of from 1000*l.* to 1500*l.* per annum; and only a very few above 2000*l.* If you mean to make the world believe that you are legislating for men without votes, as benevolently as you did for those who have votes in Parliament, you should make up the allowance of every Canon to 1000*l.*, and of every Dean to 2000*l.* per annum, or leave them to the present lottery of blanks and prizes. Besides, too, do I not recollect some remarkable instances, in your Bishops' Act of deviation from this rigid standard of episcopal wealth?

Are not the Archbishops to have the enormous sums of 15,000*l.* and 12,000*l.* per annum? is not the Bishop of London to have 10,000*l.* per annum? Are not all these three Prelates Commissioners? And is not the reason alleged for the enormous income of the Bishop of London, that every thing is so expensive in the metropolis? Do not the Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster, then, live in London also? And can the Bishop of London sit in his place in the House of Lords, and not urge for those dignitaries the same reasons which were so successful in securing such ample emoluments for his own See? My old friend the Bishop of Durham has 8000*l.* per annum secured to him. I am heartily glad of it; what possible reason can there be for giving him more than other Bishops, and not giving to the Dean of Durham more than other Deans? that is, of leaving to him one half of his present income. It is impossible this can be a claptrap for Joseph Hume, or a set-off against the disasters of Canada; you are too honest and elevated for this. I cannot comprehend what is meant by such gross partiality and injustice.

Why are the economists so eagerly in the field? The public do not contribute one halfpenny to the support of Deans and Chapters; it is not proposed by any one to confiscate the revenues of the Church; the whole is a question of distribution, in what way the revenues of the Church can be best administered for the public good. But whatever may be the respective shares of Peter or Paul, the public will never be richer or poorer by one shilling.

When your Dean and Chapter Bill is printed, I shall take the liberty of addressing you again. The Clergy naturally look with the greatest anxiety to these two Bills; they think that you will avail yourself of this opportunity to punish them for their opposition to your government in the last Elections. They are afraid that your object is not so much to do good as to gratify your vanity, by obtaining the character of a great reformer, and that (now the Bishops are provided for) you will varnish over your political mistakes by increased severity

against the Church, or apparently struggling for their good, see with inexpressible delight the Clergy delivered over to the tender mercies of the Radicals. These are the terrors of the Clergy. I judge you with a very different judgment. You are a religious man, not unfriendly to the Church; and but for that most foolish and fatal error of the Church Rates (into which you were led by a man who knows no more of England than of Mesopotamia), I believe you would have gone on well with the Church to the last. There is a genius in action as well as diction; and because you see political evils clearly, and attack them bravely, and cure them wisely, you are a man of real genius, and are most deservedly looked up to as the leader of the Whig party in this Kingdom. I wish, I must confess, you were rather less afraid of Joseph and Daniel; but God has given you a fine understanding, and a fine character; and I have so much confidence in your spirit and honour, that I am sure you would rather abandon your Bills altogether, than suffer the enemies of the Church to convert them into an engine of spoil, and oppression.

I am, &c.

SYDNEY SMITH.

LETTER

ON

THE CHARACTER OF

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

LETTER,

&c.

My dear Sir,

You ask for some of your late father's letters: I am sorry to say I have none to send you. Upon principle, I keep no letters except those on business. I have not a single letter from him, nor from any human being, in my possession.

The impression which the great talents and amiable qualities of your father made upon me, will remain as long as I remain. When I turn from living spectacles of stupidity, ignorance, and malice, and wish to think better of the world—I remember my great and benevolent friend Mackintosh.

The first points of character which everybody noticed in him were the total absence of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. He *could* not hate — he did not know how to set about it. The gall-bladder was omitted in his composition, and if he could have been persuaded into any scheme of revenging himself upon an enemy, I am sure (unless he had been narrowly watched) it would have ended in proclaiming the good qualities, and promoting the interests of his adversary. Truth had so much more power over him than anger, that (whatever might be the provocation) he could not misrepresent, nor exaggerate. In questions of passion and party he stated facts as they were, and reasoned fairly upon them, placing his happiness and pride in equitable discrimination. Very fond of talking, he heard patiently, and, not averse to intellectual display, did not forget that others might have the same inclination as himself.

Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected. He remembered things, words, thoughts, dates, and every thing that was wanted. His language was beautiful, and might have gone from the fireside to the press; but though his ideas were always clothed in beautiful language, the clothes were sometimes too big for the body, and common thoughts were dressed in better and larger apparel than they deserved. He certainly had this fault, but it was not one of frequent commission.

He had a method of putting things so mildly and interrogatively, that he always procured the readiest reception for his opinions. Addicted to reasoning in the company of able men, he had two valuable habits which are rarely met with in great reasoners — he never broke in upon his opponent, and always avoided strong and vehement assertions. His reasoning commonly carried conviction, for he was cautious in his positions, accurate in his deductions, aimed only at truth. The ingenious side was commonly taken by some one else; the interests of truth were protected by Mackintosh.

His good-nature and candour betrayed him into a morbid habit of eulogising everybody — a habit which destroyed the value of commendations, that might have been to the young (if more sparingly distributed) a reward of virtue and a motive to exertion. Occasionally he took fits of an opposite nature; and I have seen him abating and dissolving pompous gentlemen with the most successful ridicule. He certainly had a good deal of humour; and I remember, amongst many other examples of it, that he kept us for two or three hours in a roar of laughter at a dinner-party at his own house, playing upon the simplicity of a Scotch cousin, who had mistaken me for my gallant synonym, the hero of Acre.

I never saw a more perfect comedy, nor heard ridicule so long and so well sustained. Sir James had not only humour, but he had wit also; at least, new and sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not often overpowered the admiration of novelty, and entitled them to the higher name of wisdom. Then the great thoughts and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out dazzling and delighting in his conversation. Justness of thinking was a strong feature of his understanding; he had a head in which nonsense and error could hardly vegetate: it was a soil utterly unfit for them. If his display in conversation had been only in maintaining splendid paradoxes, he would soon have wearied those he lived with; but no man could live long and intimately with your father without finding that he was gaining upon doubt, correcting error, enlarging the boundaries, and strengthening the foundations of truth. It was worth while to listen to a master, whom not himself but nature had appointed to the office, and who taught what it was not easy to forget, by methods which it was not easy to resist.

Curran, the Master of the Rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, "You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers." This was the fault or the misfortune of your excellent father; he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence.

I have often heard Sir James Mackintosh say of him-

self, that he was born to be the Professor of an University. Happy, and for ages celebrated, would have been the University, which had so possessed him; but in this view he was unjust to himself. Still, however, his style of speaking in parliament was certainly more academic than forensic; it was not sufficiently short and quick for a busy and impatient assembly. He often spoke over the heads of his hearers — was too much in advance of feeling for their sympathies, and of reasoning for their comprehension. He began too much at the beginning, and went too much to the right and left of the question, making rather a lecture or dissertation than a speech. His voice was bad and nasal; and though nobody was in reality more sincere, he seemed not only not to feel, but hardly to think what he was saying.

Your father had very little science, and no great knowledge of physics. His notions of his early pursuit — the study of medicine — were imperfect and antiquated, and he was but an indifferent classical scholar, for the Greek language has never crossed the Tweed in any great force. In history, the whole stream of time was open before him; he had looked into every moral and metaphysical question from Plato to Paley, and had waded through morasses of international law, where the step of no living man could follow him. Political economy is of modern invention. I am old enough to recollect when every judge of the bench (Lord Eldon and Serjeant Runnington excepted), in their charges to the grand juries, attributed the then high prices of corn to the scandalous combination of farmers. Sir James knew what is commonly agreed upon by political economists, without taking much pleasure in the science, and with a disposition to blame the very speculative and metaphysical disquisitions into which it has wandered, but with a full conviction also (which many able men of his standing are without) of the immense importance of the science to the welfare of society.

I think (though perhaps some of his friends may

not agree with me in this opinion) that he was an acute judge of character, and of the good as well as evil in character. He was, in truth, with the appearance of distraction and of one occupied with other things, a very minute observer of human nature; and I have seen him analyse, to the very springs of the heart, men who had not the most distant suspicion of the sharpness of his vision, nor a belief that he could read any thing but books.

Sufficient justice has not been done to his political integrity. He was not rich,—was from the northern part of the island, possessed great facility of temper, and had therefore every excuse for political lubricity, which that vice (more common in those days than I hope it will ever be again) could possibly require. Invited by every party upon his arrival from India, he remained steadfast to his old friends the Whigs, whose admission to office, or enjoyment of political power, would at that period have been considered as the most visionary of all human speculations; yet, during his lifetime, everybody seemed more ready to have forgiven the tergiversation of which he was not guilty, than to admire the actual firmness he had displayed. With all this he never made the slightest efforts to advance his interests with his political friends, never mentioned his sacrifices nor his services, expressed no resentment at neglect, and was therefore pushed into such situations as fall to the lot of the feeble and delicate in a crowd.

A high merit in Sir James Mackintosh was his real and unaffected philanthropy. He did not make the improvement of the great mass of mankind an engine of popularity, and a stepping-stone to power, but he had a genuine love of human happiness. Whatever might assuage the angry passions, and arrange the conflicting interests of nations; whatever could promote peace, increase knowledge, extend commerce, diminish crime, and encourage industry; whatever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understanding, struck at once at the heart of your father, and

roused all his faculties. I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him — like a great ship of war — cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvass, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence.

But though easily warmed by great schemes of benevolence and human improvement, his manner was cold to individuals. There was an apparent want of heartiness and cordiality. It seemed as if he had more affection for the species than for the ingredients of which it was composed. He was in reality very hospitable, and so fond of company, that he was hardly happy out of it; but he did not receive his friends with that honest joy, which warms more than dinner or wine.

This is the good and evil of your father which comes uppermost. If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle; always ready to betray and to blacken those with whom he sat at meat; he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him; — but, without selling his soul for pottage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors, who envied his fame and presumed upon his sweetness; if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy; he would have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history. As it is, he has left, in many of the best men in England, and of the Continent, the deepest admiration of his talents, his wisdom, his knowledge, and his benevolence.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

BALLOT.

BALLOT.

It is possible, and perhaps not very difficult, to invent a machine, by the aid of which electors may vote for a candidate, or for two or three candidates, out of a greater number, without its being discovered for whom they vote; it is less easy than the rabid and foaming Radical supposes; but I have no doubt it may be accomplished. In Mr. Grote's dagger ballot box, which has been carried round the country by eminent patriots, you stab the card of your favourite candidate with a dagger. I have seen another, called the mouse-trap ballot box, in which you poke your finger into the trap of the member you prefer, and are caught and detained till the trap-clerk below (who knows by means of a wire when you are caught) marks your vote, pulls the liberator, and releases you. Which may be the most eligible of these two methods I do not pretend to determine, nor do I think my excellent friend Mr. Babbage has as yet made up his mind on the subject; but, by some means or another, I have no doubt the thing may be done.

Landed proprietors imagine they have a right to the votes of their tenants; and instances, in every election, are numerous where tenants have been dismissed for voting contrary to the wishes of their landlords. In the same manner strong combinations are made against tradesmen who have chosen to think, and act for themselves in political matters, rather than yield their opinions to the solicitations of their customers. There is a great deal of tyranny and injustice in all this. I should no more think of asking what the political opinions of a shopkeeper were, than of asking whether he was tall or short, or large or small: for a difference

of 2½ per cent. I would desert the most aristocratic butcher that ever existed, and deal with one who

"Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece."

On the contrary, I would not adhere to the man who put me in uneasy habiliments, however great his veneration for trial by jury, or however ardent his attachment to the liberty of the subject. A tenant I never had; but I firmly believe that if he had gone through certain pecuniary formalities twice a year, I should have thought it a gross act of tyranny to have interfered either with his political or his religious opinions.

I distinctly admit that every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own. I cannot, by law, prevent any one from discharging his tenants, and changing his tradesmen, for political reasons; but I may judge whether that man exercises his right to the public detriment, or for the public advantage. A man has a right to refuse dealing with any tradesman who is not five feet eleven inches high; but if he act upon this rule, he is either a madman or a fool. He has a right to lay waste his own estate, and to make it utterly barren; but I have also a right to point him out as one who exercises his right in a manner very injurious to society. He may set up a religious or a political test for his tradesmen; but admitting his right, and deprecating all interference with law, I must tell him he is making the aristocracy odious to the great mass, and that he is sowing the seeds of revolution. His purse may be full, and his fields may be wide; but the moralist will still hold the rod of public opinion over his head, and tell the money-bloated blockhead that he is shaking those laws of property which it has taken ages to extort from the wretchedness and rapacity of mankind; and that what he calls his own will not long be his own, if he tramples too heavily on human patience.

All these practices are bad; but the facts and the consequences are exaggerated.

In the first place, the plough is not a political machine: the loom and the steam-engine are furiously

political, but the plough is not. Nineteen tenants out of twenty care nothing about their votes, and pull off their opinions as easily to their landlords as they do their hats. As far as the great majority of tenants are concerned, these histories of persecution are mere declamatory nonsense; they have no more predilection for whom they vote than the organ pipes have for what tunes they are to play. A tenant dismissed for a fair and just cause often attributes his dismissal to political motives, and endeavours to make himself a martyr with the public: a man who ploughs badly, or who pays badly, says he is dismissed for his vote. No candidate is willing to allow that he has lost his election by his demerits; and he seizes hold of these stories, and circulates them with the greatest avidity: they are stated in the House of Commons; John Russell and Spring Rice fall a crying: there is lamentation of Liberals in the land; and many groans for the territorial tyrants.

A standing reason against the frequency of dismissal of tenants is that it is always injurious to the pecuniary interests of a landlord to dismiss a tenant: the property always suffers in some degree by a going-off tenant; and it is therefore always the interest of a landlord not to change when the tenant does his duty as an agriculturalist.

To part with tenants for political reasons always makes a landlord unpopular. The Constitutional, price 4*d.*; the Cato, at 3½*d.*; and the Lucius Junius Brutus, at 2*d.*, all set upon the unhappy scutiger; and the squire, unused to be pointed at, and thinking that all Europe and part of Asia are thinking of him and his farmers, is driven to the brink of suicide and despair. That such things are done is not denied, that they are scandalous when they are done is equally true; but these are reasons why such acts are less frequent than they are commonly represented to be. In the same manner, there are instances of shopkeepers being materially injured in their business from the votes they have given; but the facts themselves, as well as the consequences, are grossly exaggerated. If shopkeepers

lose Tory they gain Whig customers; and it is not always the vote which does the mischief, but the low vulgar impertinence, and the unbridled scurrility of a man, who thinks that by dividing to mankind their rations of butter and of cheese he has qualified himself for legislation, and that he can hold the rod of empire because he has wielded the yard of mensuration. I detest all inquisition into political opinions, but I have very rarely seen a combination against any tradesman who modestly, quietly, and conscientiously took his own line in politics. But Brutus and butterman, cheesemonger and Cato, do not harmonise well together; good taste is offended, the coxcomb loses his friends, and general disgust is mistaken for combined oppression. Shopkeepers, too, are very apt to cry out before they are hurt: a man who sees after an election one of his customers buying a pair of glóves on the opposite síde of the way roars out that his honesty will make him a bankrupt, and the county papers are filled with letters from Brutus, Publicola, Hampden, and Pym.

This interference with the freedom of voting, bad as it is, produces no political delibration; it does not make the Tories stronger than the Whigs, nor the Whigs than the Tories, for both are equally guilty of this species of tyranny; and any particular system of measures fails or prevails, much as if no such practice existed. The practice had better not be at all, but if a certain quantity of the evil does exist, it is better that it should be equally divided among both parties, than that it should be exercised by one, for the depression of the other. There are politicians always at a white heat, who suppose that there are landed tyrants only on one side of the question; but human life has been distressingly abridged by the flood: there is no time to spare,—it is impossible to waste it upon such senseless bigotry.

If a man be sheltered from intimidation, is it at all clear that he would vote from any better motive than intimidation? If you make so tremendous an experiment, are you sure of attaining your object? The

landlord has perhaps said a cross word to the tenant; the candidate for whom the tenant votes in opposition to his landlord has taken his second son for a footman, or his father knew the candidate's grandfather: how many thousand votes, sheltered (as the ballotists suppose) from intimidation, would be given from such silly motives as these? how many would be given from the mere discontent of inferiority? or from that strange simious schoolboy passion of giving pain to others, even when the author cannot be found out?—motives as pernicious as any which could proceed from intimidation. So that all voters screened by ballot would not be screened for any public good.

The Radicals, (I do not use this word in any offensive sense, for I know many honest and excellent men of this way of thinking,)—but the Radicals praise and admit the lawful influence of wealth and power. They are quite satisfied if a rich man of popular manners gains the votes and affections of his dependents; but why is not this as bad as intimidation? The real object is to vote for the good politician, not for the kind-hearted or agreeable man: the mischief is just the same to the country whether I am smiled into a corrupt choice, or frowned into a corrupt choice,—what is it to me whether my landlord is the best of landlords, or the most agreeable of men? I must vote for Joseph Hume, if I think Joseph more honest than the Marquis. The more mitigated Radical may pass over this, but the real carnivorous variety of the animal should declaim as loudly against the fascinations as against the threats of the great. The man who possesses the land should never speak to the man who tills it. The intercourse between landlord and tenant should be as strictly guarded as that of the sexes in Turkey. A funded duenna should be placed over every landed grandee.—And then intimidation! Is intimidation confined to the aristocracy? Can any thing be more scandalous and atrocious than the intimidation of mobs? Did not the mob of Bristol occasion more ruin, wretchedness, death, and alarm than all the ejection of tenants, and combinations against

shopkeepers, from the beginning of the century? and did not the Scotch philosophers tear off the clothes of the Tories in Mintoshire? or at least such clothes as the customs of the country admit of being worn?—and did not they, without any reflection at all upon the customs of the country, wash the Tory voters in the river?

Some sanguine advocates of the ballot contend that it would put an end to all canvassing: why should it do so? Under the ballot, I canvass (it is true) a person who may secretly deceive me. I cannot be sure he will not do so—but I am sure it is much less likely he will vote against me, when I have paid him all the deference and attention which a representative bestows on his constituents, than if I had totally neglected him: to any other objections he may have against me, at least I will not add that of personal incivility.

Scarcely is any great virtue practised without some sacrifice; and the admiration which virtue excites seems to proceed from the contemplation of such sufferings, and of the exertions by which they are endured: a tradesman suffers some loss of trade by voting for his country; is he not to vote? he might suffer some loss of blood in fighting for his country; is he not to fight? Every one would be a good Samaritan, if he were quite sure his compassion would cost him nothing. We should all be heroes, if it were not for blood and fractures; all saints, if it were not for the restrictions and privations of sanctity; all patriots, if it were not for the losses and misrepresentations to which patriotism exposes us. The ballotists are a set of Englishmen glowing with the love of England and the love of virtue, but determined to hazard the most dangerous experiments in politics, rather than run the risk of losing a penny in defence of their exalted feelings.

An abominable tyranny exercised by the ballot is, that it compels those persons to conceal their votes, who hate all concealment, and who glory in the cause they support. If you are afraid to go in at the front door, and to say in a clear voice what you have to say, go in at the back door, and say it in a whisper—but this is

not enough for you; you make me, who am bold and honest, sneak in at the back door as well as yourself: because you are afraid of selling a dozen or two of gloves less than usual, you compel me, who have no gloves to sell, or who would dare and despise the loss if I had, to hide the best feelings of my heart, and to lower myself down to your mean morals. It is as if a few cowards, who could only fight behind walls and houses, were to prevent the whole regiment from showing a bold front in the field: what right has the coward to degrade me who am no coward, and put me in the same shameful predicament with himself? If ballot be established, a zealous voter cannot do justice to his cause; there will be so many false Hampdens, and spurious Catos, that all men's actions and motives will be mistrusted. It is in the power of any man to tell me that my colours are false, that I declaim with simulated warmth, and canvass with fallacious zeal; that I am a Tory, though I call *Russell* for ever, or a Whig, in spite of my obstreperous panegyrics of *Peel*. It is really a curious condition that all men must imitate the defects of a few, in order that it may not be known who have the natural imperfection, and who put it on from conformity. In this way in former days, to hide the grey hairs of the old, every body was forced to wear powder and pomatum.

It must not be forgotten that, in the ballot, concealment must be absolutely *compulsory*. It would never do to let one man vote openly, and another secretly. You may go to the edge of the box, and say, "I vote for A.," but who knows that your ball is not put in for B.? There must be a clear plain opportunity for telling an undiscoverable lie, or the whole invention is at an end. How beautiful is the progress of man!—printing has abolished ignorance—gas put an end to darkness—steam has conquered time and distance—it remained for Grote and his box to remove the encumbrance of truth from human transactions. May we not look now for more little machines to abolish the other cardinal virtues?

But if all men are suspected; if things are so con-

trived that it is impossible to know what men really think, a serious impediment is created to the formation of good public opinion in the multitude. There is a town (No. 1.) in which live two very clever and respectable men, Johnson and Pelham, small tradesmen, men always willing to run some risk for the public good, and to be less rich, and more honest than their neighbours. It is of considerable consequence to the formation of opinion in this town, as an example, to know how Johnson and Pelham vote. It guides the affections, and directs the understandings, of the whole population, and materially affects public opinion in this town; and in another borough (No. 2.), it would be of the highest importance to public opinion if it were certain how Mr. Smith, the ironmonger, and Mr. Rogers, the London carrier, voted; because they are both thoroughly honest men, and of excellent understanding for their condition of life. Now, the tendency of ballot would be to destroy all the Pelhams, Johnsons, Rogers's, and Smiths, to sow a universal mistrust, and to exterminate the natural guides and leaders of the people: political influence, founded upon honour and ancient honesty in politics, could not grow up under such a system. No man's declaration could get believed. It would be easy to whisper away the character of the best men; and to assert that, in spite of all his declarations, which are nothing but a blind, the romantic Rogers has voted on the other side, and is in secret league with our enemies.

"Who brought that mischievous profligate villain into Parliament? Let us see the names of his real supporters. Who stood out against the strong and uplifted arm of power? Who discovered this excellent and hitherto unknown person? Who opposed the man whom we all know to be one of the first men in the country?" Are these fair and useful questions to be veiled hereafter in impenetrable mystery? Is this sort of publicity of no good as a restraint? is it of no good as an incitement to and a reward for exertions? Is not public opinion formed by such feelings? and is it not a dark and demoralising system to draw this veil over human

actions, to say to the mass, be base, and you will not be despised; be virtuous, and you will not be honoured? Is this the way in which Mr. Grote would foster the spirit of a bold and indomitable people? Was the liberty of that people established by fraud? Did America lie herself into independence? Was it treachery which enabled Holland to shake off the yoke of Spain? Is there any instance since the beginning of the world where human liberty has been established by little systems of trumpery and trick? These are the weapons of monarchs against the people, not of the people against monarchs. With their own right hand, and with their mighty arm, have the people gotten to themselves the victory, and upon them may they ever depend; and then comes Mr. Grote, a scholar and a gentleman, and knowing all the histories of public courage, preaches cowardice and treachery to England; tells us that the bold cannot be free, and bids us seek for liberty by clothing ourselves in the mask of falsehood, and trampling on the cross of truth.*

If this shrinking from the performance of duties is to be tolerated, voters are not the only persons who would recur to the accommodating convenience of ballot. A member of Parliament who votes against Government can get nothing in the army, navy, or Church, or at the bar, for his children or himself: they are placed on the north wall, and starved for their honesty. Judges, too, suffer for their unpopularity—Lord Kilwarden was murdered, Lord Mansfield burnt down! but voters, forgetting that they are only trustees for those who have no vote, require that they themselves should be virtuous with impunity, and that all the penalties of austerity and Catonism should fall upon others. I am aware that it is of the greatest consequence to the constituent that he should be made acquainted with the conduct of his representative; but I maintain, that to know, without the fear of mistake, what the conduct of individuals has been in their fulfilment of the great trust of electing members

* Mr. Grote is a very worthy, honest, and able man; and if the world were a chess-board, would be an important politician.

of Parliament, is also of the greatest importance in the formation of public opinion; and that, when men acted in the dark, the power of distinguishing between the bad and good would be at an end.

To institute ballot is to apply a very dangerous innovation to a temporary evil; for it is seldom, but in very excited times, that these acts of power are complained of which the ballot is intended to remedy. There never was an instance in this country where parties were so nearly balanced; but all this will pass away, and, in a very few years, either Peel will swallow Lord John, or Lord John will pasture upon Peel; parties will coalesce, the Duke of Wellington and Viscount Melbourne meet at the same board, and the lion lie down with the lamb. In the mean time a serious and dangerous political change is resorted to for the cure of a temporary evil, and we may be cursed with ballot when we do not want it, and cannot get rid of it.

If there be ballot there can be no scrutiny, the controlling power of Parliament is lost, and the members are entirely in the hands of returning officers.

An election is hard run—the returning officer lets in twenty votes which he ought to have excluded, and the opposite candidate is unjustly returned. I petition, and as the law now stands, the return would be amended, and I, who had the legitimate majority, should be seated in Parliament. But how could justice be done if the ballot obtained, and if the returning officer were careless or corrupt? Would you put all the electors upon their oath? Would it be advisable to accept any oath where detection was impossible? and could any approximation to truth be expected under such circumstances, from such an inquisition? It is true, the present committees of the House of Commons are a very unfair tribunal, but that tribunal may and will be amended; and bad as that tribunal is, nobody can be insane enough to propose that we are to take refuge in the blunders or the corruptions of 600 returning officers, 100 of whom are Irish.

It is certainly in the power of a committee, when inca-

pacity or villany of the returning officer has produced an unfair return, to annul the whole election and to proceed again *de novo;* but how is this just? or what satisfaction is this to me, who have unquestionably a lawful majority, and who ask of the House of Commons to examine the votes, and to place in their house the man who has combined the greatest number of suffrages? The answer of the House of Commons is, "One of you is undoubtedly the rightful member, but we have so framed our laws of election, that it is impossible to find out which that man is; the loss and penalties ought only to fall upon one, but they must fall upon both; we put the well-doer and the evil-doer precisely in the same situation, there shall be no election;" and this may happen ten times running.

Purity of election, the fair choice of representatives, must be guarded either by the coercing power of the House of Commons exercised upon petitions, or it must be guarded by the watchful jealousy of opposite parties at the registrations; but if (as the Radicals suppose) ballot gives a power of perfect concealment, whose interest is it to watch the registrations? If I despair of distinguishing my friends from my foes, why should I take any trouble about registrations? Why not leave every thing to that great *primum mobile* of all human affairs, the barrister of six years' standing?

The answer of the excellent Benthamites to all this is, "What you say may be true enough in the present state of registrations, but we have another scheme of registration to which these objections will not apply." There is really no answering this Paulo-post legislation. I reason now upon registration and reform which are in existence, which I have seen at work for several years. What new improvements are in the womb of time, or (if time have no womb) in the more capacious pockets of the followers of Bentham, I know not: when I see them tried I will reason upon them. There is no end to these eternal changes; we have made an enormous revolution within the last ten years,—let us stop a little and secure it, and prevent it from being turned into

ruin; I do not say the Reform Bill is final, but I want a little time for breathing; and if there are to be any more changes, let them be carried into execution hereafter by those little legislators who are now receiving every day after dinner a cake or a plum, in happy ignorance of Mr. Grote and his ballot. I long for the quiet times of *Log*, when all the English common people are making calico, and all the English gentlemen are making long and short verses, with no other interruption of their happiness than when false quantities are discovered in one or the other.

What is to become of petitions if ballot is established? Are they to be open as they now are, or are they to be conducted by ballot? Are the radical shopkeepers and the radical tenant to be exposed (as they say) to all the fury of incensed wealth and power, and is that protection to be denied to them in petitions, which is so loudly demanded in the choice of representatives? Are there to be two distinct methods of ascertaining the opinions of the people, and these completely opposed to each other? A member is chosen this week by a large majority of voters who vote in the dark, and the next week, when men vote in the light of day, some petition is carried totally opposite to all those principles for which the member with invisible votes was returned to Parliament. How, under such a system, can Parliament ever ascertain what the wishes of the people really are? The representatives are Radicals, the petitioners eminently conservative; the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

And if the same protection be adopted for petitions as is given in elections, and if both are conducted by ballot, how are the House of Commons to deal with petitions? When it is intended particularly that a petition should attract the attention of the House of Commons, some member bears witness to the respectability or the futility of the signatures; and how is it possible, without some guides of this kind, that the House could form any idea of the value and importance of the petition?

These observations apply with equal force to the communications between the representative and the constituent. It is the Radical doctrine that a representative is to obey the instructions of his constituents. He has been elected under the ballot by a large majority; an open meeting is called, and he receives instructions in direct opposition to all those principles upon which he has been elected. Is this the real opinion of his constituents? and if he receive his instructions for a ballot meeting, who are his instructors? The lowest men in the town, or the wisest and the best? — But if ballot be established for elections only, and all communications between the constituents on one side, and Parliament and the representatives on the other, are carried on in open meetings, then are there two publics according to the Radical doctrines, essentially different from each other; the one acting under the influence of the rich and powerful, the other free; and if all political petitions are to be carried on by ballot, how are Parliament to know who petitions, or the member to know who instructs?

I have hitherto spoken of ballot, as if it were, as the Radicals suppose it to be, a mean of secresy; their very cardinal position is, that landlords, after the ballot is established, will give up in despair all hopes of commanding the votes of their tenants. I scarcely ever heard a more foolish and gratuitous assumption. Given up? Why should they be given up? I can give many reasons why landlords should never exercise this unreasonable power, but I can give no possible reason why a man determined to do so should be baffled by the ballot. When two great parties in the empire are combating for the supreme power, does Mr. Grote imagine, that the man of woods, forests, and rivers, — that they who have the strength of the hills, — are to be baffled by bumpkins thrusting a little pin into a little card in a little box? that England is to be governed by political acupunctuation.

A landlord who would otherwise be guilty of the oppression will not change his purpose, because you

attempt to outwit him by the invention of the ballot; he will become, on the contrary, doubly vigilant, inquisitive, and severe. "I am a professed Radical," said the tenant of a great duke to a friend of mine, "and the duke knows it; but if I vote for his candidates, he lets me talk as I please, live with whom I please, and does not care if I dine at a Radical dinner every day in the week. If there was a ballot, nothing could persuade the duke, or the duke's master, the steward, that I was not deceiving them, and I should lose my farm in a week." This is the real history of what would take place. The single lie on the hustings would not suffice; the concealed democrat who voted against his landlord must talk with the wrong people, subscribe to the wrong club, huzza at the wrong dinner, break the wrong head, lead (if he wished to escape from the watchful jealousy of his landlord) a long life of lies between every election; and he must do this, not only *eundo*, in his calm and prudential state, but *redeundo* from the market, warmed with beer, and expanded by alcohol; and he must not only carry on his seven years of dissimulation before the world, but in the very bosom of his family, or he must expose himself to the dangerous garrulity of wife, children, and servants, from whose indiscretion every kind of evil report would be carried to the ears of the watchful steward. And when once the ballot is established, mere gentle, quiet lying will not do to hide the tenant who secretly votes against his landlord: the quiet passive liar will be suspected, and he will find, if he does not waive his bonnet and strain his throat in furtherance of his bad faith, and lie loudly, that he has put in a false ball in the dark to very little purpose. I consider a long concealment of political opinion from the landlord to be nearly impossible for the tenant: and if you conceal from the landlord the only proof he can have of his tenant's sincerity, you are taking from the tenant the only means he has of living quietly upon his farm. You are increasing the jealousy and irascibility of the tyrant, and multiplying instead of lessening the number of his victims.

Not only you do not protect the ter
to deceive his landlord, by promising one
another, but you expose all the other te
no intention of deceiving, to all the evil
misrepresentation. The steward hates
rival wants his farm; they begin to wh
favour, and to propagate rumours of hi
the blue or the yellow cause; as matte
can refer to the poll-book and show ho
Under the ballot his security is gone, a
in common with his deceitful neighbo
picion from which none can be exempt
secret. If ballot then answered the pu
it was intended, the number of honest
exposed to danger would be as great as
deceitful tenants whom it screened.

But if landlords could be prevented
their tenants in voting, by threatening
loss of farms; — if public opinion wer
allow of such threats, what would pre
from refusing to take, as a tenant, a ma
opinion did not agree with his own?
vent him from questioning, long before
cross-examining his tenant, and demar
of his behaviour and opinions, till he h
all human probability, found a man who
as himself upon political subjects, and w
to those opinions with as much firmne
What would prevent, for instance, an
from filling his farms with Orange te
cautiously rejecting every Catholic t
sented himself plough in hand? But
were to obtain generally, of cautiously
from their political opinion, what wou
sevenfold shield of the ballot? Not or
not continued in the farm he already ho
from the severe inquisition into which
are driven by the invention of ballot, th
difficult for a man whose principles are
of his landlord, to get any farm at all.

The noise and jollity of a ballot mob must be such as the very devils would look on with delight. A set of deceitful wretches wearing the wrong colours, abusing their friends, pelting the man for whom they voted, drinking their enemies' punch, knocking down persons with whom they entirely agreed, and roaring out eternal duration to principles they abhorred. A scene of wholesale bacchanalian fraud, a *posse comitatus* of liars, which would disgust any man with a free government, and make him sigh for the monocracy of Constantinople.

All the arguments which apply to suspected tenants apply to suspected shopkeepers. Their condition under the ballot would be infinitely worse than under the present system; the veracious shopkeeper would be suspected, perhaps without having his vote to appeal to for his protection, and the shopkeeper who meant to deceive must prop up his fraud, by accommodating his whole life to the first deceit, or he would have told a disgraceful falsehood in vain. The political persecutors would not be baffled by the ballot: customers who think they have a right to persecute tradesmen now, would do it then; the only difference would be that more would be persecuted then on suspicion, than are persecuted now from a full knowledge of every man's vote. Inquisitors would be exasperated by this attempt of their victims to become invisible, and the search for delinquents would be more sharp and incessant.

A state of things may (to be sure) occur where the aristocratic part of the voters may be desirous, by concealing their votes, of protecting themselves from the fury of the multitude; but precisely the same objection obtains against ballot, whoever may be the oppressor or the oppressed. It is no defence; the single falsehood at the hustings will not suffice. Hypocrisy for seven years is impossible; the multitude will be just as jealous of preserving the power of intimidation, as aristocrats are of preserving the power of property, and will in the same way redouble their vicious activity from the attempt at destroying their empire by ballot.

Ballot could not prevent the disfranchisement of a

great number of voters. The shopkeeper, harassed by men of both parties, equally consuming the articles in which he dealt, would seek security in not voting at all, and, of course, the ballot could not screen the disobedient tenant whom the landlord requested to stay away from the poll. Mr. Grote has no box for this; but a remedy for securing the freedom of election, which has no power to prevent the voter from losing the exercise of his franchise altogether, can scarcely be considered as a remedy at all. There is a method, indeed, by which this might be remedied, if the great soul of Mr. Grote will stoop to adopt it. Why are the acts of concealment to be confined to putting in a ball? Why not vote in a domino, taking off the vizor to the returning officer only? or as tenant Jenkins or tenant Hodge might be detected by their stature, why not poll in sedan chairs with the curtains closely drawn, choosing the chairman by ballot?

What a flood of deceit and villany comes in with ballot! I admit there are great moral faults under the present system. It is a serious violation of duty to vote for A. when you think B. the more worthy representative; but the open voter, acting under the influence of his landlord, commits only this one fault, great as it is: — if he vote for his candidate, the landlord is satisfied, and asks no other sacrifice of truth and opinion; but if the tenant vote against his landlord under the ballot, he is practising every day some fraud to conceal his first deviation from truth. The present method may produce a vicious act, but the ballot establishes a vicious habit; and then it is of some consequence, that the law should not range itself on the side of vice. In the open voting, the law leaves you fairly to choose between the dangers of giving an honest, or the convenience of giving a dishonest vote; but the ballot law opens a booth and asylum for fraud, calling upon all men to lie by beat of drum, forbidding open honesty, promising impunity for the most scandalous deceit, and encouraging men to take no other view of virtue than whether it pays or does not pay; for it must always be remembered

and often repeated, and said and sung to Mr. Grote, that it is to the degraded liar only that the box will be useful. The man who performs what he promises needs no box. The man who refuses to do what he is asked to do despises the box. The liar, who says he will do what he never means to do, is the only man to whom the box is useful, and for whom this leaf out of the punic Pandects is to be inserted in our statute book; the other vices will begin to look up, and to think themselves neglected, if falsehood obtains such flattering distinction, and is thus defended by the solemn enactments of law.

Old John Randolph, the American orator, was asked one day at a dinner party in London, whether the ballot prevailed in his state of Virginia—"I scarcely believe," he said, "we have such a fool in all Virginia, as to mention even the vote by ballot; and I do not hesitate to say that the adoption of the ballot *would make any nation a nation of scoundrels if it did not find them so.*" John Randolph was right; he felt that it was not necessary that a people should be false in order to be free; universal hypocrisy would be the consequence of ballot: we should soon say on deliberation what David only asserted in his haste, *that all men were liars.*

This exclamation of old Randolph applied to the method of popular elections, which I believe has always been by open voice in Virginia; but the Assemblies voted, and the Judges were chosen by ballot; and in the year 1830, upon a solemn review of their institutions, ballot was entirely abolished in every instance throughout the State, and open voting substituted in its place.

Not only would the tenant under ballot be constantly exposed to the suspicions of the landlord, but the landlord would be exposed to the constant suspicions and the unjust misrepresentation of the tenant. Every tenant who was dismissed for a fair and a just cause, would presume he was suspected, would attribute his dismissal to political motives, and endeavour to make himself a martyr with the public; and in this way violent

hatred would be by the ballot disseminated among classes of men on whose agreement the order and happiness of England depends.

All objections to ballot which are important in England, apply with much greater force to Ireland, a country of intense agitation, fierce passions, and quick movements. Then how would the ballot box of Mr. Grote harmonise with the confessional box of Father O'Leary?

I observe Lord John Russell, and some important men as well as him, saying, "We hate ballot, but if these practices continue, we shall be compelled to vote for it." What! vote for it, if ballot be no remedy for these evils? Vote for it, if ballot produce still greater evils than it cures? That is (says the physician), if fevers increase in this alarming manner, I shall be compelled to make use of some medicine which will be of no use to fevers, and will at the same time bring on diseases of a much more serious nature. I shall be under the absolute necessity of putting out your eyes, because I cannot prevent you from being lame. In fact, this sort of language is utterly unworthy of the sense and courage of Lord John; he gives hopes where he *ought* to create absolute despair. This is that hovering between two principles which ruins political strength by lowering political character, and creates a notion that his enemies need not fear such a man, and that his friends cannot trust him. No opinion could be more unjust as applied to Lord John; but such an opinion will grow if he begin to value himself more upon his dexterity and finesse, than upon those fine manly historico-Russell qualities he most undoubtedly possesses. There are two beautiful words in the English language,—Yes and No; he must pronounce them boldly and emphatically; stick to Yes and No to the death; for Yes and No lay his head down upon the scaffold, where his ancestors have laid their heads before, and cling to his Yes and No in spite of Robert Peel and John Wilson, and Joseph, and Daniel, and Fergus, and Stevens himself. He must do as the Russells always have done, advance his firm foot on the field of honour, plant it on the line marked

out by justice, and determine in that cause to perish or to prevail.

In clubs, ballot preserves secrecy; but in clubs, after the barrister has blackballed the colonel, he most likely never hears of the colonel again: he does not live among people who are calling out for seven years *the colonel for ever;* nor is there any one who, thinking he has a right to the barrister's suffrage, exercises the most incessant vigilance to detect whether or not he has been defrauded of it. I do not say that ballot can never in any instance be made a mean of secrecy and safety, but that it cannot be so in popular elections. Even in elections, a consummate hypocrite who was unmarried, and drank water, might perhaps exercise his timid patriotism with impunity; but the instances would be so rare, as to render ballot utterly inefficient as a general protection against the abuses of power.

In America, ballot is nearly a dead letter; no protection is wanted: if the ballot protects any one it is the master, not the man. Some of the states have no ballot—some have exchanged the ballot for open voting.

Bribery carried on in any town now, would probably be carried on with equal success under the ballot. The attorney (if such a system prevailed) would say to the candidate, "There is my list of promises: if you come in I will have 5000*l.*, and if you do not, you shall pay me nothing." To this list, to which I suppose all the venal rabble of the town to have put their names, there either is an opposition bribery list, or there is not: if there is not, the promisers, looking only to make money by their vote, have every inducement to keep their word. If there be an opposite list, the only trick which a promiser can play is to put down his name upon both lists: but this trick would be so easily detected, so much watched and suspected, and would even in the vote market render a man so infamous, that it never would be attempted to any great extent. At present, if a man promise his vote to A., and votes for B., because he can get more money by it, he does not become infamous among the bribed, because they lose no money by him; but where a list is

found, and a certain sum of money is to be divided among that list, every interloper lessens the receipts of all the rest; it becomes their interest to guard against fraudulent intrusion; and a man who puts his name upon more lists than the votes he was entitled to give, would soon be hunted down by those he had robbed. Of course there would be no pay till after the election, and the man who having one vote had put himself down on two lists, or having two votes had put himself down on three lists, could hardly fail to be detected, and would, of course, lose his political *aceldama*. There must be honour among thieves; the mob regularly inured to bribery under the canopy of the ballot, would for their own sake soon introduce rules for the distribution of the plunder, and infuse with their customary energy, the morality of not being sold more than once at every election.

If ballot were established, it would be received by the upper classes with the greatest possible suspicion, and every effort would be made to counteract it and to get rid of it. Against those attacks the inferior orders would naturally wish to strengthen themselves, and the obvious means would be by extending the number of voters; and so comes on universal suffrage. The ballot would fail: it would be found neither to prevent intimidation nor bribery. Universal suffrage would cure both, as a teaspoonful of prussic acid is a certain cure for the most formidable diseases; but universal suffrage would in all probability be the next step. "The 200 richest voters of Bridport shall not beat the 400 poorest voters. Every body who has a house shall vote, or every body who is twenty-one shall vote, and then the people will be sure to have their way—we will blackball every member standing for Bridgewater who does not promise to vote for universal suffrage."

The ballot and universal suffrage are never mentioned by the Radicals without being coupled together. Nobody ever thinks of separating them. Any person who attempted to separate them at torchlight or sunlight meetings would be hooted down. It is professedly avowed that ballot is only wanted for ulterior purposes,

and no one makes a secret of what those ulterior purposes are: not only would the gift of ballot, if universal suffrage were refused, not be received with gratitude, but it would be received with furious indignation and contempt, and universal suffrage be speedily extorted from you.

There would be this argument also for universal suffrage, to which I do not think it very easy to find an answer. The son of a man who rents a house of ten pounds a year is often a much cleverer man than his father; the wife more intelligent than the husband. Under the system of open voting, these persons are not excluded from want of intellect, but for want of independence, for they would necessarily vote with their principal; but the moment the ballot is established, according to the reasoning of the Grote school, one man is as independent as another, because all are concealed, and so all are equally entitled to offer their suffrages. This cannot sow dissensions in families; for how, ballotically reasoning, can the father find it out? or, if he did find it out, how has any father, ballotically speaking, a right to control the votes of his family?

I have often drawn a picture in my own mind of a Balloto-Grotical family voting and promising under the new system. There is one vacancy, and three candidates, Tory, Whig, and Radical. Walter Wiggins, a small artificer of shoes, for the moderate gratuity of five pounds, promises his own vote, and that of the chaste Arabella his wife, to the Tory candidate; he, Walter Wiggins, having also sold, for one sovereign, the vote of the before-named Arabella to the Whigs. Mr. John Wiggins, a tailor, the male progeny of Walter and Arabella, at the solicitation of his master, promises his vote to the Whigs, and persuades his sister Honoria to make a similar promise in the same cause. Arabella, the wife, yields implicitly to the wishes of her husband. In this way, before the election, stand committed the highly moral family of Mr. Wiggins. The period for lying arrives, and the mendacity machine is exhibited to the view of the Wigginses. What happens? Arabella, who

has in the interim been chastised by her drunken husband, votes secretly for the Radicals, having been sold both to Whig and Tory. Mr. John Wiggins, pledged beyond redemption to Whigs, votes for the Tory; and Honoria, extrinsically furious in the cause of Whigs, is persuaded by her lover to vote for the Radical member. The following Table exhibits the state of this moral family, before and after the election:

Walter Wiggins sells himself once and his wife twice.
Arabella Wiggins, sold to Tory and Whig, votes for Radical.
John Wiggins, promised to Whig, votes for Tory.
Honoria Wiggins, promised to Whig, votes for Radical.

In this way the families of the poor, under the legislation of Mr. Grote, will become schools for good faith, openness, and truth! What are Chrysippus and Crantor, and all the moralists of the whole world, compared to Mr. Grote?

It is urged that the lower order of voters, proud of such a distinction, will not be anxious to extend it to others: but the lower order of voters will often find that they possess this distinction in vain — that wealth and education are too strong for them; and they will call in the multitude as auxiliaries, firmly believing that they can curb their inferiors and conquer their superiors. Ballot is a mere illusion, but universal suffrage is not an illusion. The common people will get nothing by the one, but they will gain every thing, and *ruin* every thing, by the last.

Some members of Parliament who mean to vote for ballot, in the fear of losing their seats, and who are desirous of reconciling to their conscience such an act of disloyalty to mankind, are fond of saying that ballot is harmless; that it will neither do the good nor the evil that is expected from it; and that the people may fairly be indulged in such an innocent piece of legislation. Never was such folly and madness as this: ballot will be the cause of interminable hatred and jealousy among the different orders of mankind; it will familiarise the English people to a long tenor of deceit; it will not answer its purpose of protecting the independent voter,

and the people, exasperated and disappointed by the failure, will indemnify themselves by insisting upon unlimited suffrage. And then it is talked of as an experiment, as if men were talking of acids and alkalies, and the galvanic pile; as if Lord John could get on the hustings and say, "Gentlemen, you see this ballot does not answer; do me the favour to give it up, and to allow yourselves to be replaced in the same situation as the ballot found you." Such, no doubt, is the history of nations and the march of human affairs; and, in this way, the error of a sudden and foolish largess of power to the people might, no doubt, be easily retrieved! The most unpleasant of all bodily feelings is a cold sweat: nothing brings it on so surely as perilous nonsense in politics. I lose all warmth from the bodily frame when I hear the ballot talked of as an *experiment*.

I cannot at all understand what is meant by this indolent opinion. Votes are coerced now; if votes are free, will the elected be the same? if not, will the difference of the elected be unimportant? Will not the ballot stimulate the upper orders to fresh exertions? and is their increased jealousy and interference of no importance? If ballot, after all, be found to hold out a real protection to the voter, is universal lying of no importance? I can understand what is meant by calling ballot a great good, or a great evil; but, in the mighty contention for power which is raging in this country, to call it indifferent, appears to me extremely foolish in all those in whom it is not extremely dishonest.

If the ballot did succeed in enabling the lower order of voters to conquer their betters, so much the worse. In a town consisting of 700 voters, the 300 most opulent and powerful (and therefore probably the best instructed) would make a much better choice than the remaining 400; and the ballot would, in that case, do more harm than good. In nineteen cases out of twenty, the most numerous party would be in the wrong. If this be the case, why give the franchise to all? why not confine it to the first division? *because even with all the abuses which occur, and in spite of them, the great mass*

of the people are much more satisfied with having a vote occasionally controlled, than with having none. Many agree with their superiors, and therefore feel no control. Many are persuaded by their superiors, and not controlled. Some are indifferent which way they exercise the power, though they would not like to be utterly deprived of it. Some guzzle away their vote, some sell it, some brave their superiors, if you are threatened and controlled. The election, in different ways, is affected by the superior influence of the upper orders; and the great mass (occasionally and justly complaining) are, beyond all doubt, better pleased than if they had no votes at all. The lower orders always have it in their power to rebel against their superiors; and occasionally they will do so, and have done so, and occasionally and justly carried elections * against gold, and birth, and education. But it is madness to make laws of society which attempt to shake off the great laws of nature. As long as men love bread, and mutton, and broad cloth, wealth, in a long series of years, must have enormous effects upon human affairs, and the strong box will beat the ballot box. Mr. Grote has both, but he miscalculates their respective powers. Mr. Grote knows the relative values of gold and silver; but by what moral rate of exchange is he able to tell us the relative values of liberty and truth?

It is hardly necessary to say any thing about universal suffrage, as there is no act of folly or madness which it may not in the beginning produce. There would be the greatest risk that the monarchy, as at present constituted, the funded debt, the established church, titles, and hereditary peerage, would give way before it. Many really honest men may wish for these changes; I know, or at least believe, that wheat and barley would grow if there were no Archbishop of Canterbury, and domestic fowls would breed if our Viscount Melbourne was again called Mr. Lamb; but they have stronger nerves than I have who would venture to bring

* The 400 or 500 voting against the 200 are right about as often as juries are right in differing from judges; and that is very seldom.

these changes about. So few nations have been free, it is so difficult to guard freedom from kings, and mobs, and patriotic gentlemen; and we are in such a very tolerable state of happiness in England, that I think such changes would be very rash; and I have an utter mistrust in the sagacity and penetration of political reasoners who pretend to foresee all the consequences to which they would give birth. When I speak of the tolerable state of happiness in which we live in England, I do not speak merely of nobles, squires, and canons of St. Paul's, but of drivers of coaches, clerks in offices, carpenters, blacksmiths, butchers, and bakers, and most men who do not marry upon nothing, and become burdened with large families before they have arrived at years of maturity. The earth is not sufficiently fertile for this:

Difficilem victum fundit durissima tellus.

After all, the great art in politics and war is to choose a good position for making a stand. The Duke of Wellington examined and fortified the lines of Torres Vedras a year before he had any occasion to make use of them, and he had previously marked out Waterloo as the probable scene of some future exploit. The people seem to be hurrying on through all the well known steps to anarchy; they must be stopped at some pass or another: the first is the best and the most easily defended. The people have a right to ballot or to any thing else which will make them happy; and they have a right to *nothing which will make them unhappy.* They are the best judges of their immediate gratifications, and the worst judges of what would best conduce to their interests for a series of years. Most earnestly and conscientiously wishing their good, I say,

No Ballot.

Sydney Smith.

LETTER

TO

LEONARD HORNER, ESQ.

LETTER

TO

LEONARD HORNER, ESQ.

My dear Sir,

You desire me to commit to paper my recollections of your brother, Francis Horner. I think that the many years which have elapsed since his death have not at all impaired my memory of his virtues, at the same time that they have afforded me more ample means of comparing him with other important human beings with whom I have become acquainted since that period.

I first made the acquaintance of Francis Horner at Edinburgh, where he was among the most conspicuous young men in that energetic, and infragrant city. My desire to know him proceeded first of all from being cautioned against him by some excellent and feeble people to whom I had brought letters of introduction, and who represented him to me as a person of violent political opinions; I interpreted this to mean a person who thought for himself — who had firmness enough to take his own line in life, and who loved truth better than he loved Dundas, at that time the tyrant of Scotland. I found my interpretation to be just, and from thence till the period of his death we lived in constant society and friendship with each other.

There was something very remarkable in his countenance — the commandments were written on his face, and I have often told him there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge or jury who saw him would give the smallest degree of credit to any evidence against him: there was in his look a

calm settled love of all that was honourable and good — an air of wisdom and of sweetness; you saw at once that he was a great man, whom nature had intended for a leader of human beings; you ranged yourself willingly under his banners, and cheerfully submitted to his sway.

He had an intense love of knowledge; he wasted very little of the portion of life conceded to him, and was always improving himself, not in the most foolish of all schemes of education, in making long and short verses and scanning Greek choruses, but in the masculine pursuits of the philosophy of legislation, of political economy, of the constitutional history of the country, and of the history and changes of Ancient and Modern Europe. He had read so much, and so well, that he was a contemporary of all men, and a citizen of all states.

I never saw any person who took such a lively interest in the daily happiness of his friends. If you were unwell, if there was a sick child in the nursery, if any death happened in your family, he never forgot you for an instant! You always found there was a man with a good heart who was never far from you.

He loved truth so much, that he never could bear any jesting upon important subjects. I remember one evening the late Lord Dudley and myself pretended to justify the conduct of the government in stealing the Danish fleet; we carried on the argument with some wickedness against our graver friend; he could not stand it, but bolted indignantly out of the room; we flung up the sash, and, with loud peals of laughter, professed ourselves decided Scandinavians; we offered him not only the ships, but all the shot, powder, cordage, and even the biscuit, if he would come back: but nothing could turn him; he went home; and it took us a fortnight of serious behaviour before we were forgiven.

Francis Horner was a very modest person, which men of great understanding seldom are. It was his habit to confirm his opinion by the opinions of others; and often to form them from the same source.

His success in the House of Commons was decided and immediate, and went on increasing to the last day of his life. Though put into Parliament by some of the Great Borough Lords, every one saw that he represented his own real opinions: without hereditary wealth, and known as a writer in the Edinburgh Review, his independence was never questioned: his integrity, sincerity, and moderation, were acknowledged by all sides, and respected even by those impudent assassins who live only to discourage honesty and traduce virtue. The House of Commons, as a near relation of mine* once observed, has more good taste than any man in it. Horner, from his manners, his ability, and his integrity, became a general favourite with the House; they suspended for him their habitual dislike of lawyers, of political adventurers, and of young men of *conseederable taalents* from the North.

Your brother was wholly without pretensions or affectation. I have lived a long time in Scotland, and have seen very few affected Scotchmen; of those few he certainly was not one. In the ordinary course of life, he never bestowed a thought upon the effect he was producing; he trusted to his own good nature and good intentions, and left the rest to chance.

Having known him well before he had acquired a great London reputation, I never observed that his fame produced the slightest alteration in his deportment: he was as affable to me, and to all his old friends, as when we were debating metaphysics in a garret in Edinburgh. I don't think it was in the power of ermine, or mace, or seals, or lawn, or lace, or of any of those emblems and ornaments with which power loves to decorate itself, to have destroyed the simplicity of his character. I believe it would have defied all the corrupting appellations of human vanity: Serene, Honourable, Right Honourable, Sacred, Reverend, Right Reverend, Lord High, Earl, Marquis, Lord Mayor, Your Grace, Your Honour, and every other vocable which folly has invented and

* Mr. Sydney Smith's brother, the late Mr. Robert Smith.

idolatry cherished, would all have been lavished on
in vain.

The character of his understanding was the exe
of vigorous reasoning, in pursuit of important and
cult truth. He had no wit; nor did he condescen
that inferior variety of this electric talent which pre
occasionally in the North, and which, under the nam
Wut, is so infinitely distressing to persons of good t
he had no very ardent and poetical imagination, bu
had that innate force, which,

> ——— Quemvis perferre laborem
> Suasit, et induxit noctes vigilare serenas
> Quærentem dictis quibus, et quo carmine demum
> Clara suæ possit præpandere lumina menti.

Your late excellent father, though a very wel
formed person, was not what would be called a lite
man, and you will readily concede to me that no
his family would pretend to rival your brother in
of talents. I never saw more constant and high
cipled attention to parents than in his instance;
habitual and respectful deference to their opinions
wishes. I never saw brothers and sisters, over w
he might have assumed a family sovereignty, tre
with more cheerful, and endearing equality. I men
these things, because men who do good things ar
much more valuable than those who say wise ones;
cause the order of human excellence is so often inve
and great talents considered as an excuse for the abs
of obscure virtues.

Francis Horner was always very guarded in his
litical opinions; guarded I mean against the exc
into which so many young men of talents were betr
by their admiration of the French Revolution. He
an English Whig, and no more than an English W
He mourned sincerely over the crimes, and madnes
France, and never for a single moment surrendered
understanding to the novelty and nonsense which
fested the world at that strange æra of human affai

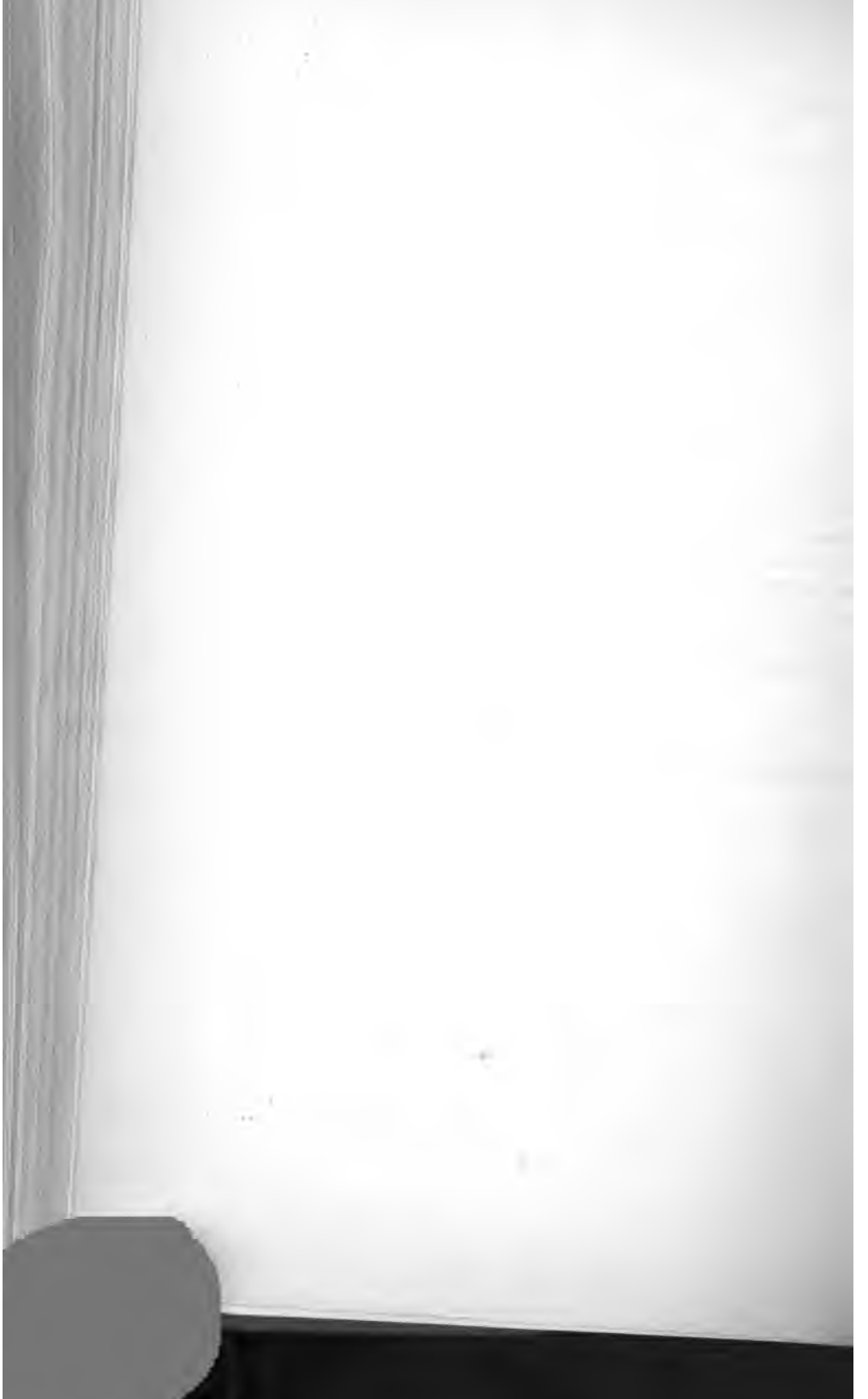
I remember the death of many eminent Englishm
but I can safely say, I never remember an impres

so general as that excited by the death of Francis Horner. The public looked upon him as a powerful and a safe man, who was labouring not for himself or his party, but for them. They were convinced of his talents, they confided in his moderation, and they were sure of his motives; he had improved so quickly, and so much, that his early death was looked on as the destruction of a great statesman, who had done but a small part of the good which might be expected from him, who would infallibly have risen to the highest offices, and as infallibly have filled them to the public good. Then as he had never lost a friend, and made so few enemies, there was no friction, no drawback; public feeling had its free course; the image of a good and great man was broadly before the world, unsullied by any breath of hatred; there was nothing but pure sorrow! Youth destroyed before its time, great talents and wisdom hurried to the grave, a kind and good man, who might have lived for the glory of England, torn from us in the flower of his life! — but all this is gone and past, and, as Galileo said of his lost sight, "It has pleased God it should be so, and it must please me also."

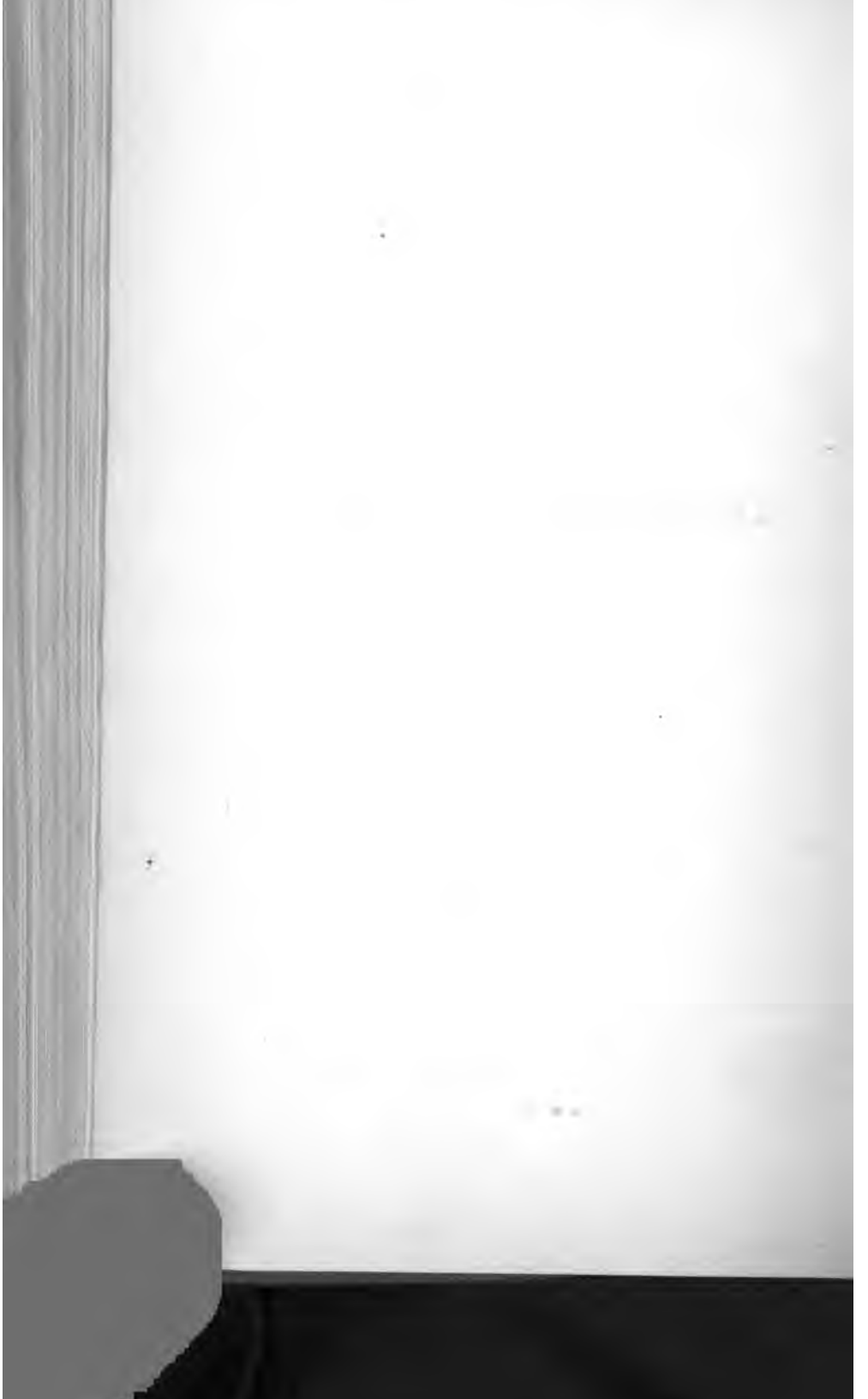
Ever truly yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

August 26. 1842.



LETTERS ON RAILWAYS.



LETTERS ON RAILWAYS.

"LOCKING IN" ON RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

IT falls to my lot to travel frequently on the Great Western Railway, and I request permission, through the medium of your able and honest journal, to make a complaint against the directors of that company.

It is the custom on that railway to lock the passengers in on both sides—a custom which, in spite of the dreadful example at Paris, I have every reason to believe they mean to continue without any relaxation.

In the course of a long life I have no recollection of any accident so shocking as that on the Paris railway—a massacre so sudden, so full of torment—death at the moment of pleasure—death aggravated by all the amazement, fear, and pain which can be condensed into the last moments of existence.

Who can say that the same scene may not be acted over again on the Great Western Railroad? That in the midst of their tunnel of three miles' length the same scene of slaughter and combustion may not scatter dismay and alarm over the whole country?

It seems to me perfectly monstrous that a board of ten or twelve monopolists can read such a description, and say to the public, "You must run your chance of being burnt or mutilated. We have arranged our plan upon the locking-in system, and we shall not incur the risk and expense of changing it."

The plea is, that rash or drunken people will attempt to get out of the carriages which are not locked, and

that this measure really originates from attention to the safety of the public; so that the lives of two hundred persons who are not drunk and are not rash, are to be endangered for the half-yearly preservation of some idiot, upon whose body the coroner is to sit, and over whom the sudden-death man is to deliver his sermon against the directors.

The very fact of locking the doors will be a frequent source of accidents. Mankind, whatever the directors may think of that process, are impatient of combustion. The Paris accident will never be forgotten. The passengers will attempt to escape through the windows, and ten times more of mischief will be done than if they had been left to escape by the doors in the usual manner.

It is not only the locking of the doors which is to be deprecated; but the effects which it has upon the imagination. Women, old people, and the sick, are all forced to travel by the railroad; and for 200 miles they live under the recollection not only of impending danger, but under the knowledge that escape is impossible—a journey comes to be contemplated with horror. Men cannot persuade the females of their family to travel by the railroad; it is inseparably connected with abominable tyranny and perilous imprisonment.

Why does the necessity of locking both doors exist only on the Great Western? Why is one of the doors left open on all other railways?

The public have a right to every advantage under permitted monopoly which they would enjoy under free competition; and they are unjust to themselves if they do not insist upon this right. If there were two parallel railways, the one locking you in, and the other not, is there the smallest doubt which would carry away all the business? Can there be any hesitation in which timid women, drunken men, sages, philosophers, bishops, and all combustible beings, would place themselves?

I very much doubt the legality of locking doors, and refusing to open them. I arrive at a station where others are admitted; but I am not suffered to get out, though perhaps at the point of death. In all other

positions of life there is egress where there is ingress. Man is universally the master of his own body, except he chooses to go from Paddington to Bridgewater: there only the Habeas Corpus is refused.

Nothing, in fact, can be more utterly silly or mistaken than this over-officious care of the public; as if every man who was not a railway director was a child or a fool. But why stop here? Why are not strait-waistcoats used? Why is not the accidental traveller strapped down? Why do contusion and fracture still remain physically possible?

Is not this extreme care of the public new? When first mail coaches began to travel twelve miles an hour, the *outsides* (if I remember rightly) were never tied to the roof. In packets, landsmen are not locked into the cabin to prevent them from tumbling overboard. This affectionate nonsense prevails only on the Great Western. It is there only that men, women, and children (seeking the only mode of transit which remains) are by these tender-hearted monopolists immediately committed to their locomotive prisons. Nothing can, in fact, be so absurd as all this officious zeal. It is the duty of the directors to take all reasonable precautions to warn the public of danger — to make it clear that there is no negligence on the part of the railroad directors; and then, this done, if a fool-hardy person choose to expose himself to danger, so be it. Fools there will be on roads of iron and on roads of gravel, and they must suffer for their folly; but why are Socrates, Solon, and Solomon to be locked up?

But is all this, which appears so philanthropical, mere philanthropy? Does not the locking of the doors save servants and policemen? Does not economy mingle with these benevolent feelings? Is it to save a few fellow-creatures, or a few pounds, that the children of the West are to be hermetically sealed in the locomotives? I do not say it is so; but I say it deserves a very serious examination whether it be so or not. Great and heavy is the sin of the directors of this huge monopoly, if they repeat upon their own iron the tragedy of Paris,

in order to increase their dividends a few shillings
cent.

The country has (perhaps inevitably) given wa
this great monopoly. Nothing can make it tolerabl
a moment but the most severe and watchful jealou
the manner in which its powers are exercised.
shall have tyrannical rules, vexatious rules, ill ten
pure folly, and meddling and impertinent pater
It is the absolute duty of Lord Ripon and Mr. Glads
(if the directors prove themselves to be so inadequa
the new situation in which they are placed) to res
and direct them by law; and if these two gentle
are afraid of the responsibility of such laws, they
deficient in the moral courage which their office
quires, and the most important interests of the pu
are neglected.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

SYDNEY SMIT

May 21. 1842.

"LOCKING IN" ON RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

SINCE the letter upon railroads, which you were good enough to insert in your paper, I have had some conversation with two gentlemen officially connected with the Great Western. Though nothing could be more courteous than their manner, nor more intelligible than their arguments, I remain unshaken as to the necessity of keeping the doors open.

There is, in the first place, the effect of imagination, the idea that all escape is impossible, that (let what will happen) you must sit quiet in first class No. 2., whether they are pounding you into a jam, or burning you into a cinder, or crumbling you into a human powder. These excellent directors, versant in wood and metal, seem to require that the imagination should be sent by some other conveyance, and that only loads of unimpassioned, unintellectual flesh and blood should be darted along on the Western rail; whereas, the female *homo* is a screaming, parturient, interjectional, hysterical animal, whose delicacy and timidity, monopolists (even much as it may surprise them) must be taught to consult. The female, in all probability, never would jump out; but she thinks she may jump out when she pleases; and this is intensely comfortable.

There are two sorts of dangers which hang over railroads. The one retail dangers, where individuals only are concerned; the other, wholesale dangers, where the whole train, or a considerable part of it, is put in jeopardy. For the first danger there is a remedy in the prudence of individuals; for the second, there is none. No man need be drunk, nor need he jump out when the carriage is in motion; but in the present state of science it is impossible to guard effectually

against the fracture of the axle-tree, or the exp
of the engine; and if the safety of the one party c
be consulted but by the danger of the other,
foolish cannot be restrained but by the unjust
ceration of the wise, the prior consideration is c
those who have not the remedy for the evil in
own hands.

But the truth is — and so (after a hundred
polising experiments on public patience) the ra
directors will find it — there can be no other deper
for the safety of the public than the care which
human being is inclined to take of his own lif
limbs. Every thing beyond this is the mere la
ranny of monopoly, which makes no distinction be
human beings and brown paper parcels. If riding
a monopoly, as travelling in carriages is now be
there are many gentlemen whom I see riding i
Park upon such false principles, that I am sur
cantering and galloping directors would strap th
the ardour of their affection, to the saddle, p
them to the stirrups, or compel them to ride bel
policeman of the stable; and nothing but a r
from O'Brien, or an order from Gladstone, could r
them.

Let the company stick up all sorts of caution
notices within their carriages and without; but,
that, no doors locked. If one door is allowed
locked, the other will soon be so too; there is no
security to the public than absolute prohibition
practice. The directors and agents of the Great W
are individually excellent men; but the momen
meet in public boards, they cease to be collective
cellent. The fund of morality becomes less, a
individual contributors increase in number. I c
accuse such respectable men of any wilful violat
truth, but the memoirs which they are about to p
will be, without the scrupulous cross-examinatio
committee of the House of Commons, mere waste

But the most absurd of all legislative enactmo
this hemiplegian law — an act of Parliament to p

one side of the body and not the other. If the wheel comes off on the right, the open door is uppermost, and every one is saved. If, from any sudden avalanche on the road, the carriage is prostrated to the left, the locked door is uppermost, all escape is impossible, and the railroad martyrdom begins.

Leave me to escape in the best way I can, as the fire-offices very kindly permit me to do. I know very well the danger of getting out on the off-side; but escape is the affair of a moment; suppose a train to have passed at that moment, I know I am safe from any other trains for twenty minutes or half an hour; and if I do get out on the off-side, I do not remain in the valley of death between the two trains, but am over to the opposite bank in an instant—only half-roasted, or merely browned, certainly not done enough for the Great Western directors.

On Saturday morning last, the wheel of the public carriage, in which a friend of mine was travelling, began to smoke, but was pacified by several buckets of water, and proceeded. After five more miles, the whole carriage was full of smoke, the train was with difficulty stopped, and the flagrant vehicle removed. The axle was nearly in two, and in another mile would have been severed.

Railroad travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the North, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of 100 miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Every thing is near, every thing is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre — whole trains will be hurled

down a precipice, and 200 or 300 persons will be ki on the spot. There will be every now and then a gr combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Pa then all the newspapers up in arms — a thousand re lations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare — l screams of the velocity whistle — monopoly locks bolts, as before.

The locking plea of directors is philanthropy; an admit that to guard men from the commission of m evil is as philanthropical as to prevent physical sufferi There is, I allow, a strong propensity in mankind travel on railroads without paying; and to lock mank in till they have completed their share of the contr is benevolent, because it guards the species from degr ing and immoral conduct, but to burn or crush a wh train merely to prevent a few immoral insides from paying, is I hope a little more than Ripon or Gladst will bear.

We have been, up to this point, very careless of railway regulations. The first person of rank who killed will put every thing in order, and produce a c of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, the burnt bishop — the unwilling Latimer — remem that, however painful gradual concoction by fire m be, his death will produce unspeakable benefit to public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than thing. From that moment the bad effects of the mo poly are destroyed; no more fatal deference to the dir tors; no despotic incarceration, no barbarous inattent to the anatomy and physiology of the human body; commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. shall then find it possible

"Voyager libre sans mourir."

SYDNEY SMITH.

June 7. 1842.

BURNING ALIVE ON RAILROADS.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

HAVING gradually got into this little controversy respecting the burning human beings alive on the railroads, I must beg leave, preparatory to the introduction of the bill, to say a few more words on the subject. If I could have my will in these matters, I would introduce into the bill a clause absolutely prohibitory of all locking doors on railroads; but as that fascinating board, the Board of Trade, does not love this, and as the public may, after some repetitions of roasted humanity, be better prepared for such peremptory legislation, the better method perhaps will be to give to the Board of Trade the power of opening doors (one or both), with the customary penalties against the companies for disobedience of orders, and then the board may use this power as the occasion may require.

To pass a one-legged law, giving power over one door and not the other, would, perhaps, be too absurd for human endurance. If railroad companies were aware of their real and extended interests, they would not harass the public by vexatious regulations, nor, under the plea of humanity (though really for purposes of economy), expose them to serious peril. The country are very angry with themselves for having granted the monopoly, and very angry for the instances of carelessness and oppression which have appeared in the working of the system: the heaviest fines are inflicted by coroner's juries, the heaviest damages are given by common juries. Railroads have daily proofs of their unpopularity. If Parliament get out of temper with these metallic ways, they will visit them with Laws of Iron, and burst upon them with the high pressure of despotism.

The wayfaring men of
wayfaring men of the W
hand in hand against the
pass will combine against
traders in transition. I h
compelling the Board of
to Parliament upon the
causes, and their preventi
nothing of what happens
letters upon the collars of
crecy — nothing can be
any thing happens they
you.

In case of conflagratio
many joints on the spit. I
that soft impediments beh
would prevent the dange
It is not yet understood w
of the train cannot be see
All this may be great no
to know that these points h
they should know that the
watch over their interest
perpetual encroachments,
and the avarice of monopo

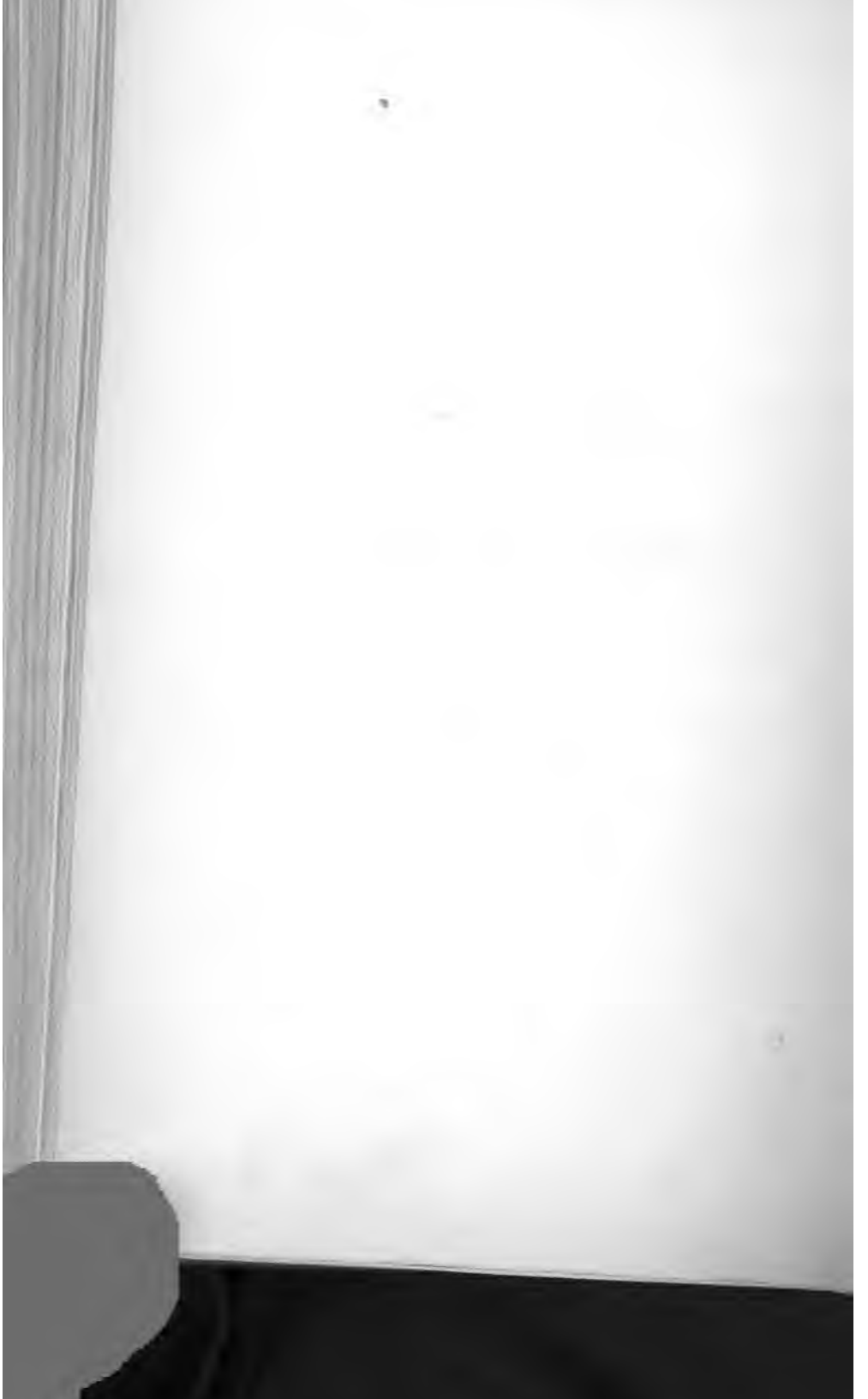
Why do not our dear R
stone see this, and come c
instead of wrapping then
philosophy, and the princi
do they not at once do wh
must be done — and what, a
they will at last be compel

June 18. 1842.

LETTERS, ETC.

ON

AMERICAN DEBTS.



LETTERS, ETC.

ON

AMERICAN DEBTS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION *of the* REV. SYDNEY SMITH *to the* HOUSE OF CONGRESS *at* WASHINGTON.

I PETITION your honourable House to institute some measures for the restoration of American credit, and for the repayment of debts incurred and repudiated by several of the States. Your Petitioner lent to the State of Pennsylvania a sum of money, for the purpose of some public improvement. The amount, though small, is to him important, and is a saving from a life income, made with difficulty and privation. If their refusal to pay (from which a very large number of English families are suffering) had been the result of war, produced by the unjust aggression of powerful enemies; if it had arisen from civil discord; if it had proceeded from an improvident application of means in the first years of self-government; if it were the act of a poor State struggling against the barrenness of nature—every friend of America would have been contented to wait for better times; but the fraud is committed in the profound peace of Pennsylvania, by the richest State in the Union, after the wise investment of the borrowed money in roads and canals, of which the repudiators are every day reaping the advantage. It is an act of bad faith which (all its circumstances considered) has no parallel, and no excuse.

Nor is it only the loss of property which your Peti-

tioner laments; he laments still more that imme
power which the bad faith of America has given
aristocratical opinions, and to the enemies of free in
tutions, in the old world. It is vain any longer to
peal to history, and to point out the wrongs which
many have received from the few. The Americ
who boast to have improved the institutions of the
world, have at least equalled its crimes. A g
nation, after trampling under foot all earthly tyran
has been guilty of a fraud as enormous as ever disgra
the worst king of the most degraded nation of Euro

It is most painful to your Petitioner to see that A
rican citizens excite, wherever they may go, the re
lection that they belong to a dishonest people, who p
themselves on having tricked and pillaged Europe;
this mark is fixed by their faithless legislators on s
of the best and most honourable men in the wo
whom every Englishman has been eager to see
proud to receive.

It is a subject of serious concern to your Petitio
that you are losing all that power which the friend
freedom rejoiced that you possessed, looking upon
as the ark of human happiness, and the most splen
picture of justice and of wisdom that the world had
seen. Little did the friends of America expect it,
sad is the spectacle to see you rejected by every S
in Europe, as a nation with whom no contract can
made, because none will be kept; unstable in the v
foundations of social life, deficient in the elements
good faith, men who prefer any load of infamy howe
great, to any pressure of taxation however light.

Nor is it only this gigantic bankruptcy for so m
degrees of longitude and latitude which your Petitio
deplores, but he is alarmed also by that total wan
shame with which these things have been done;
callous immorality with which Europe has been pl
dered, that deadness of the moral sense which seem
preclude all return to honesty, to perpetuate this
infamy, and to threaten its extension over every S
of the Union.

To any man of real philanthropy, who receives pleasure from the improvements of the world, the repudiation of the public debts of America, and the shameless manner in which it has been talked of and done, is the most melancholy event which has happened during the existence of the present generation. Your Petitioner sincerely prays that the great and good men still existing among you may, by teaching to the United States the deep disgrace they have incurred in the whole world, restore them to moral health, to that high position they have lost, and which, for the happiness of mankind, it is so important they should ever maintain; for the United States are now working out the greatest of all political problems, and upon that confederacy the eyes of thinking men are intensely fixed, to see how far the mass of mankind can be trusted with the management of their own affairs, and the establishment of their own happiness.

May 18. 1843.

LETTER I.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

You did me the favour, some time since, to ins
your valuable journal a petition of mine to the Ame
Congress, for the repayment of a loan made by m
common with many other unwise people, to the
of Pennsylvania. For that petition I have been a
in the grossest manner by many of the American p
After some weeks' reflection, I see no reason to alt
opinions, or to retract my expressions. What I
said was not wild declamation, but measured trut
repeat again, that no conduct was ever more prof
than that of the state of Pennsylvania. History c
pattern it: and let no deluded being imagine that
will ever repay a single farthing—their people
tasted of the dangerous luxury of dishonesty, and
will never be brought back to the homely rule of
The money transactions of the Americans are b
a by-word among the nations of Europe. In
grammar-school of the old world *ad Græcas Calen*
translated—the American dividends.

I am no enemy to America. I loved and ad
honest America when she respected the laws of po
shillings, and pence; and I thought the United
the most magnificent picture of human happine
meddle now in these matters because I hate fraud
cause I pity the misery it has occasioned—beca
mourn over the hatred it has excited against
institutions.

Among the discussions to which the moral lubr
of this insolvent people have given birth, they have
gated to themselves the right of sitting in judg
upon the property of their creditors—of decidin
among them is rich, and who poor, and who are p

objects of compassionate payment; but in the name of Mercury, the great god of thieves, did any man ever hear of debtors alleging the wealth of the lender as a reason for eluding the payment of the loan? Is the Stock Exchange a place for the tables of the money-lenders; or is it a school of moralists, who may amerce the rich, exalt the poor, and correct the inequalities of fortune. Is *Biddle* an instrument in the hand of Providence to exalt the humble, and send the rich empty away? Does American Providence work with such instruments as *Biddle?*

But the only good part of this bad morality is not acted upon. The rich are robbed, but the poor are not paid: they growl against the dividends of Dives, and don't lick the sores of Lazarus. They seize with loud acclamations, on the money bags of Jones Loyd, Rothschild, and Baring, but they do not give back the pittance of the widow, and the bread of the child. Those knaves of the setting sun may call me rich, for I have a twentieth part of the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury; but the curate of the next parish is a wretched soul, bruised by adversity; and the three hundred pounds for his children, which it has taken his life to save, is eaten and drunken by the mean men of Pennsylvania—by men who are always talking of the virtue and honour of the United States—by men who soar above others in what they say, and sink below all nations in what they do—who, after floating on the heaven of declamation, fall down to feed on the offal and garbage of the earth.

Persons who are not in the secret are inclined to consider the abominable conduct of the repudiating States to proceed from exhaustion — "They don't pay because they cannot pay;" whereas, from estimates which have just now reached this country, this is the picture of the finances of the insolvent states. Their debts may be about 200 millions of dollars; at an interest of 6 per cent., this makes an annual charge of 12 millions of dollars, which is little more than 1 per cent. of their income in 1840, and may be presumed to be less than 1 per cent. of their present income; but if they were all to provide

funds for the punctual payment of interest, the c
could readily be converted into a 4 or 5 per cent. st
and the excess, converted into a sinking fund, would
charge the debt in less than thirty years. The deb
Pennsylvania, estimated at 40 millions of dollars, be
at 5 per cent., an annual interest of 2 millions. The
come of this State was, in 1840, 131 millions of dollars,
is probably at this time not less than 150 millions: a
revenue of only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would produce the
millions required. So that the price of national chara
in Pennsylvania is $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the net income;
if this market price of morals were established her
gentleman of a thousand a year would deliberately
publicly submit to infamy for 15*l.* per annum; ar
poor man, who by laborious industry had saved
hundred a year, would incur general disgrace and
probrium for thirty shillings by the year. There re
should be lunatic asylums for nations as well as fo
dividuals.

But they begin to feel all this: their tone is chang
they talk with bated breath and whispering apology,
allay with some cold drops of modesty their skip
spirit. They strutted into this miserable history,
begin to think of sneaking out.

And then the subdolous press of America cont
that the English under similar circumstances would
with their own debt in the same manner; but there
many English constituencies where are thousands
worth a shilling, and no such idea has been broa
among them, nor has any petition to such effect
presented to the legislature. But what if they did
in such a manner, would it be a conduct less wicked
that of the Americans? Is there not one immutable
of justice—is it not written in the book? Does it
beat in the heart?—are the great guide-marks of
to be concealed by such nonsense as this? I deny
fact on which the reasoning is founded; and if the
were true, the reasoning would be false.

I never meet a Pennsylvanian at a London di
without feeling a disposition to seize and divide him

to allot his beaver to one sufferer and his coat to another—to appropriate his pocket-handkerchief to the orphan, and to comfort the widow with his silver watch, Broadway rings, and the London Guide, which he always carries in his pockets. How such a man can set himself down at an English table without feeling that he owes two or three pounds to every man in company I am at a loss to conceive: he has no more right to eat with honest men than a leper has to eat with clean men. If he have a particle of honour in his composition he should shut himself up, and say, "I cannot mingle with you, I belong to a degraded people—I must hide myself —I am a plunderer from Pennsylvania."

Figure to yourself a Pennsylvanian receiving foreigners in his own country, walking over the public works with them, and showing them Larcenous Lake, Swindling Swamp, Crafty Canal, and Rogues' Railway, and other dishonest works. "This swamp we gained (says the patriotic borrower) by the repudiated loan of 1828. Our canal robbery was in 1830; we pocketed your good people's money for the railroad only last year." All this may seem very smart to the Americans; but if I had the misfortune to be born among such a people, the land of my fathers should not retain me a single moment after the act of repudiation. I would appeal from my fathers to my forefathers. I would fly to Newgate for greater purity of thought, and seek in the prisons of England for better rules of life.

This new and vain people can never forgive us for having preceded them 300 years in civilisation. They are prepared to enter into the most bloody wars in England, not on account of Oregon, or boundaries, or right of search, but because our clothes and carriages are better made, and because Bond Street beats Broadway. Wise Webster does all he can to convince the people that these are not lawful causes of war; but wars, and long wars, they will one day or another produce; and this, perhaps, is the only advantage of repudiation. The Americans cannot gratify their avarice and ambition at once; they cannot cheat and conquer at the

same time. The warlike pow
pends on their Three per Cents.
appear upon earth, Wettenhall's
portant than his Commentaries;
and shut the temple of Janus
Bates, would probably commanc
the soldiers would march to b
Scrip and Omnium reduced, Con
the Americans have cut themsel
of credit. Having been as dis
they are prevented from being a
be. In the whole habitable glol
guinea, and they cannot draw
have not money to buy it.

If I were an American of an
would never rest till I had con
be as honest as myself. The
brings disgrace on all; just as c
because vipers are dangerous.
that by that breed of men I
ruined, and I shudder and kee
credit of every State is affected
pays; but with such a bold bank
how long will Ohio pay? The
all capitalists are averted from
finest commercial understandin
do with them. Men rigidly ju
into the dealings of nations, an
virtue for honourable wealth—
merchants—will loathe, and are
of America: it is becoming, sir
sewer of Europe, and the nativ
lain.

And now, drab-coloured men
is yet a moment left: the eye
chored upon you —

"Surrexit mundus ju

start up from that trance of di
are plunged; don't think of the

your life, but of that sin which has hurled you from the heaven of character, which hangs over you like a devouring pestilence, and makes good men sad, and ruffians dance and sing. It is not for Gin Sling and Sherry Cobler alone that man is to live, but for those great principles against which no argument can be listened to — principles which give to every power a double power above their functions and their offices, which are the books, the arts, the academies that teach, lift up, and nourish the world — principles (I am quite serious in what I say) above cash, superior to cotton, higher than currency, — principles, without which it is better to die than to live, which every servant of God, over every sea and in all lands, should cherish — *usque ad abdita spiramenta animæ.*

Yours, &c.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Nov. 3. 1843.

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

HAVING been unwell for some days past, I h
had no opportunity of paying my respects to Gen
Duff Green, who, (whatever be his other merits,)
certainly not shown himself a Washington in defe
of his country. The General demands, with a beaut
simplicity, "*Whence this morbid hatred of Americ*
But this question, all-affecting as it is, is stolen fi
Pilpay's fables:—"A fox," says Pilpay, "caught
the leg in a trap near the farm-yard, uttered the m
piercing cries of distress: forthwith all the birds of
yard gathered round him, and seemed to delight in
misfortune; hens chuckled, geese hissed, ducks quacl
and chanticleer with shrill cockadoodles rent the
'Whence,' said the fox, limping forward with infi
gravity, 'whence this morbid hatred of the fox? W
have I done? Whom have I injured? I am o
whelmed with astonishment at these symptoms
aversion.' 'Oh, you old villain,' the poultry exclaim
'Where are our ducklings? Where are our goslin
Did not I see you running away yesterday with
mother in your mouth? Did you not eat up all
relations last week? You ought to die the worst
deaths—to be pecked into a thousand pieces.'" N
hence, General Green, comes the morbid hatred
America, as you term it—because her conduct has b
predatory—because she has ruined so many help
children, so many miserable women, so many aged m
—because she has disturbed the order of the wo
and rifled those sacred treasures which human vir
had hoarded for human misery. Why is such hat
morbid? Why, is it not just, inevitable, innate? W

is it not disgraceful to want it? Why, is it not honourable to feel it?

Hate America!!! I have loved and honoured America all my life; and in the *Edinburgh Review*, and at all opportunities which my trumpery sphere of action has afforded, I have never ceased to praise and defend the United States; and to every American to whom I have had the good fortune to be introduced, I have proffered all the hospitality in my power. But I cannot shut my eyes to enormous dishonesty; nor, remembering their former state, can I restrain myself from calling on them (though I copy Satan) to spring up from the gulf of infamy in which they are rolling,—

"Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen."

I am astonished that the honest States of America do not draw a *cordon sanitaire* round their unpaying brethren—that the truly mercantile New Yorkers, and the thoroughly honest people of Massachusetts, do not in their European visits wear an uniform with "S.S., or Solvent States," worked in gold letters upon the coat, and receipts in full of all demands tamboured on their waistcoats, and "our own property" figured on their pantaloons.

But the General seems shocked that I should say the Americans cannot go to war without money: but what do I mean by war? Not irruptions into Canada —not the embodying of militia in Oregon; but a long, tedious, maritime war of four or five years' duration. Is any man so foolish as to suppose that Rothschild has nothing to do with such wars as these? and that a bankrupt State, without the power of borrowing a shilling in the world, may not be crippled in such a contest? We all know that the Americans can fight. Nobody doubts their courage. I see now in my mind's eye a whole army on the plains of Pennsylvania in battle array, immense corps of insolvent light infantry, regiments of heavy horse debtors, battalions of repudiators, brigades of bankrupts, with *Vivre sans payer, ou mourir*, on their banners, and *ære alieno* on their

trumpets: all these desperate debtors would fight to the death for their country, and probably drive into the sea their invading creditors. Of their courage, I repeat again, I have no doubt. I wish I had the same confidence in their wisdom. But I believe they will become intoxicated by the flattery of unprincipled orators; and, instead of entering with us into a noble competition in making calico (the great object for which the Anglo-Saxon race appears to have been created), they will waste their happiness and their money (if they can get any) in years of silly, bloody, foolish, and accursed war, to prove to the world that Perkins is a real fine gentleman, and that the carronades of the Washington steamer will carry further than those of the Britisher Victoria, or the Robert Peel vessel of war.

I am accused of applying the epithet repudiation to States which have not repudiated. Perhaps so; but then these latter states have not paid. But what is the difference between a man who says, "I don't owe you any thing, and will not pay you," and another who says, "I do owe you a sum," and who, having admitted the debt, never pays it? There seems in the first to be some slight colour of right; but the second is broad, blazing, refulgent, meridian fraud.

It may be very true that rich and educated men in Pennsylvania wish to pay the debt, and that the real objectors are the Dutch and German agriculturists, who cannot be made to understand the effect of character upon clover. All this may be very true, but it is a domestic quarrel. Their churchwardens of reputation must make a private rate of infamy for themselves —we have nothing to do with this rate. The real quarrel is the Unpaid World *versus* the State of Pennsylvania.

And now, dear Jonathan, let me beg of you to follow the advice of a real friend, who will say to you what Wat Tyler had not the virtue to say, and what all speakers in the eleven recent Pennsylvanian elections have cautiously abstained from saying, — "Make a great effort; book up at once, and pay." You have no

conception of the obloquy and contempt to which you are exposing yourselves all over Europe. Bull is naturally disposed to love you, but he loves nobody who does not pay him. His imaginary paradise is some planet of punctual payment, where ready money prevails, and where debt and discount are unknown. As for me, as soon as I hear that the last farthing is paid to the last creditor, I will appear on my knees at the bar of the Pennsylvanian Senate in the plume-opicean robe of American controversy. Each Conscript Jonathan shall trickle over me a few drops of tar, and help to decorate me with those penal plumes in which the vanquished reasoner of the transatlantic world does homage to the physical superiority of his opponents. And now, having eased my soul of its indignation, and sold my stock at 40 per cent. discount, I sulkily retire from the subject, with a fixed intention of lending no more money to free and enlightened republics, but of employing my money henceforth in buying up Abyssinian bonds, and purchasing into the Turkish Fours, or the Tunis Three-and-a-half per Cent. funds.

SYDNEY SMITH.

November 22. 1843.

MODERN CHANGES.

"The good of ancient times let others state,
I think it lucky I was born so late."

MR. EDITOR,

IT is of some importance at what period a man is born. A young man, alive at this period, hardly knows to what improvements of human life he has been introduced; and I would bring before his notice the following eighteen changes which have taken place in England since I first began to breathe in it the breath of life—a period amounting now to nearly seventy-three years.

Gas was unknown: I groped about the streets of London in all but the utter darkness of a twinkling oil lamp, under the protection of watchmen in their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of depredation and insult.

I have been nine hours in sailing from Dover to Calais before the invention of steam. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath, before the invention of railroads, and I now go in six hours from Taunton to London! In going from Taunton to Bath, I suffered between 10,000 and 12,000 severe contusions, before stone-breaking Macadam was born.

I paid 15*l.* in a single year for repairs of carriage-springs on the pavement of London; and I now glide without noise or fracture, on wooden pavements.

I can walk, by the assistance of the police, from one end of London to the other, without molestation; or, if tired, get into a cheap and active cab, instead of those cottages on wheels, which the hackney coaches were at the beginning of my life.

I had no umbrella! They were little used, and very dear. There were no waterproof hats, and *my* hat has often been reduced by rains into its primitive pulp.

I could not keep my smallclothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown. If I had the gout, there was no colchicum. If I was bilious, there was no calomel. If I was attacked by ague, there was no quinine. There were filthy coffee houses instead of elegant clubs. Game could not be bought. Quarrels about uncommuted tithes were endless. The corruption of Parliament, before Reform, infamous. There were no banks to receive the savings of the poor. The Poor Laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country; and whatever miseries I suffered, I had no post to whisk my complaints for a single penny to the remotest corners of the empire; and yet, in spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries ago.

Z.

I forgot to add, that as the basket of stage coaches, in which luggage was then carried, had no springs, your clothes were rubbed all to pieces; and that even in the best society one third of the gentlemen at least were always drunk.

A FRAGMENT

ON

THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

PREFACE.

THE following unrevised fragment, found among the papers of the late Rev. Sydney Smith, if it serve no other purpose, will at least prove that his *last*, as well as his earliest efforts, were exerted for the promotion of religious freedom, and may satisfy those who have objected to his later writings, because his own interest appeared to be bound up with his opinions, that he did not hesitate to the last moment of his life, boldly to advocate what he considered to be justice to others.

April, 1845.

Private Memoranda of Subjects intended to have been introduced in the Pamphlet, &c.

Debates in the House of Commons in 1825, on the motion of Lord F. Egerton, for the support of the Roman Catholic clergy. Printed separately, I believe, in Ireland.

Evidence before the House of Commons in 1824 and 1825, including Doyle's.

A Speech of Charles Grant's in 1819, on a motion of James Daly to enforce the Insurrection Act.

Debates on Maynooth, in February last (1844).

Hard case of the priest's first year.

Provision offered by Pitt and Castlereagh, and accepted by the hierarchy.

*Send ambassadors to Constantinople, and refuse to send them to Rome.

England should cast off its connexion with the Irish Church.

Lord F. Egerton's plan for paying the Roman Catholic clergy in 1825. The prelates agreed to take the money.

*Old mode of governing by Protestants at an end.

*Vast improvements since the Union, and fully specified in Martin, page 35.

*Priests dare not thwart the people for fear of losing money.

*Dreadful oppression of the people.

*Bishops dare not enforce their rules. They must have money.

* These subjects are treated of in the Fragment.

A FRAGMENT

ON

THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE revenue of the Irish Roman Catholic Church is made up of half-pence, potatoes, rags, bones, and fragments of old clothes; and those, Irish old clothes. They worship often in hovels, or in the open air, from the *want* of any place of worship. Their religion is the religion of three-fourths of the population! Not far off, in a well-windowed and well-roofed house, is a well-paid Protestant clergyman, preaching to stools and hassocks, and crying in the wilderness; near him the clerk, near him the sexton, near him the sexton's wife — furious against the errors of Popery, and willing to lay down their lives for the great truths established at the Diet of Augsburg.

There is a story in the Leinster family which passes under the name of

"*She is not well.*"

A Protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighbourhood, was a guest at the house of that upright and excellent man the Duke of Leinster. He had been staying there three or four days; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the Duke said, "We shall meet to-morrow at breakfast." — "Not so (said our Milesian Protestant); your hour, my lord, is a little too late for me; I am very particular in the

discharge of my duty, and your breakfast will interfere with my church." The Duke was pleased with the very proper excuses of his guest, and they separated for the night; — his Grace perhaps deeming his palace more safe from all the evils of life for containing in its bosom such an exemplary son of the Church. The first person, however, whom the Duke saw in the morning upon entering the breakfast-room was our punctual Protestant, deep in rolls and butter, his finger in an egg, and a large slice of the best Tipperary ham secured on his plate. "Delighted to see you, my dear vicar," said the Duke, "but I must say as much surprised as delighted." — "Oh, don't you know what has happened?" said the sacred breakfaster, — "*She is not well.*" — "Who is not well?" said the Duke: "you are not married — you have no sister living — I'm quite uneasy; tell me who is not well." — "Why the fact is, my lord Duke, that my congregation consists of the clerk, the sexton, and the sexton's wife. Now the sexton's wife is in very delicate health: when she cannot attend, we cannot muster the number mentioned in the rubric; and we have, therefore, no service on that day. The good woman had a cold and sore throat this morning, and, as I had breakfasted but slightly, I thought I might as well hurry back to the regular family dejeuner." I don't know that the clergyman behaved improperly; but such a church is hardly worth an insurrection and civil war every ten years.

Sir Robert did well in fighting it out with O'Connell. He was too late; but when he began he did it boldly and sensibly, and I, for one, am heartily glad O'Connell has been found guilty and imprisoned. He was either in earnest about Repeal, or he was not. If he *were* in earnest, I entirely agree with Lord Grey and Lord Spencer, that civil war is preferable to Repeal. Much as I hate wounds, dangers, privations, and explosions — much as I love regular hours of dinner — foolish as I think men covered with the feathers of the male *Pullus domesticus*, and covered with lace in the course of the ischiatic nerve — much as I detest all these follies and

ferocities, I would rather turn soldier myself than acquiesce quietly in such a separation of the Empire.

It is *such* a piece of nonsense, that no man can have any reverence for himself who would stop to discuss such a question. It is such a piece of anti-British villany, that none but the bitterest enemy of our blood and people could entertain such a project! It is to be met only with round and grape—to be answered by Shrapnel and Congreve; to be discussed in hollow squares, and refuted by battalions four deep; to be put down by the *ultima ratio* of that armed Aristotle the Duke of Wellington.

O'Connell is released; and released I have no doubt by the conscientious decision of the Law Lords. If he were unjustly (even from some technical defect) imprisoned, I rejoice in his liberation. England is, I believe, the *only* country in the world, where such an event *could* have happened, and a wise Irishman (if there be a wise Irishman) should be slow in separating from a country whose spirit can produce, and whose institutions can admit, of such a result. Of his guilt no one doubts, but guilty men must be hung technically and according to established rules; upon a statutable gibbet, with parliament rope, and a legal hangman, sheriff, and chaplain on the scaffold, and the mob in the foreground.

But, after all, I have no desire my dear Daniel should come to any harm, for I believe there is a great deal of virtue and excellent meaning in him, and I must now beg a few minutes' conversation with him. "After all, my dear Daniel, what is it you want?—a separation of the two countries?—for what purpose?—for your own aggrandisement?—for the gratification of your personal vanity? You don't know yourself; you are much too honourable and moral a man, and too clear-sighted a person for such a business as this: the empire will be twisted out of your hands by a set of cut-throat villains, and you will die secretly by a poisoned potato, or be pistoled in the streets. You have too much sense and taste and openness to endure for a session the stupid and audacious wickedness and nonsense of your asso-

ciates. If you want fame, you must be insatiable! Who is so much known in all Europe, or so much admired by honest men for the *real* good you had done to your country, before this insane cry of Repeal? And don't imagine you can intimidate this Government; whatever be their faults or merits, you may take my word for it, you will *not* intimidate them. They will prosecute you again, and put down your Clontarf meetings, and they will be quite right in doing so. They *may* make concessions, and I think they will; but they would fall into utter contempt if they allowed themselves to be terrified into a dissolution of the Union. They know full well that the English nation are unanimous and resolute upon this point, and that they would prefer war to a Repeal. And now, dear Daniel, sit down quietly at Derrynane, and tell me, when the bodily frame is refreshed with the wine of Bordeaux, whether all this be worth while. What is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, the Isle of the Ocean; the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh!* A far better anthem would be Erin go bread and cheese, Erin go cabins that will keep out the rain, Erin go pantaloons without holes in them! What folly to be making eternal declamations about governing yourselves! If laws are good and well administered, is it worth while to rush into war and rebellion in order that no better laws may be made in another place? Are you an Eton boy, who has just come out, full of Plutarch's Lives, and considering in every case how Epaminondas or Philopœmen would have acted, or are you our own dear Daniel, drilled in all the business and bustle of life? I am with you heart and soul in my detestation of all injustice done to Ireland. Your priests shall be fed and paid, the liberties of your Church be scrupulously guarded, and in civil affairs the most even justice be preserved between Catholic and Protestant. Thus far I am a thorough rebel as well as yourself; but when you come to

the perilous nonsense of *Repeal*, in common with every honest man who has five grains of common sense, I take my leave."

It is entertaining enough, that although the Irish are beginning to be so clamorous about making their own laws, the wisest and the best statutes in the books have been made since their union with England. All Catholic disabilities have been abolished; a good police has been established all over the kingdom; public courts of petty sessions have been instituted; free trade between Great Britain and Ireland has been completely carried into effect; lord lieutenants are placed in every county; church rates are taken off Catholic shoulders; the County Grand Jury Rooms are flung open to the public; county surveyors are of great service; a noble provision is made for educating the people. I never saw a man who had returned to Ireland after four or five years' absence, who did not say how much it had improved, and how fast it was improving: and this is the country which is to be Erin-go-bragh'd by this shallow, vain, and irritable people into blooshed and rebellion!

The first thing to be done is to pay the priests, and after a little time they will take the money. One man wants to repair his cottage; another wants a buggy; a third cannot shut his eyes to the dilapidations of a cassock. The draft is payable at sight in Dublin, or by agents in the next market town dependent upon the Commission in Dublin. The housekeeper of the holy man is importunate for money, and if it be not procured by drawing for the salary, it must be extorted by curses and comminations from the ragged worshippers, slowly, sorrowfully, and sadly. There will be some opposition at first, but the facility of getting the salary without the violence they are now forced to use, and the difficulties to which they are exposed in procuring the payment of those emoluments to which they are fairly entitled, will, in the end, overcome all obstacles. And if it do not succeed, what harm is done by the attempt? It evinces on the part of this country the strongest disposition to do what is just, and to apply the best remedy to the

greatest evil; but the very attempt would do good, and would be felt in the great Catholic insurrection, come when it will. All rebellions and disaffections are general and terrible in proportion as one party has suffered, and the other inflicted;—any great measure of conciliation, proposed in the spirit of kindness, is remembered, and renders war less terrible, and opens avenues to peace.

The Roman Catholic priest could not refuse to draw his salary from the State without incurring the indignation of his flock. "Why are you to come upon us for all this money, when you can ride over to Sligo or Belfast, and draw a draft upon Government for the amount?" It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to this, to a shrewd man who is starving to death.

Of course, in talking of a government payment to the Catholic priest, I mean it should be done with the utmost fairness and good faith; no attempt to gain patronage, or to make use of the Pope as a stalking-horse for playing tricks. Leave the patronage exactly as you find it; and take the greatest possible care that the Catholic clergy have no reason to suspect you in this particular; do it like gentlemen, without shuffling and prevarication, or leave it alone altogether.

The most important step in improvement which mankind ever made was the secession from the see of Rome, and the establishment of the Protestant religion; but though I have the sincerest admiration of the Protestant faith, I have no admiration of Protestant hassocks on which there are no knees, nor of seats on which there is no superincumbent Protestant pressure, nor of whole acres of tenantless Protestant pews, in which no human being of the 500 sects of Christians is ever seen. I have no passion for sacred emptiness, or pious vacuity. The emoluments of those livings in which there are few or no Protestants ought, after the death of the present incumbents, to be appropriated in part to the uses of the predominant religion, or some arrangements made for superseding such utterly useless ministers immediately, securing to them the emoluments they possess.

Can any honest man say, that in parishes (as is the

case frequently in Ireland) containing 3000 or 4000 Catholics and 40 or 50 Protestants, there is the smallest chance of the majority being converted? Are not the Catholics (except in the North of Ireland, where the great mass are Presbyterians) gaining every where on the Protestants? The tithes were originally possessed by the Catholic Church of Ireland. Not one shilling of them is now devoted to that purpose. An immense majority of the common people are Catholics; they see a church richly supported by the spoils of their own church establishments, in whose tenets not one tenth part of the people believe. Is it possible to believe this can endure?—that a light, irritable, priest-ridden people will not, under such circumstances, always remain at the very eve of rebellion, always ready to explode when the finger of Daniel touches the hair trigger?—for Daniel, be it said, though he hates shedding blood in small quantities, has no objection to provoking kindred nations to war. He very properly objects to killing or being killed by Lord Alvanley; but would urge on ten thousand Pats in civil combat against ten thousand Bulls. His objections are to small homicides; and his vow that he has registered in Heaven is only against retail destruction, and murder by piecemeal. He does not like to teaze Satan by driblets; but to earn eternal torments by persuading eight million Irish and twelve million Britons no longer to buy and sell oats and salt meat, but to butcher each other in God's name to extermination. And what if Daniel dies,—of what use his death? Does Daniel make the occasion, or does the occasion make Daniel?—Daniels are made by the bigotry and insolence of England to Ireland; and till the monstrous abuses of the Protestant Church in that country are rectified, there will always *be* Daniels, and they will always come out of their dens more powerful and more popular than when you cast them in.

I do not mean by this, unjustly and cowardly to run down O'Connell. He has been of eminent service to his country in the question of Catholic Emancipation, and I am by no means satisfied that with the gratification of

vanity there are not mingled genuine feelings of patriotism, and a deep sense of the injustice done to his country. His first success, however, flung him off his guard; and perhaps he trusted too much in the timidity of the present Government, who are by no means composed of irresolute or weak men.

If I thought Ireland quite safe, I should still object to injustice. I could never endure in silence that the Catholic Church of Ireland should be left in its present state; but I am afraid France and England can now afford to fight: and having saved a little money, they will, of course, spend it in fighting. That puppy of the waves, young Joinville, will steam over in a high-pressure fleet! — and then comes an immense twenty per cent. income-tax war, an universal insurrection in Ireland, and a crisis of misery and distress, in which life will hardly be worth having. The struggle *may* end in our favour, but it may *not;* and the object of political wisdom is to avoid these struggles. I want to see jolly Roman Catholic priests secure of their income, without any motive for sedition or turbulence. I want to see Patricks at the loom; cotton and silk factories springing up in the bogs; Ireland a rich, happy, quiet country! — scribbling, carding, cleaning, and making calico, as if mankind had only a few days more allotted to them for making clothes, and were ever after to remain stark naked.

Remember that between your impending and your passed wars with Ireland, there is this remarkable difference. You have given up your Protestant auxiliaries; the Protestants enjoyed in former disputes all the patronage of Ireland; they fought not only from religious hatred, but to preserve their monopoly; — that monopoly is gone; you have been candid and just for thirty years, and have lost those friends whose swords were always ready to defend the partiality of the Government, and to stifle the cry of justice. The next war will not be between Catholic and Protestant, but between Ireland and England.

I have some belief in Sir Robert. He is a man of

great understanding, and *must* see that this eternal O'Connelling will never do,—that it is impossible it can last. We are in a transition state, and the Tories may be assured that the Baronet will not go too fast. If Peel tells them that the thing must be done, they may be sure it is high time to do it;—they may retreat mournfully and sullenly before common justice and common sense, but retreat they *must* when Tamworth gives the word,—and in quick-step too, and without loss of time.

And let me beg of my dear Ultras not to imagine that they survive for a single instant without Sir Robert —that they could form an Ultra-tory Administration. Is there a Chartist in Great Britain who would not, upon the first intimation of such an attempt, order a new suit of clothes, and call upon the baker and milkman for an extended credit? Is there a political reasoner who would not come out of his hole with a new constitution? Is there one ravenous rogue who would not be looking for his prey? Is there one honest man of common sense who does not see that universal disaffection and civil war would follow from the blind fury, the childish prejudices, and the deep ignorance of such a sect? I have a high opinion of Sir Robert Peel, but he must summon up all his political courage, and do something next session for the payment of the Roman Catholic priests. He must run some risk of shocking public opinion; no greater risk, however, than he did in Catholic Emancipation. I am sure the Whigs would be true to him, and I think I observe that very many obtuse country gentlemen are alarmed by the state of Ireland and the hostility of France and America.

Give what you please to the Catholic priests, habits are not broken in a day. There must be time as well as justice, but in the end these things have their effect. A buggy, a house, some fields near it, a decent income paid quarterly; in the long run these are the cures of sedition and disaffection; men don't quit the common business of life and join bitter political parties unless they have something justly to complain of.

But where is the money—about 400,000*l.* per annum

—to come from? Out of the pockets of that best of men, Mr. Thomas Grenville, out of the pockets of the Bishops, of Sir Robert Inglis, and all other men who pay all other taxes; and never will public money be so well and wisely employed!

It turns out that there is no law to prevent entering into diplomatic engagements with the Pope. The sooner we become acquainted with a gentleman who has so much to say to eight millions of our subjects the better! Can anything be so childish and absurd as a horror of communicating with the Pope, and all the hobgoblins we have imagined of premunires and outlawries for this contraband trade in piety? Our ancestors (strange to say wiser than ourselves) have left us to do as we please, and the sooner Government do, what they *can* do legally, the better. A thousand opportunities of doing good in Irish affairs have been lost, from our having no avowed and dignified agent at the Court of Rome. If it depended upon me, I would send the Duke of Devonshire there to-morrow, with nine chaplains and several tons of Protestant theology. I have no love of popery, but the Pope is at all events better than the idol of Juggernaut, whose chaplains I believe we pay, and whose chariot I dare say is made in Long Acre. We pay 10,000*l.* a year to our ambassador at Constantinople, and are startled with the idea of communicating diplomatically with Rome, deeming the Sultan a better Christian than the Pope!

The mode of exacting clerical dues in Ireland is quite arbitrary and capricious. Uniformity is out of the question; every thing depends on the disposition and temper of the clergyman. There are salutary regulations put forth in each diocese respecting church dues and church discipline, and put forth by episcopal and synodical authority. Specific sums are laid down for mass, marriage, and the administration of the Eucharist. These authorised payments are moderate enough; but every priest, in spite of these rules, makes the most he can of his ministry, and the strangest discrepancy prevails, even in the same diocese, in the demands made

upon the people. The priest and his flock are continually coming into collision on pecuniary matters. Twice a year the holy man collects confession money, under the denomination of Christmas and Easter offerings. He selects in every neighbourhood one or two houses, in which he holds stations of confession. Very disagreeable scenes take place when additional money is demanded, or when additional time for payment is craved. The first thing done when there is a question of marrying a couple is, to make a *bargain* about the marriage money. The wary minister watches the palpitations, puts on a shilling for every sigh, and two-pence on every tear, and maddens the impetuosity of the young lovers up to a pound sterling. The remuneration prescribed by the diocesan statutes is never thought of for a moment; the priest makes as hard a bargain as he can, and the bed the poor peasants are to lie upon is sold, to make their concubinage lawful;—but every one present at the marriage is to contribute;—the minister, after begging and entreating some time to little purpose, gets into a violent rage, abuses and is abused;—and in this way is celebrated one of the sacraments of the Catholic Church!—The same scenes of altercation and abuse take place when gossip-money is refused at baptisms; but the most painful scenes take place at extreme unction, a ceremony to which the common people in Ireland attach the utmost importance. "Pay me beforehand—this is not enough—I insist upon more, I know you can afford it, I insist upon a larger fee!"—and all this before the dying man, who feels he has not an hour to live! and believes that salvation depends upon the timely application of this sacred grease.

Other bad consequences arise out of the present system of Irish Church support. Many of the clergy are constantly endeavouring to overreach and undermine one another. Every man looks to his own private emolument, regardless of all covenants, expressed or implied. The curate does not make a fair return to the parish priest, nor the parish priest to the curate. There is an universal scramble;—every one gets what he can, and

seems to think he would be almost justified in appropriating the whole to himself. And how can all this be otherwise? How are the poor wretched clergy to live but by setting a high price on their theological labours, and using every incentive of fear and superstition to extort from six millions of beggars the little payments wanted for the bodies of the poor, and the support of life! I maintain that it is shocking and wicked to leave the religious guides of six millions of people in such a state of destitution! — to bestow no more thought upon them than upon the clergy of the Sandwich Islands! If I were a member of the Cabinet, and met my colleagues once a week to eat birds and beasts, and to talk over the state of the world, I should begin upon Ireland before the soup was finished, go on through fish, turkey, and saddle of mutton, and never end till the last thimbleful of claret had passed down the throat of the incredulous Haddington: but there they sit, week after week; there they come, week after week; the Piccadilly Mars, the Scotch Neptune, Themis Lyndhurst, the Tamworth Baronet, dear Goody, and dearer Gladdy, and think no more of paying the Catholic clergy, than a man of real fashion does of paying his tailor! And there is no excuse for this in fanaticism. There is only one man in the Cabinet who objects from reasons purely fanatical, because the Pope is the Scarlet Lady, or the Seventh Vial, or the Little Horn. All the rest are entirely of opinion that it *ought* to be done — that it is the one thing needful; but they are afraid of bishops, and county meetings, newspapers, and pamphlets, and reviews; all fair enough objects of apprehension, but they must be met, and encountered, and put down. It is impossible that the subject can be much longer avoided, and that every year is to produce a deadly struggle with the people, and a long trial in time of peace with O' somebody, the patriot for the time being, or the general, perhaps, in time of a foreign war.

If I were a Bishop, living beautifully in a state of serene plenitude, I don't think I could endure the thought

of so many honest, pious, and laborious clergymen of another faith, placed in such disgraceful circumstances! I could not get into my carriage with jelly-springs, or see my two courses every day, without remembering the buggy and the bacon of some poor old Catholic Bishop, ten times as laborious, and with much more, perhaps, of theological learning than myself, often distressed for a few pounds! and burthened with duties utterly disproportioned to his age and strength. I think, if the extreme comfort of my own condition did not extinguish all feeling for others, I should sharply commiserate such a Church, and attempt with ardour and perseverance to apply the proper remedy. Now let us bring names and well-known scenes before the English reader, to give him a clearer notion of what passes in Catholic Ireland. The living of St. George's, Hanover Square, is a benefice of about 1500*l.* per annum, and a good house. It is in the possession of Dr. Hodgson, who is also Dean of Carlisle, worth, I believe, about 1500*l.* more. A more comfortable existence can hardly be conceived. Dr. Hodgson is a very worthy, amiable man, and I am very glad he is as rich as he is: but suppose he had no revenues but what he got off his own bat, — suppose that instead of tumbling through the skylight, as his income now does, it was procured by Catholic methods. The Doctor tells Mr. Thompson he will not marry him to Miss Simpson under 30*l.*; Thompson demurs, and endeavours to beat him down. The Doctor sees Miss Simpson; finds her very pretty; thinks Thompson hasty, and after a long and undignified negotiation, the Doctor gets his fee. Soon after this he receives a message from Place, the tailor, to come and anoint him with extreme unction. He repairs to the bed-side, and tells Mr. Place that he will not touch him under a suit of clothes, equal to 10*l.*: the family resist, the altercation goes on before the perishing artisan, the price is reduced to 8*l.*, and Mr. Place is oiled. On the ensuing Sunday the child of Lord B. is to be christened: the godfathers and godmothers will only give a sovereign each: the Doctor refuses to do it for the money, and the

church is a scene of clamour and confusion. These are the scenes which, under similar circumstances, *would* take place here, for the congregation want the comforts of religion without fees, and will cheat the clergyman if they can; and the clergyman who means to live, must meet all these artifices with stern resistance. And this is the wretched state of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy! — a miserable blot and stain on the English nation! What a blessing to this country would a real Bishop be! A man who thought it the first duty of Christianity to allay the bad passions of mankind, and to reconcile contending sects with each other. What peace and happiness such a man as the Bishop of London might have conferred on the Empire, if, instead of changing black dresses for white dresses, and administering to the frivolous disputes of foolish zealots, he had laboured to abate the hatred of Protestants for the Roman Catholics, and had dedicated his powerful understanding to promote religious peace in the two countries! Scarcely any Bishop is sufficiently a man of the world to deal with fanatics. The way is not to reason with them, but to ask them to dinner. They are armed against logic and remonstrance, but they are puzzled in a labyrinth of wines, disarmed by facilities and concessions, and, introduced to a new world, come away thinking more of hot and cold, and dry and sweet, than of Newman, Keble, and Pusey. So mouldered away Hannibal's army at Capua! So the primitive and perpendicular prig of Puseyism is softened into practical wisdom, and coaxed into common sense! Providence gives us Generals, and Admirals, and Chancellors of the Exchequer; but I never remember in my time a real Bishop, — a grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterperfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence; in Parliament never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the Government when *it* was right, leaning to the People when *they* were right; feeling that if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but

rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits upon mankind.

We consider the Irish clergy as factious, and as encouraging the bad anti-British spirit of the people. How can it be otherwise? They live by the people; they have nothing to live upon but the voluntary oblations of the people; and they must fall into the same spirit as the people, or they would be starved to death. No marriage; no mortuary masses; no unctions to the priest who preached against O'Connell!

Give the clergy a maintenance separate from the will of the people, and you will then enable them to oppose the folly and madness of the people. The objection to the State provision does not really come from the clergy, but from the agitators and repealers: these men see the immense advantage of carrying the clergy with them in their agitation, and of giving the sanction of religion to political hatred; they know that the clergy, moving in the same direction with the people, have an immense influence over them; and they are very wisely afraid, not only of losing this co-operating power, but of seeing it, by a state provision, arrayed against them. I am fully convinced that a state payment to the Catholic clergy, by leaving to that laborious and useful body of men the exercise of their free judgment, would be the severest blow that Irish agitation could receive.

For advancing these opinions, I have no doubt I shall be assailed by Sacerdos, Vindex, Latimer, Vates, Clericus, Aruspex, and be called atheist, deist, democrat, smuggler, poacher, highwayman, Unitarian, and Edinburgh reviewer! Still, *I am in the right*, — and what I say, requires excuse for being trite and obvious, not for being mischievous and paradoxical. I write for three reasons: first, because I really wish to do good; secondly, because if I don't write, I know nobody else will; and thirdly, because it is the nature of the animal to write, and I cannot help it. Still, in looking back I see no reason to repent. What I have said *ought* to be done, generally *has* been done, but always twenty or thirty years too

late; done, not of course because I have said it, but because it was no longer *possible* to avoid doing it. Human beings cling to their delicious tyrannies, and to their exquisite nonsense, like a drunkard to his bottle, and go on till death stares them in the face. The monstrous state of the Catholic church in Ireland will probably remain till some monstrous ruin threatens the very existence of the Empire, and Lambeth and Fulham are cursed by the affrighted people.

I have always compared the Protestant church in Ireland (and I believe my friend Thomas Moore stole the simile from me) to the institution of butchers' shops in all the villages of our Indian empire. "We *will* have a butcher's shop in every village, and you, Hindoos, shall pay for it. We know that many of you do not eat meat at all, and that the sight of beef steaks is particularly offensive to you; but still, a stray European may pass through your village, and want a steak or a chop: the shop *shall* be established; and you shall pay for it." This is English legislation for Ireland!! There is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbuctoo! It is an error that requires 20,000 armed men for its protection in time of peace; which costs more than a million a year; and which, in the first French war, in spite of the puffing and panting of fighting steamers, will and *must* break out into desperate rebellion.

It is commonly said, if the Roman Catholic priests are paid by the State, they will lose their influence over their flocks; — not their *fair* influence — not that influence which any wise and good man would wish to see in all religions — not the dependence of humble ignorance upon prudence and piety — only fellowship in faction, and fraternity in rebellion; — all *that* will be lost. A peep-of-day clergyman will no longer preach to a peep-of-day congregation — a Whiteboy vicar will no longer lead the psalm to Whiteboy vocalists; but every thing that is good and wholesome will remain. This, however, is not what the anti-British faction want; they

want all the animation which piety can breathe into sedition, and all the fury which the priesthood can preach to diversity of faith: and *this* is what they mean by a clergy losing their influence over the people! The less a clergyman exacts of his people, — the more his payments are kept out of sight, the less will be the friction with which he exercises the functions of his office. A poor Catholic may respect a priest the more who marries, baptizes, and anoints; but he respects him because he associates with his name and character the performance of sacred duties, not because he exacts heavy fees for doing so. Double fees would be a very doubtful cure for scepticism; and though we have often seen the tenth of the earth's produce carted away for the benefit of the clergyman, we do not remember any very lively marks of satisfaction and delight which it produced in the countenance of the decimated person. I am thoroughly convinced that State payments to the Catholic clergy would remove a thousand causes of hatred between the priest and his flock, and would be as favourable to the increase of his useful authority, as it would be fatal to his factious influence over the people.

THE END.

London :
Spottiswoode and Shaw,
New-street-Square.

WORKS IN GENERAL LITERATURE.

I.

The Rev. SYDNEY SMITH'S SERMONS, preached at St. Paul's Cathedral and several Churches. 8*vo.* 12*s.*

II.

FRANCIS LORD JEFFREY'S CONTRIBUTIONS to the EDINBURGH REVIEW. 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* 42*s.*

III.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS. Edited by R. J. Mackintosh, Esq. 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* 42*s.*

IV.

Mr. MACAULAY'S CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ESSAYS contributed to the Edinburgh Review. 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* 36*s.*

V.

Mr. MACAULAY'S LAYS of ANCIENT ROME: with "Ivry" and "The Armada." 16*mo.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; *morocco.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

VI.

Mr. MACAULAY'S LAYS of ANCIENT ROME. A New Edition, illustrated by G. Scharf. *Foolscap* 4*to.* Woodcuts, 21*s.*; *morocco,* 42*s.*

VII.

MEMOIR and CORRESPONDENCE of Mrs. GRANT, of Laggan. Edited by J. P. Grant, Esq. 3 *vols. post* 8*vo.* Portrait. 31*s.* 6*d.*

VIII.

Mrs. GRANT'S (of Laggan) LETTERS from the MOUNTAINS. New Edition. Edited by J. P. Grant, Esq. 2 *vols. post* 8*vo.* 21*s.*

IX.

Mme. SCHOPENHAUER'S YOUTHFUL LIFE and PICTURES of TRAVEL. Translated from the German. 2 *vols. fcp.* 8*vo.* 12*s.*

x.

MR. W. C. TOWNSEND'S LIVES of TWELVE EMINENT JUDGES of the LAST and PRESENT CENTURY. *2 vols. 8vo.* 28*s.*

xi.

MR. WATERTON'S ESSAYS on NATURAL HISTORY, chiefly Ornithology; with Autobiography. *2 vols. fcp. 8vo.* 14*s. 6d.*

xii.

ZUMPT'S LATIN GRAMMAR. The authorised English Translation, by DR. L. SCHMITZ. *8vo.* 14*s.*

xiii.

RIDDLE'S COMPLETE LATIN-ENGLISH and ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. New Edition, corrected. *8vo.* 31*s. 6d.*

Separately { The Latin-English Dictionary, 21*s.*
The English-Latin Dictionary, 10*s. 6d.*

xiv.

THE DOCTOR, &c. Complete in One Volume. Edited by the Author's Son-in-Law, the Rev. J. W. WARTER. *Square crown 8vo.* Portrait, &c. 21*s.*

xv.

SHARON TURNER'S SACRED HISTORY of the WORLD. New Edition. Edited by the Rev. SYDNEY TURNER. *3 vols. post 8vo.* 31*s. 6d.*

xvi.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS. Colonel Sabine's authorised English Translation. *Vols.* I. *and* II. *post 8vo.* 24*s.*

xvii.

RANKE'S HISTORY of the REFORMATION. Translated by Mrs. AUSTIN. *Vols.* I. *and* II. *8vo.* 30*s.*; *Vol.* III. 18*s.*

xviii.

EGYPT'S PLACE in UNIVERSAL HISTORY. By the Chevalier BUNSEN. Translated by C. H. COTTRELL, Esq. Vol. I. *8vo.* Illustrations, 28*s.*

xix.

BYWAYS OF HISTORY, from the TWELFTH to the SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Mrs. PERCY SINNETT. *2 vols. post 8vo.* 18*s.*

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.